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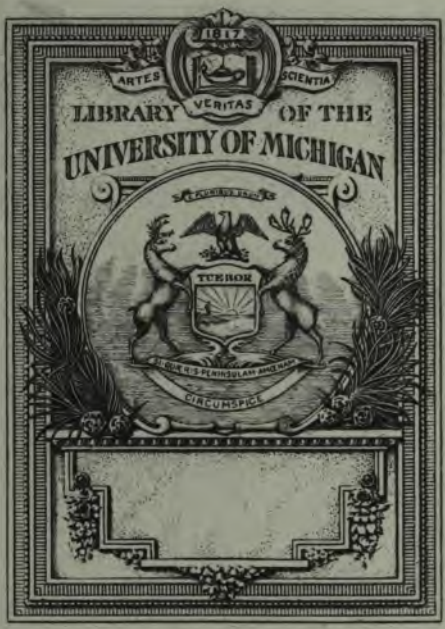
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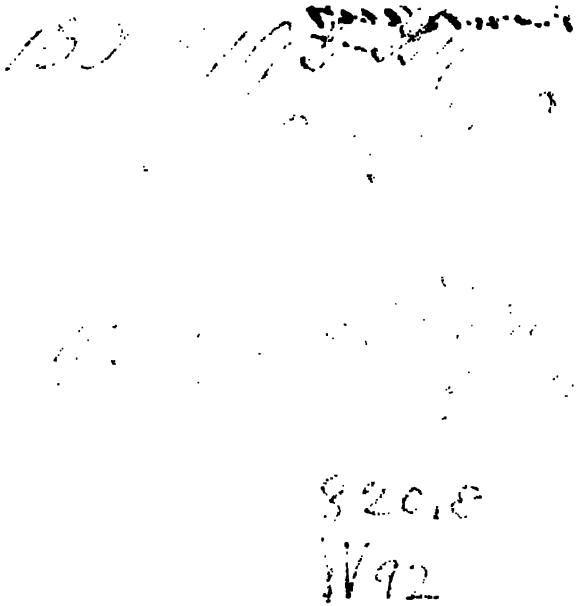

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THE

WORLD.

BY

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.
MDCCLXXII.

DEDICATION.

WORLD has been indebted; and it is with great pleaſure that I embrace this occaſion of making my acknowledgments to the EARL OF CORKE, as it gives me an opportunity at the ſame time of confeſſing my obligations to Mr. BOYLE.

I WILL not offend your Lordſhip with the common flattery of dedications, having always obſerved that praiſe is leaſt pleaſing, where it is moſt due: a conſideration that obliges me to add no more, than that I am,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S *obliged,*

moſt humble,

and moſt obedient

Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, Eſq;

One of the Lords Commiſſioners for Trade and Plantations.

SIR,

TO promote the circulation of the ſmall volumes, by limiting their number to no more than ſix, it was thought adviſeable to put a ſtop to the paper of the WORLD, at a time when the demand for it greatly exceeded my expectation, and while it was the only faſhionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius choſe to convey their ſentiments to the pub-

lic. To extend this circulation (for I confeſs myſelf a very ſelf-intereſted perſon) I have ſeparately addreſſed the firſt five volumes to thoſe of my correſpondents whoſe pieces are the moſt numerous, and whoſe names and characters do me the greateſt honour. It will not therefore, I hope, diſpleaſe you, if among theſe favourite names you happen to diſcover your own; it being impoſſible for me to ſay any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the eſſays in it were written by Mr. JENYNS.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obliged

and moſt obedient

humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

TO

Mr. MOORE.

Dear SIR,

IN the liſt of thoſe whom I am proud to call my aſſiſtants in this work, and to the principal of whom, as far as they are come to my knowledge, I have dedicated the former volumes of it, to have omitted you, my beſt and ſincereſt friend, would have been ſtrange and unpardonable. It would have been ſtrange, as you are ſenſible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand, and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never ſat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love

and affection. It is true, and I ſcorn to flatter even in a dedication, I have not always regarded your papers with that degree of admiration which ſome other of my correſpondents commanded from me; yet ſo partial have I been to your talents and abilities, that you muſt own I have never through the whole courſe of the work refuſed any one of your lucubrations: inſomuch that I greatly fear my readers may now-and-then have reaſon to reproach me with having ſuffered my friendſhip to blind my judgment.

But let Malice and Envy ſay their pleaſure, I ſhall always acknowledge with gratitude the favour of your aſſiſtance in the long contention I have had with the vices and follies of the world; and that it was frequently owing

ing to your ironical ſmile, that I have been enabled to raiſe the laugh of raillery in favour of virtue and good manners. I confeſs indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourſelf I avow it, the immortality I have reaſon to hope for, ariſes from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to aſſociate with me in this favour'd undertaking. And here I feel my vanity ſtruggling to get looſe, and indulge itſelf in the pleaſing theme. The name of FITZ-ADAM ſhall be carried down to lateſt poſterity with thoſe of his age, the moſt admired for their genius, their learning, their wit and humour. But I check myſelf.—I dare not engage in the taſk of ſaying what ought to be ſaid on this occaſion, and therefore beg leave to hide my inability in ſilence.

DEDICATION.

You will pardon, Sir, this ſhort digreſſion, though not made in your favour; and be aſſured, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, and whatever I may think of you as a writer, as a man I bear you a true affection, take a very intereſted part in all your concerns, and ſhould you ever meet with that reward from the public, which I think your merits have long deſerved, I hope you are ſatisfied that no one will more truly rejoice in your good fortune than,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt affectionate friend,

and humble ſervant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

NUMB. 157. THURSDAY, *January* 1, 1756.

ONE can ſcarce paſs an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently aſſerted, that the preſent generation of ſervants in this country are the proudeſt, and the lazieſt, the moſt profligate, inſolent, and extravagant ſet of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indiſputable truth I always readily give my aſſent, with but one ſingle exception, which is that of their maſters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous ſmiles of many a wiſe face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I ſhall here venture to ſhew, that the pride and lazineſs of our ſervants, from whence their profligacy, inſolence, and extravagance muſt unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the ſame imperfections in ourſelves.

IN the firſt place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is moſt honourable to be waited on

by gentlemen and ladies; and all, who are really ſuch by birth or education, having alſo too much of the ſame pride, however neceſſitous, to ſubmit to any ſervitude, however eaſy, we are obliged to take the loweſt of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel perſonages we think proper ſhould attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and ſilver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be diſtinguiſhed from his maſter, but by being better dreſt; and Joan, who uſed to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d' hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the leaſt genteel part of the company. Their diverſions too are no leſs polite than their appearance; in the country they are ſportſmen, in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns, and at home have their routs and their gaming-tables.

But leſt thus exalting our ſervants to an equality with ourſelves ſhould not ſufficiently augment their pride, and deſtroy all ſubordination, we take another method more effectually to complete the work, which is, debaſing ourſelves to their meanneſs by a ridiculous imitation of their dreſſes and occupations. Hence were derived the flapping hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long ſtaff, and buckſkin breeches: hence, among the ladies, the round-eared cap, the ſtuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather ſhoe: and hence many perſons of the higheſt rank daily employ themſelves in riding matches, driv-

ing coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domeſtics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of theſe honourable offices. Since then we make uſe of ſo much art to corrupt our ſervants, have we reaſon to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take ſo much pains to inform them of their ſuperiority, and our weakneſs, can we be ſurpriſed that they deſpiſe us, or be diſpleaſed with their inſolence and impertinence:

As the pride of ſervants thus proceeds from the pride, ſo does their lazineſs from the lazineſs of their maſters: and indeed, if there is any characteriſtic peculiar to the young people of faſhion of the preſent age, it is their lazineſs, or an extreme unwillingneſs to attend to any thing, that can give them the leaſt trouble or diſquietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the diſpoſitions of providence, and the nature of things. They would have great eſtates without any management, great expences without any accounts, and great families without any diſcipline or œconomy: in ſhort, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs ready roaſted. From this principle, when the pride they have infuſed into their ſervants has produced a proportionable degree of lazineſs, their own lazineſs is too prevalent to ſuffer them to ſtruggle with that of their ſervants; and they rather chuſe that all buſineſs ſhould be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it: and to give up all authority, rather than

than take the pains to ſupport it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domeſtics are very numerous, they will not ſo much as wait upon themſelves; and was it not for the friendly aſſiſtance of chair-women, porters, chairmen and ſhoe-blacks, procured by a generous diſtribution of coals, candles, and proviſions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In ſuch it is often as difficult to procure conveniencies, as in a deſart iſland; and one frequently wants neceſſaries in the midſt of profuſeneſs and extravagance. In ſuch families I have ſometimes been ſhut up in the cold room, and interdicted from the uſe of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my impriſonment I have ſeen numberleſs ſervants continually paſſing by, the utmoſt I could procure of them was, that they would ſend ſomebody to relieve my neceſſities, which they never performed. In ſuch I have ſeen, when a favourite dog has diſcharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all intreated to depute ſome one to remove the nuſance with the utmoſt expedition, but no one has been found in ſuch a houſe mean enough to undertake ſuch an employment; and ſo it has lain ſmoaking under the noſes of the illuſtrious company during the whole evening.

I COULD produce innumerable inſtances, minute indeed and unobſerved, but well worthy obſervation, of the encroachments of our ſervants on our eaſineſs and indolence, in the introduction of moſt of the faſhions that have pre-

prevailed for ſeveral years paſt, in our equipages and domeſtic œconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleaſure, eaſe, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneaſy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmoſt rapidity, for their own amuſement. Glaſſes before are laid aſide, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inſpection, but be drunk or aſleep without any obſervation. Family liveries are diſcarded, becauſe badges of ſervility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addreſſed of their enormities. By their careleſſneſs and idleneſs they have obliged us to hire all our horſes, and ſo have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impoſitions on the road they have forced us into poſt-chaiſes, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themſelves, as it beſt ſuits their own eaſe and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor reſolution to redreſs, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourſelves; by which means they have ſhaken off the trouble and condeſcenſion of attending us. By their profuſion and miſmanagement in houſe-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them board-wages, by which means they have obtained a conſtant excuſe to loiter at public-houſes, and money in their pockets to ſquander there in gaming, drunkenneſs, and extravagance. The laſt of theſe is an evil of ſo gigantic a ſize, ſo conducive to the univerſal corruption of the lower part

part of this nation, and ſo entirely deſtructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deſerves the conſideration of a legiſlature, who are not themſelves under the influence of their ſervants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

FROM what has been ſaid it plainly appears, that every man in this country, is ill-ſerved in proportion to the number and dignity of his ſervants: the parſon, or the tradeſman, who keeps but two maids and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is uſually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worſe; but perſons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own ſetting up, are neglected, abuſed, and impoveriſhed by their dependents; the king himſelf, as is due to his exalted ſtation, is more impoſed on, and worſe attended, than any one of his ſubjects.

NUMB. 158. THURSDAY, *January* 8, 1756.

DURING the courſe of theſe my labours, there is nothing that I have applied myſelf to with more diligence and attention, or that I have hoped for with greater pleaſure and delight, than the reformation of the fair ſex. Their dreſſing, gaming, and painting have been from time to time the ſubjects of my animadverſions. Happy indeed ſhould I have been, if my ſucceſs had borne any proportion to my zeal: but as my philoſophy has taught me to bear with patience thoſe evils which I cannot redreſs,

I am

I am contented, under certain limitations, to wink at thoſe enormities which I wanted to have removed. In regard to dreſs, I conſent that the faſhion ſhall continue as it now is; but I enter my proteſt againſt abſolute nakedneſs; for while I am conniving at low ſtays and ſhort petticoats, I will permit no lady whatſoever (as a brother eſſayiſt very wittily has it) *to make both ends meet.* I conſent alſo to the preſent faſhion of curling the hair, ſo that it may ſtand a month without combing; though I muſt confeſs (and I believe moſt huſbands and lovers are of my opinion) that I think a fortnight or three weeks might be a ſufficient time: but I bar any application to thoſe foreign artiſts, who advertiſe in the public papers that they have the ſecret of making up a lady's head for a compleat quarter of a year. As to gaming, I permit it to go on as it does, provided that the ladies will content themſelves with injuring their huſbands in no other reſpect than ruining their fortunes. Painting likewiſe I ſubmit to; and indeed as cards and late hours have ſo totally deſtroyed the natural complexion, it is not unreaſonable that a little art ſhould be introduced to repair it. But to make this art as little hurtful as poſſible to the health, the breath, the teeth, and the ſkin of thoſe who practiſe it, I have conſulted almoſt every author both ancient and modern, who has written on the ſubject. The moſt ſatisfactory of theſe is Jo. Paul Lomatius, a painter of Milan. His works were tranſlated by Richard Haydock of New college, Oxford, in the year 1598. In the third book of which are the following obſervations, which

the

the author calls *a diſcourſe of the artificial beauty of women.*

" HAVING treated of ſo many and divers " things, I could not but ſay ſomething of ſuch " matters as women uſe ordinarily in beautify- " ing and embelliſhing their faces; a thing well " worth the knowledge: inſomuch as many " women are ſo poſſeſſed with a deſire of help- " ing their complexions by ſome artificial " means, that they will by no means be diſ- " ſuaded from the ſame.

" Now the things which they uſe are theſe, " viz. ointments of divers ſorts, powders, fatts, " waters, and the like: whereof Jo. Modo- " neſe, doctor of phyſic, hath written at large, " in his book intitled the ornaments of women, " wherein he teacheth the whole order of beau- " tifying the face.

" Now my intent in this treatiſe is only to " diſcover the natures of certain things which " are in daily uſe for this purpoſe; becauſe it " often falleth out, that inſtead of beautifying, " they do moſt vilely disfigure themſelves. The " reaſon whereof is, becauſe they are igno- " rant of the natures and qualities of the ingre- " dients. Howbeit, partly by my directions, " and partly by Modoneſe's book, I hope to " content and ſatisfy them in all ſuch ſort, that " they ſhall have juſt cauſe to thank us both; " and in truth, for their ſakes have I ſpecially " undertaken this paines, by teaching them to " underſtand the natures of the minerals, ve- " getables, and animals which are moſt appli- " ed to this uſe. So that if any ſhall hence-

" forth

" forth fall into the inconvenience after ſpeci-
" fied, their own perril be it. And firſt, con-
" cerning ſublimate.

" *Of* SUBLIMATE, *and the bad effects thereof.*

" DIVERS women uſe ſublimate diverſly pre-
" pared for encreaſe of their beauty. Some
" bray it with quickſilver in a marble mortar
" with a wooden peſtle, and this they call *ar-*
" *gentatum*; others boyl it in water, and there-
" with waſh their face; ſome grind it with po-
" matum, and ſundry other waies; but this is
" ſure, that which way ſoever it be uſed, it is
" very offenſive to man's fleſh, and that not on-
" ly to the face, but unto all the other parts of
" the body beſides; for proof whereof, ſubli-
" mate is called *dead fire*: becauſe of its malig-
" nant and biting nature: the compoſition
" whereof is of *ſalt*, *quickſilver*, and *vitriol*, di-
" ſtilled together in a glaſſen veſſell.

" THIS the chirurgions call a corroſive, be-
" cauſe if it be put upon man's fleſh, it burn-
" eth it in a ſhort ſpace, mortifying the place,
" not without great pain to the patient. Where-
" fore ſuch women as uſe it about their face,
" have always black teeth ſtanding far out of
" their gums like a Spaniſh mule, an offenſive
" breath, with a face half ſcorched, and an un-
" clean complexion: all which proceed from
" the nature of ſublimate: ſo that ſimple wo-
" men, thinking to grow more beautiful, be-
" come disfigured, haſtening old age before the
" time, and giving occaſion to their huſbands

" to

" to ſeek ſtrangers inſtead of their wives, with
" divers other inconveniencies.

" *Of* CERUSSE, *and the effects thereof.*

" THE ceruſſe, or white lead, which women
" uſe to better their complexion, is made of lead
" and vinegar, which mixture is naturally a
" great drier; ſo that thoſe women which uſe
" it about their faces, doe quickly become wi-
" thered and grey-headed, becauſe this doth ſo
" mightily dry up the natural moyſture of their
" fleſh: and if any give not credit to my re-
" port, let them but obſerve ſuch as have uſed
" it, and I doubt not but they will eaſyly be
" ſatisfied.

" *Of* PLUME ALUME.

" THIS alume is a kind of ſtone, which ſeem-
" eth as it were made of tow, and is of ſo hot
" and dry a nature, that if you make the wicke
" of a candle therewith, it is thought it will
" burn continually without going out; a very
" ſtrange matter, and beyond credit. With this,
" ſome uſe to rub the ſkin off their face, to make
" it ſeem red by reaſon of the inflammation it
" procureth; but queſtionleſſe it hath divers in-
" conveniencies, and therefore to be avoided.

" *Of the* JUICE *of* LEMONS.

" SOME uſe the juice of lemons about their
" face, not knowing the evil qualities thereof:
" for

" for it is ſo forcible, that it diſſolveth the hard-
" eſt ſtones into water, and there is nothing
" which ſooner diſſolveth pearl than it. Now
" if it can diſſolve ſtones in this manner, what
" think you will it do upon man's fleſh? Where-
" fore I exhort all women to eſchewe this and
" the like fretting and wearing medicines.

" *Of the* OYL *of* TARTARIE.

" THERE is no greater fretter and eater than
" the oyl of tartarie, which in a very ſhort time
" mortifieth a wound, as well as any other
" cauſtic or corroſive; and being ſo ſtrong a
" fretter, it will take any ſtain or ſpot out of
" linen, or woollen cloth: wherefore we may
" eaſily think, that if it be uſed about the face,
" it will work the like effects on the ſame, by
" ſcorching and hardening it ſo, that in many
" days it will not return to the former ſtate.

" *Of the* ROCKE ALUME.

" ROCKE alume doth likewiſe hurt the face,
" inſomuch as it is a very piercing and drying
" mineral, and is uſed in ſtrong water for the
" diſſolving of metals, which water is made only
" of rocke alume and ſal nitrum diſtilled, and is
" found to be of that ſtrength, that one drop
" thereof being put on the ſkin, burneth, ſhrivel-
" eth and parcheth it, with divers others incon-
" veniencies, as looſing the teeth, &c.

" *Of*

" *Of* CAMPHIRE.

" CAMPHIRE is ſo hot and drie, that coming " any-thing neere the fier, it ſuddenly taketh " fier, and burneth moſt vehemently. This be- " ing applied to the face, ſcaldeth it exceedingly, " cauſing a great alteration, by parching of the " ſkinne, and procuring a flufhing in the face; " and in this the women are very much de- " ceaved.

" *Of all ſuch things as are enemies to the health,* " *and hurtful to the complexion.*

" ALL thoſe paintings and embelliſhings which " are made with minerals and corroſives, are " very dangerous; for being laid upon the fleſh, " eſpecially upon the face of a woman, which is " very tender and delicate by nature (beſides the " harm they doe to the natural beauty) doe " much prejudice the health of the body: for it " is very certain that all paintings and colour- " ings made of minerals or half minerals, as " iron, braſs, lead, tinn, ſublimate, ceruſſe, cam- " phire, juice of lemons, plume alume, ſalt " peeter, vitriol, and all manner of ſaltes, and " ſortes of alumes (as hath bin declared) are " very offenſive to the complexion of the face; " wherefore if there be no remedy, but women " will be medling with this arte of poliſhing, " let them inſteede of thoſe mineral ſtuffes, uſe " the remedies following.

" *Of ſuche helpes of beauty as may ſafely be uſed*
" *without danger.*

" THERE is nothing in the world which doth
" more beautifie and adorne a woman, than
" cheerfulneſs and contentment: for it is not
" the red and white which giveth the gratious
" perfection of beauty, but certain ſparkling
" notes and touches of amiable cheerfulneſſe ac-
" companying the ſame; the trueth whereof
" may appear in a diſcontented woman, other-
" wiſe exceeding faire, who at that inſtant will
" ſeem yl favoured and unlovely: as contrarie-
" wiſe, an hard-favoured and browne woman,
" being merry, pleaſant and jocond, will ſeem
" ſufficiently beautiful.

" SECONDLY honeſty: becauſe though a
" woman be fair and merry, and yet be diſ-
" honeſt, ſhe muſt needs ſeem moſt ougly to an
" ingenuous and honeſt mind.

" THIRDLY wiſdome: for a fooliſh, vain,
" giggling dame cannot be reputed fair, inſo-
" much as ſhe hath an impure and polluted
" mind.

" BUT hereof ſufficient, till a further oppor-
" tunitie be adminiſtred. Mean while, if any be
" deſirous to be more ſatisfied in this point, I re-
" ferre them to an oration or treatiſe of Nazi-
" anzen's concerning this matter."

THUS far Lomatius; and as I have not been able to procure the treatiſe he refers to, I could wiſh with all my heart that the ladies would lay aſide their paint for a few weeks, and make trial of his receipt. It will indeed coſt them ſome trouble,

trouble, and may poſſibly require a little alteration in their manner of living: but I will venture to aſſert, that the united toilettes of a hundred women of faſhion cannot furniſh a compoſition that will be half ſo efficacious.

NUMB. 159. THURSDAY, *January* 15, 1756.

OLD as I am, my curioſity carried me the other night to ſee the new dramatic ſatire, called The Apprentice, which, conſidering the preſent epidemic madneſs for theatrical employments raging through the lower ranks of people, will I hope be as ſerviceable to cure the Engliſh mob of that idle diſorder, as the immortal work of Cervantes was to exorciſe from the breaſts of the Spaniſh nobility the demon of knight-errantry. The piece is new and entertaining, and has received no inconſiderable advantages from the maſterly performance of a principal comedian, who, with a true genius for the ſtage, has very naturally repreſented the contemptible inſufficiency of a pert pretenſion to it. At my return to my lodgings, I found the following letter on my table.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many benevolent deſigns which have adorned the preſent well-diſpoſed age, I remember to have read one a few years ago, in a periodical pamphlet, entitled, "A propoſal for, "building an hoſpital for *decayed authors*," which gave

gave me, and many other charitable people, much ſatisfaction. If the aged, the lame, and the blind are proper objects of compaſſion, how much more ſo are thoſe, who (if I may uſe the expreſſion) have mutilated their underſtandings by an application to an art which incapacitates its profeſſors for all other purſuits! How many ſublime genius's have we daily ſeen, who, ſcorning the mechanic drudgeries to which they have been deſtined by their muck-worm parents, have ſo feaſted their minds with Pierian delicacies, as to leave their bodies to periſh through nakedneſs and hunger.

HAVING heard that the author of that eſſay made an impreſſion not only upon thoſe who ſhed often the tears of pity, but even upon uſurers, attornies, and ſober tradeſmen, I have ventured, by the conveyance of your paper, to lay my thoughts before the public, in compaſſion to the diſtreſſes of another order of men, who, in a ſubordinate degree, are connected with the ſublime race of authors, and, as retainers to the muſes, claim mine and your aſſiſtance. The perſons I mean are ſuch as, either from the want of ambition or capacity, are prevented from ſoaring high enough to oblige mankind with their own conceptions, and yet having a taſte or inclination above handling a yard, or engroſſing parchment, entertain and inſtruct the reſt of their ſpecies by retailing the thoughts of others, and animating their own carcaſes with the ever-living ſentiments of heroes, heroines, wits and legiſlators. Theſe gentlemen and ladies, whilſt they are reſident in London, are called in plain Engliſh, [illegible]; but when they condeſcend to exhibit their [illegible]

ſcription for raiſing an hoſpital for decayed actors and actreſſes, that our performers may conſtantly be cheriſhed with the aſſurance that meagre want ſhall never grin at their royal heels, and that whenever age, accident, or the caprice of the town deprives thoſe of their heroic callings, who fortunately have eſcaped violent deaths (for theſe repreſentatives of heroes are ſometimes known to imitate their originals, and as the poet ſings,

---------- ere nature bids them die,
Fate takes them early to the pitying ſky)

they will be ſupported whilſt alive; and, *when the ſiſters three ſhall ſlit the fatal thread*, they may be enabled to make an exit as they have lived, in mimetic grandeur, and have the inſignia of their honours carried before them *to the grave's lightleſs manſion.*

If I find the generality of your readers are inclined to encourage this uſeful charity, I will take the liberty to offer to them a plan for the building ſuch an hoſpital, a ſcheme for the raiſing a fund for its ſupport, to point out what qualifications are neceſſary to intitle a candidate to a place in it, and, laſt of all, to recapitulate the many advantages that muſt neceſſarily be derived to ſociety from ſo laudable an undertaking.

But that no well-diſpoſed perſons may be influenced by the uncharitable inſinuation that I have ſome ſelfiſh views in the erecting this hoſpital, I think it abſolutely neceſſary to declare, that I am neither an unemployed phyſician, an unpractiſed ſurgeon, nor a drugleſs apothecary; nor do I any other way expect either emolument

or

or pleaſure from the inſtitution, than in that ſweeteſt of ſenſations which the heart feels in having contributed to the relief of others, which always riſes in proportion to the object. What then, and how great muſt be mine, to have contributed to the comfort of ſo illuſtrious a race of worthies!

I am, with very ſincere eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt humble faithful ſervant,

A. Z.

NUMB. 160. THURSDAY, *Jan.* 22, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

By Lord Orford

I THINK, ſir, more than three years are paſt, ſince you began to beſtow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great ſucceſs that has attended your endeavours; but ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourſelf. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, ſince you commenced author? or have fewer French follies been purchaſed or propagated by thoſe who never were in France? Do not women, dreſſed French, ſtill iſſue from houſes dreſſed Chineſe, to theatres dreſſed Italian, in ſpite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear leſs claret, or the beauties leſs *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of faſhion, who uſed to fling for a thouſand pounds a throw,

now caſt only for five hundred? or if they ſhould, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, ſir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the diſcourſes of the divine Socrates, or the ſermons of the affecting Tillotſon. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis Alcibiades, as ſoon as his philoſophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocoſe, ſatyric, ſevere, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the ſimplicity of manners of our anceſtors, while there are no ſumptuary laws to reſtrain luxury, no eccleſiaſtical cenſures to caſtigate vice. I ſhall offer to your readers an inſtance or two, to elucidate the monſtrous diſproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce one of the wholeſome cenſures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impoſe on perſons of the firſt rank, who contraven'd the eſtabliſh'd rules of ſobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been aſtoniſhed at reading the very firſt article in the late will of a grocer! Imprimis, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thouſand pounds*. A ſum exceeding a benevolence, or two ſubſidies, ſome ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the perſonal eſtate of the above-mentioned tradeſman,

man, on whom I am far from deſigning to reflect: he raiſed his fortune honeſtly and induſtrioufly: but I hope ſome future antiquarian, ſtruck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much ſugar and plumbs have been waſted weekly in one inconſiderable pariſh in London, or even in one or two ſtreets in that pariſh, before a ſingle ſhop-keeper could have raiſed four hundred thouſand pounds by retailing thoſe and ſuch-like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we ſhall find no leſs a perſon than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princeſs dowager of Wales, by her laſt will and teſtament bequeathing the following ſimple moveables; and we may well believe they were the moſt valuable of her poſſeſſions, as ſhe divided them between her ſon the king, and her other children. To her ſon king Richard, ſhe gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with oſtrich feathers of ſilver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Alſo to her ſon Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other ſon, one bed of red camak. Theſe particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale, vol. 2. p. 94, an inſtance of ſimplicity and moderation in ſo great and illuſtrious a princeſs, which I fear I ſhould in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true repreſentative of her fortune and excellence. †

I COME now, ſir, to thoſe proper checks upon licentiouſneſs, which, though calculated to ſerve the views of a popiſh clergy, were undoubtedly

† the late Princeſs Dowr of Wal

great reſtraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that ſuch ſober inſtitutions were aboliſhed with the real abuſes of popery. Our eccleſiaſtic ſuperiors had power to lay ſuch fines and mulcts upon wantonneſs, as might raiſe a revenue to the church and poor, and at the ſame time leave the lordly tranſgreſſors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenneſs, and the other amuſements of people of faſhion, it would have been in vain to ſubject to corporal puniſhments. To ridicule thoſe vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confeſſors, who at beſt only knew how to wrap up very coarſe terms in very bald Latin and jingling verſes. The clergy ſteered a third courſe, and aſſumed a province, which I could wiſh, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your cenſorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almoſt wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent ſupplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wiſeſt exerciſe that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the ſame grave author, from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the caſe of a very exalted perſonage, and ſhews how little the higheſt birth could exempt from the ſevere inſpection of thoſe judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet earl of Kent, uncle of the princeſs Joan above-mentioned, having on the death of the earl her huſ-

band

band retired to the monaſtery of Waverley, did (I ſuppoſe immediately) make a vow of chaſtity, and was ſolemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, biſhop of Wincheſter. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, ſiſter Elizabeth of Waverley became enamoured of a goodly knight, called ſir Euſtace Dawbridgecourt, ſmitten (as tradition ſays ſhe affirmed) by his extreme reſemblance to her late lord; though as other credible writers affirm, he was conſiderably younger: and notwithſtanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conſcience, and, in ſpite of her confinement, which was not ſtrong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, ſhe was clandeſtinely married to her paramour in a certain chapel of the manſion-houſe of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the archbiſhop of Canterbury, by one ſir John Ireland, a prieſt, before the ſun-riſing, upon Michaelmas day, in the 34th of Edward the third.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great ſcandal ſuch an indecorum muſt have given, it is evident from the ſubſervience of two prieſts to her deſires, that her rank of princeſs of the blood ſet her above all apprehenſion of puniſhment for the breach of her monaſtic vows; yet it is evident from the ſequel of the ſtory, that her dignity could not exempt her from ſuch proper cenſures and penalties, as might deter others from commiſſion of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expoſe the lady herſelf to bluſhes for her miſcarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inor-

inordinate gratification of the appetites of their ſuperiors: a ſort of comfort, which, to do them juſtice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author ſays, vol. 2, page 95, that the lady-dowager and her young huſband being perſonally convened before the archbiſhop of Canterbury for the ſaid tranſgreſſion, at his manor houſe of Haghfeld, upon the ſeventh ides of April, the archbiſhop for their penace enjoined them to find a prieſt to celebrate divine ſervice daily for Them, the ſaid ſir Euſtace and Elizabeth, and for Him, the archbiſhop; beſides a large quantity of penitential pſalms, pater-noſters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the prieſts and the tranſgreſſors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth (whom for ſome reaſons, beſt known to himſelf, I ſuppoſe he regarded as the ſeducer) to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to faſt on bread and drink, and a meſs of pottage, wearing no ſmock, eſpecially in the abſence of her huſband; a penance that muſt appear whimſical to us, and not a little partial to ſir Euſtace, whom the archbiſhop ſeems in more reſpects than one to have conſidered rather as diſobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuouſneſs by his wedlock. But the moſt remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbiſhop appointed the ſaid ſir Euſtace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their tranſgreſſion had paſſed between them, they ſhould competently relieve

lieve ſix poor people, and both of them that day to abſtain from ſome diſh of fleſh or fiſh, whereof they did moſt deſire to eat.

SUCH was the ſimplicity of our anceſtors. Such were the wholeſome ſeverities to which the greateſt dames and moſt licentious young lords were ſubject in theſe well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of ſuch corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of ſuch power might be ſafely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not ſo bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and cuſtoms. Pater-noſters and aves might be ſupplied by prayers and litanies of a more proteſtant complexion. Inſtead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be ſevere enough for the delicacy of modern conſtitutions. For the article of leaving off a ſhift, conſidering that the upper half is already laid aſide, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole ſhift, might be thought a ſufficient puniſhment; for wiſe legiſlators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and ſeaſons. What moſt offends me, and which is by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that preſcribes charity to the poor, and reſtriction from eating of a favourite diſh, after the performance of certain myſteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth aſhamed of her incontinence, in truth

he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wiſe one; for as devotion and charity are obſerved to increaſe with increaſe of years; the biſhop's injunction tended to nothing but to leſſen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largeſs.

One can ſcarce reflect without a ſmile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at ſir Euſtace's gate, till he and his lady aroſe, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One muſt not word, but one cannot help imagining, the ſtile of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfaſt by his maſter and lady to go and ſend away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even ſuppoſe the good lady pouting a little, as ſhe gave him the meſſage. But were ſuch a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of faſhion, invited to dine with two illuſtrious penitents under this circumſtance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the ſubject is inexhauſtible; and as the ideas on ſuch an occaſion muſt be a little corporeal, what *bon mots*, wrapped up indeed, but ſtill intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French diſh, which ſir Euſtace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taſte!—But I fear I have tranſgreſſed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who ſway the cenſorial rod with the greateſt lenity, and who would bluſh to put your fair penitents to the bluſh, might be ſafely truſted with the powers I recommend. Human weakneſſes, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack

attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might reſiſt wearing pink; a matron who cannot reſiſt the proweſs of ſir Euſtace Dawbridgecourt, is not a topic for ſatire, but compaſſion; as you who are the beſt-natured writer of the age, will I am ſure agree to think with, ſir,

Your conſtant reader,
and humble ſervant,
THOMAS HEARNE *jun.*

NUMB. 161. THURSDAY, *January* 29, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

BY a very tender letter, in one of your papers, from an officer's wife, we have ſeen the diſtreſſes of a father and mother, and the miſconduct of a daughter, whoſe meekneſs and gentleneſs of temper have drawn upon herſelf and family the utmoſt ſeverity and diſtreſs. Give me leave to lay before you a character of another kind, the too great gentleneſs and weakneſs of a ſon.

IN the forty-ſecond year of my age, I was left a widower with an only ſon of ſeven years old, who was ſo exact a likeneſs of his mother, both in perſon and diſpoſition, that from that circumſtance alone I could never prevail upon myſelf to marry again. The image of the excellent woman I had loſt was perpetually before my eyes, and recalled to my memory the many endearing ſcenes of love and affection that had paſt between us. I heard her voice, I ſaw her mien, and

happily enliſted himſelf. Poor miſerable youth! he was acting in oppoſition to his own nature, of which had he followed the dictates, he would neither have meddled with party, politics, nor wine; but would have fulfilled, or at leaſt have aimed at, that beautiful character of Pamphilus in Terence, ſo well delineated in the Bevil of ſir Richard Steel's Conſcious Lovers.

To preſerve his health, I withdrew him from the univerſity as expeditiouſly and with as little noiſe as I could, and brought him home, perfectly reſtored, as I vainly imagined, to himſelf. But I was miſtaken. The laſt perſon who was with him, always commanded him. The companions of his midnight hours obliterated his duty to his father, and, notwithſtanding his good ſenſe, made him, like the beaſt in the fable, fancy himſelf a lion, becauſe he had put on the lion's ſkin. With the ſame diſpoſition, had he been a woman, he muſt have been a proſtitute; not ſo much from evil deſires, as from the impoſſibility of denying a requeſt. He worſhipped vice, as the Indians do the devil, not from inclination, but timidity. He bought intemperance at the price of his life; his health paid the intereſt-money, during many months of a miſerable decay; at length his death, little more than two years ago, diſcharged the debt entirely, and left me with the ſad conſolation of having performed my duty to him, from the time I loſt his mother till the time he expired in my arms.

I HAVE borne my loſs like a man; but I have often lamented the untowardneſs of my fate, which ſnatched from me an only child, whoſe diſpoſition was moſt amiable, but whoſe virtues had

had not ſufficient ſtrength to ſupport themſelves. He was too modeſt to be reſolute; too ſincere to be wary; too gentle to oppoſe; too humble to keep up his dignity. This perhaps was the ſingular part of his character; but he had other faults in common with his cotemporaries: he miſtook prejudices for principles; he thought the retraction of an error a deviation from honour; his averſions aroſe rather from names than perſons; he called obſtinacy ſteadineſs; and he imagined that no friendſhip ought ever to be broken, which had been begun, like the orgies of Bacchus, amidſt the frantic revels of wine.

THUS, ſir, I have ſet before you, I hope without any acrimony, the ſource and progreſs of my irreparable misfortune. It will be your part to warn the riſing generation, in what manner to avoid the terrible rocks of miſtaken honour, and too pliant good-nature.

IN the laſt century, the falſe notions of honour deſtroyed our youth by faſhionable duels; and they were induced to murder each other by viſionary crowns of applauſe. The falſe notions of honour, in the preſent age, deſtroy our youth by the force of bumpers, and the mad conſequences ariſing from every kind of liquor that can intoxicate and overturn ſenſe, reaſon, and reflection. Why are not healths to be eaten as well as drank? Why may not the ſpells and magic ariſing from mouthfuls of beef and mutton, be as efficacious towards the accompliſhment of our wiſhes, as gallons of port, or overflowing bowls of punch? Certainly they might. I hope therefore that by your public admonition, the young men of our days, who eat much leſs

than

than they drink, may drink much leſs than they eat: and I muſt farther add, that as it may be dangerous to aboliſh cuſtoms ſo long eſtabliſhed, I humby adviſe that you permit them to *eat as many healths* as they pleaſe.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,
and moſt humble ſervant,
L. M.

NUMB. 162. THURSDAY, *February* 5, 1756.

IT has been my weekly endeavour, for ſome years, to entertain and inſtruct the public to the beſt of my abilities. That I am thought entertaining is beyond diſpute; for as no one peruſes a periodical paper for conſcience ſake, or by way of penance, it is evident, that, ſince I am read, I pleaſe.

How far I may have attained the other purpoſe of my papers, that of inſtructing, is another queſtion, and which cannot eaſily be reſolved. The pen of a writer, like the hand of time, works imperceptibly; and perhaps the reformation which may be occaſioned by theſe my labours, will not be completed in leſs than a century. Thus much however I may venture to affirm, that I have done no harm. All my cotemporaries may not, perhaps, be able to ſay as much for their writings. People of faſhion have not more abounded in thoughtleſſneſs and prodigality ſince the publication of the WORLD. Debts are no worſe paid than they were formerly;

merly; nor have the weekly bills of adultery conſiderably increaſed. Though I may not have been able to hew off the *marble*, and bring out the *man*, I have ſpoilt the *block*; and ſome happier artiſt may yet exerciſe his chizel upon it.

IT has always been my particular endeavour to avoid blame; for to pleaſe everybody is a vain attempt: and yet to meet with cenſure where applauſe was due, is affecting to a generous ſpirit; ſuch has been my lot. Many of my readers will hardly believe me when I tell them, that I have been cenſured for not writing in a ſerious manner. The accuſation is indeed ſevere; for it implies that I have miſtaken the genius of the people. Seriouſneſs is not, I think, the preſent diſpoſition of Britons, however they may have been celebrated for that quality in former times. Why then ſhould I be ſerious, who write for the youthful, the well-dreſſed, and for *everybody one knows?* The very word *ſeriouſneſs* is expelled from polite life; it is never mentioned at all, but in *ſome account of the author*, or in funeral panegyrics; and even then, it is only applied to writers of good books, or to ancient maiden gentlewomen. What then has poor Adam Fitz-Adam done, that he ſhould be obliged to turn parſon, and write *ſeriouſly*.

BUT there are certain ſeaſons and occaſions, that call upon me for real ſeriouſneſs; occaſions where humour and ridicule would be ill applied, and juſtly cenſurable. Such is the preſent; when on the morrow of this day a general humiliation is appointed, to deprecate the Divine diſpleaſure, and to implore deliverance from thoſe dreadful devaſtations which have ſo lately alarmed or deſtroyed

ſtroyed a neighbouring people, and laid their metropolis in ruins. For an occaſion ſo ſolemn, I have reſerved a lettter which I received ſome time ſince from a very valuable correſpondent, and which I ſhall here lay before my readers, as the propereſt preparation that I am able to preſent them with.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for addreſſing the public, by the channel of your paper, on an occurrence that has ſo lately and juſtly alarmed us; I mean the deſolation of Liſbon, and the adjacent country. The terror we expreſs, on the bare hearing of that diſtant calamity, ſtrongly implies the relation we bear as men to the unhappy ſufferers; and the pity and ſupport we give them, ſhew how readily we ſuppoſe the caſe might have been our own. Nor are we indeed wholly exempted from a ſhare in the event: we are not deſtroyed, but we are admoniſhed. In this ſenſe the ſhock was general; and though the blow was partial, the warning is univerſal.

AMONG the many hints of improvements ſuggeſted by ſo aweful a devaſtation, the neceſſity of a general reformation ſeems a very obvious one. A ſmall acquaintance with mankind will ſhew us how vice and immorality prevail, under the ſpecious names of cuſtom and politeneſs; while virtue, if not ridiculed, is too often and generally neglected. Irreligion and profaneneſs furniſh conſtant matter of reproof for the pulpit; and the enormities that attend them, employment

ment for the hand of juſtice. If then the Divine diſpleaſure is to be dreaded for the impieties of a nation, how ſmall is our ſecurity!

WE join in our concern for a people or city, ruined by ſo fatal and ſudden a ſtroke as an earthquake, and image to ourſelves the horrors of the ſcene; but how faintly! for who can fully deſcribe a diſtreſs which guilt can only aggravate, and the teſtimony of a good conſcience only alleviate?

THE inſtability of all earthly good, is a truth ſo well known both from precept and experience, that it may be thought unneceſſary to conſider it here, as another leſſon contained in ſo melancholy a providence: but to me there appears ſomething more ſtriking in the ruins of an earthquake, than the uſual viciſſitudes of life ſubject us to. In the ordinary changes of life, the loſs of wealth, honour, and friends, is often gradual and expected; and our reſignation in proportion leſs painful: we are (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) weaned from enjoyments we know are ſo precarious; but to be robbed at once of all we have, and all we love, and perhaps ſurvive the ſad ſpectators of our own ruin, is to be attacked when we are leaſt on our guard, and to feel the evils of a whole life in a moment. If we look round us, we ſhall ſee what unwearied application and prudent circumſpection are neceſſary to obviate the misfortunes we daily encounter; but what application can befriend, what circumſpection warn, when rocks fail us, and ſeas overwhelm us?

ANOTHER leſſon we may learn from this calamity, is humility. What weak pretenſions

to

to pre-eminence are riches, honour, and applauſe, when a moment can efface them? Death, in his uſual progreſs, ſhews us their inſufficiency; but by ſlower approaches. The trophy out-lives the hero, and the monument the patriot; wealth and titles deſcend to future generations; and though the prince and the peaſant meet the ſame fate, the eulogy of the one ſurvives, and diſtinguiſhes him from the other. But here, all characters are blended, diſtinctions loſt, the rich levelled, and the ambitious humbled. Such a general confuſion may well alarm us, and make us look with indifference on the objects of our preſent envy; for what is treaſure, but a ſecurity againſt want? and what is important that is not permanent?

BUT not to dwell any longer on particulars, which every one's reflections will naturally enlarge on, we have here a faint picture of that aweful day, "when the elements ſhall melt "with fervent heat, and the heavens ſhall paſs "away with a great noiſe." The reader will, I doubt not, be pleaſed with a deſcription of this ſcene, as given us by a celebrated genius of the preſent age.

——At the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by ſtorm
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.
AMAZING PERIOD! *when each mountain height*
Out-burns VESUVIUS! *rocks eternal pour*

Their

Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh, and final RUIN *fiercely drives*
Her plough-ſhare o'er creation!———

THE recital of ſuch ſudden and univerſal deſolation fills us with terror, and we ſhudder at the proſpect of a cataſtrophe, in which each of us ſhall be ſo immediately concerned. But our intereſt in it will appear in a ſtronger light, if we conſider this change of things as the prelude of an unchangeable and eternal ſtate of happineſs or miſery. Our beſt efforts here are mixed with many imperfections, and our beſt enjoyments liable to frequent diſappointments; but when life's drama is completed, the applauſe or cenſure of an unerring Judge ſhall determine how far we have acted the different characters allotted us with propriety: the diſſolution of earthly felicity ſhall be ſucceeded by the more ſubſtantial joys of heaven; and even thoſe joys ſhall be heightened by their duration.

C. B.

NUMB. 163. THURSDAY, *February* 12, 1756.

THERE was an ancient ſect of philoſophers, the diſciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the ſouls of men and all other animals exiſted in a ſtate of perpetual tranſmigration, and that when by death they were diſlodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinſtated in another, happier or more miſerable, according to their behaviour in the former:

ſo

ſo that when any perſon made his exit from the ſtage of this world, he was ſuppoſed only to retire behind the ſcenes to be new dreſſed, and to have a new part aſſigned him, more or leſs agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the laſt.

THIS doctrine of tranſmigration, I muſt own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the moſt rational gueſſes of the human mind into a future ſtate. I ſhall here therefore endeavour to ſhew the great probability of its truth from the following conſiderations. Firſt from its juſtice, ſecondly from its utility, and laſtly from the difficulties we lie under to account for the ſufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

FIRST then, the juſtice of this ſyſtem exceeds that of all others; becauſe, by it, the great law of retaliation may be more ſtrictly adhered to: for, by means of this metamorphoſis, men may ſuffer in one life the very ſame injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very ſame perſons, by a change only of ſituation. Thus, for inſtance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has ſported with the miſeries of his ſlaves, may in the next feel all the miſeries of ſlavery under a maſter as unmerciful as himſelf. The relentleſs judge may be impriſoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have compoſed for the edification of others; and ſoldiers may be plundered and raviſhed in the perſons of defenceleſs peaſants and innocent virgins. The lawyer, reviving in the character of a client, may be tor-

mented with delay, expence, uncertainty, and diſappointment; and the phyſician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take phyſic in another. All thoſe who under the honourable denominations of ſportſmen, have entertained themſelves with the miſeries and deſtruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the ſhape of hares, partridges and woodcocks; and all thoſe who under the more illuſtrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devaſtation of their own ſpecies, may be maſſacred by each other in the forms of invincible game-cocks, and pertinacious bull-dogs. As for ſtateſmen, miniſters, and all great men devoted to great buſineſs, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more ſeverely puniſhed, than by being obliged to reaſſume their former characters, and to live the very ſame lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this ſyſtem is equal to its juſtice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this tranſmigration, all the neceſſary inconveniencies, and all the burthenſome offices of life being impoſed on thoſe only, who by their miſbehaviour in a former ſtate have deſerved them, become at once juſt puniſhments to Them, and at the ſame time benefits to ſociety; and ſo all thoſe who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their ſufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppreſſed his country in the ſituation of a prince, in that of a ſlave may be compelled to do it ſome ſervice by his labour. The highwayman who has ſtopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and

aſſiſt them in the ſhape of a poſt-horſe. The metaphorical Buck, who has terrified ſober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make ſome compenſation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors, who have laid waſte the world by their ſwords, may be obliged, by a ſmall alteration in ſex and ſituation, to contribute to its repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of child-birth.

For my own part, I verily believe this to be the caſe. I make no doubt but that Lewis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin, the highwayman, is ſeveral times a day ſpurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that lord * * * and ſir Harry * * * * are now actually roaſting for a city feaſt. I queſtion not but that Alexander the great, and Julius Cæſar, have died many times in child-bed ſince their appearance in thoſe illuſtrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this inſtant a curate's wife in ſome remote village, with a numerous and increaſing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from pariſh to pariſh, in the perſon of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Lastly, the probability of this ſyſtem appears from the difficulty of accounting for the ſufferings of many innocent creatures without it: for if we look round us, we cannot but obſerve a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberleſs animals ſubjected, by their own natures, to many miſeries, and by our cruelties to many more;

more; incapable of deſerving them; called into being, as far as we can diſcover, only to be miſerable for the ſervice or diverſion of others leſs meritorious than themſelves; without any poſſibility of preventing, deſerving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole exiſtence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of the preſent life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all theſe difficulties, and reconciles theſe ſeemingly unjuſt diſpenſations with the ſtricteſt juſtice: it informs us, that theſe their ſufferings may be by no means undeſerved, but the juſt puniſhments of their former miſbehaviour in a ſtate, where, by means of their very vices, they may have eſcaped them. It teaches us that the purſued and perſecuted fox was once probably ſome crafty and rapacious miniſter, who had purchaſed by his ill-acquired wealth that ſafety, which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once ſome relentleſs tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, impriſoned, and at laſt ſtarved to death in a cage, may have been ſome unforgiving creditor: and the widowed turtle, pining away for the loſs of her mate, ſome faſhionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her huſband, which her own ill uſage had occaſioned.

Never can the delicious repaſt of roaſted lobſters excite my appetite, whilſt the ideas of the tortures in which thoſe innocent creatures have expired, preſent themſelves to my imagination. But when I conſider that they muſt have once

probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall too, both with a good ſtomach and a good conſcience, and pleaſe myſelf with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a ſacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of maſſacred Indians. Never can I repoſe myſelf with any ſatisfaction in a poſt-chaiſe, whilſt I look upon the ſtarved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horſes, condemned to ſuch exquiſite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once muſt undoubtedly have exiſted in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquiſition, I gallop on with as much eaſe as expedition; and am perfectly ſatisfied, that in purſuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the ſtricteſt juſtice.

I VERY well know that theſe ſentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewiſe, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and falſe notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themſelves both juſt and ſerious, and carry with them the ſtrongeſt probability of their truth: ſo ſtrong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have ſome good effect on the conduct of thoſe polite people, who are too ſagacious, learned and couragious to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to conſider how wretched will be her condition, if, after twenty or thirty years ſpent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and ſoft carpets, ſhe ſhould at laſt be

obliged to change places with one of her coach-horſes: and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after waſting his eſtate, his health and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he ſhould again revive in the ſituation of one of his creditors.

NUMB. 164. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 19, 1756.

I HAVE ſet apart this day's paper for the miſcellaneous productions of various correſpondents.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a citizen of no mean city; however, in reſpect to the metropolis, we are deemed the country, and muſt therefore be preſcribed to by London, from whence, as I am told, we receive all our faſhions. But ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſome things which I have ſeen of late are too abſurd to have come from thence for our imitation, and can only have been unhappy *neceſſities* in ſome perſon of vogue, which others have miſtaken for choice and faſhion.

A FEW days ago, I ſaw a young lady in our neighbourhood, who after ſome conſiderable abſence from home, returned with her hair all off, except as much as might grow in a fortnight after cloſe ſhaving; and that too ſtanding thin and ſtaring. I aſked my wife when I came home,

if ſhe knew where Miſs GIDDYCROWN had been; for that I was ſadly afraid ſhe had been confined in ſome mad-houſe; for her head had been ſhaved and bliſtered, her hair was but juſt coming on to grow again, and ſhe had, I obſerved, a particular ſhy and wild look. As this was the firſt inſtance of the kind ever ſeen here, my wife knew no more than myſelf what to make of it: ſhe hoped indeed that it might poſſibly not be ſo bad; that it might be only ſome external diſorder of her head; or, had Miſs been married, ſhe ſhould have thought that her hair might poſſibly have fallen off in a lying-in.

BUT alas, Sir! this diſorder of the head has proved contagious; and being given out as the faſhion, is prodigiouſly ſpread. Now if this be only a hum (as I ſuppoſe it is) upon our country apes, it being blown in the WORLD will put an end to it: but if it be a real faſhion, pray be ſo good as to ſet the WORLD againſt it. I am ſure I ſhould be rejoiced to find any remedy in the WORLD for this falling off of the hair; for indeed it is a very unſeemly and frightful diſorder.

I am, SIR,

Yours, T. L.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I AM infeſted by a ſwarm of country couſins, that are come up to town for the winter, as they call it, a whole family of them. They ferret me out from every place I go to, and it is impoſſible to ſtand the ridicule of being ſeen in their company.

AT their firſt coming to town. I was in a manner obliged to gallant them to the play; where

where having ſeated the mother with much ado, I offered my hand to the eldeſt of my five young couſins; but as ſhe was not dextrous enough to manage a great hoop with one hand only, ſhe refuſed my offer, and at the firſt ſtep fell all along. It was with great difficulty I got her up again; but imagine, ſir, my ſituation: I ſat like a mope all the night, not daring to look up, for fear of catching the eyes of my acquaintance, who would have laughed me out of countenance.

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I contrived all manner of means to get off from any future engagements with my couſins; but it has unfortunately ſo happened, that we have met almoſt every where. No longer ago than laſt night I was going into a rout, and moving towards the lady of the houſe, to pay my devoirs to her, what ſhould I hear, but one of the hoydens, who had not ſeen me for two or three days, bawling out, "O law! there's my couſin!" I adviſed the mother to take the young lady immediately back into the country; for that I feared the ſame violence of joy which diſcovered itſelf in her voice and looks at only ſeeing me as a relation, might carry her greater lengths, where the affection was ſtronger.

My acquaintance ſee how I am mortified at all public places, and it is a ſtanding jeſt with them, wherever they meet me, to put on the appearance of the profoundeſt reſpect, and to aſk, "Pray, ſir, how do your couſins do?"

This leads me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to propoſe ſomething for the relief of all thoſe, whoſe country couſins, like mine, expect they ſhould introduce them into the world; by which means we

ſhall avoid appearing in a very ridiculous light: for whoever ſees the dancing bears, muſt include the man who ſhews them in the ſubject for laughter. I would therefore ſet up a perſon, who ſhould be known by the name of TOWN-USHER. His buſineſs ſhould be to attend cloſely all young ladies who never were in town before, to teach them to walk into the play-houſe without falling over the benches, to ſhew them the tombs, and the lions, and the wax-work, and the giant, and inſtruct them how to wonder, and ſhut their mouths at the ſame time: for I really meet with ſo many gapers every day in the ſtreets, that I am continually yawning all the way I walk.

I SHALL only detain you to make one reflection upon theſe journies to London. It appears very odd to me, that people ſhould chuſe to leave their home for two or three months, to make themſelves unhappy in it the reſt of their lives. My good couſin, the mother, thinks ſhe has acted right in ſhewing her children the world: and fully convinced that they have a thorough knowledge of it, carries them back into the country, where they deſpiſe thoſe with whom they formerly lived in intimacy and friendſhip, becauſe they have not ſeen London. Miſs walks with leſs pleaſure about the fields ſince her fall in the play-houſe, and her ſiſters are pouting all day long, becauſe the country can afford them no ſuch ſights as they ſaw in town.

I am, SIR,

Your great admirer,

A. W.

SIR,

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to be a member of a certain club in this city, where it is a ſtanding order, "That the paper called the WORLD be "conſtantly brought upon the table, with clean "glaſſes, pipes and tobacco, every Thurſday "after dinner." In conſequence of this order, a letter, or rather a petition, from one of your correſpondents, was lately read, praying that you would eſtabliſh it as a law, that healths ſhould be *eaten*, as well as *drank*. There appeared ſomething ſo new and national in *eating the proſperity of our king and country*, that the whole club, with a vivacity unknown in that place before, roſe up to applaud it: and after many wiſe and learned debates upon the ſubject, agreed to the following orders and reſolutions.

ORDERED,

THAT in this club, the word TOAST in drinking be changed to MOUTHFUL in eating, and that every member, after naming the MOUTHFUL he propoſes, do fill his mouth as full as poſſible, in honour of the perſon or cauſe ſo named.

ORDERED,

That the chairman be always MOUTHFUL-MASTER.

ORDERED,

THAT the MOUTHFUL-MASTER do demand the MOUTHFULS regularly from the members over the right thumb, and do cauſe them to be eaten regularly over his left.

RESOLVED,

THAT all the members of the club be obliged upon every club day to eat a large ſlice of roaſt beef, as a bumper health to old England.

RESOLVED,

THAT the city of London and the trade thereof be eaten in turtle.

RESOLVED,

ALWAYS to eat proſperity to Ireland in boiled beef, and to North Britain in Scotch collops.

RESOLVED,

To eat the adminiſtration in Britiſh herrings.

RESOLVED,

To eat ſucceſs to our fleet in pork and peaſe.

RESOLVED,

As the greateſt inſtance that this club can poſſibly ſhew of their reſpect and devotion, that the healths of lady * * *, and the ducheſs of * * *, be eaten by every member in mouthfuls of minced chicken.

RESOLVED,

THAT Mr. Fitz-Adam, or any of his friends, be permitted to eat the members of this club as often as they pleaſe, provided that they do not knowingly and wittingly ſuffer any Frenchman whatſoever to eat the ſaid members dead or alive.

THUS, Sir, you ſee that you are continually in our thoughts; and therefore, as a member of a ſociety ſo warmly attached to you, you will believe me, when I aſſure you that I am

Your moſt faithful
humble ſervant,
E. P.

NUMB.

NUMB. 165. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 26, 1756.

THERE are few things by which a man diſcovers the weakneſs of his judgment more, than by retailing ſcraps of common-place ſentiment on the trite and thread-bare topic, the degeneracy of the times. We are told very ſeriouſly in almoſt every company, that the courage we received from our anceſtors is evaporated; that our trade is ruined; that religion is but a badge to diſtinguiſh parties; and that the muſes, kicked out of doors, have carried off with them truth, honour, juſtice, and all the moral virtues.

BUT to our comfort, this reflection is not confined to the preſent age; it extends itſelf equally to all. A touch on the times is a piece of ſatire, that almoſt runs parallel with the foundation of every ſtate. How many authors do we hear bewailing the degeneracy of their cotemporaries, and prognoſticating the farther corruption of their poſterity! Our very ſtature is diminiſhed. Even in Homer's time, men were ſtrangely decreaſed in their ſize ſince the Trojan war. Virgil ſays, that Turnus threw a ſtone at Æneas, which a dozen Romans could not have lifted; ſo that had men decreaſed ſince the days of Virgil, in the ſame proportion, we ſhould long before now have dwindled into a race of atoms.

LIVY, who flouriſhed in the golden age of Auguſtus, tells us, that above three hundred years before, a ſpirit of equity and moderation

animated the whole body of the people, which was not to be found then in one individual. Cicero is for ever declaiming againſt the degeneracy of his own times; and Juvenal ſays, that in his, vice was arrived to ſuch a height, that poſterity, however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it. Yet conſult the authors who have written ſince, and you will imagine that every former age was an age of virtue.

FROM all theſe paſſages, and many others, it is evident that this complaint is by no means applicable to our times only. And really it is a great breach of good manners, that modern fine gentlemen cannot put a little *rouge* on their faces, but the ſaucy quill of ſome impertinent author immediately rubs it off: but neither is it their own invention, nor imported from France; for Juvenal informs us, that the Roman beaux did the ſame.

THERE is but one reaſon that I know of, why a man may declaim with impunity againſt the degeneracy of the times; it is, becauſe the reflection is only general, and that he is as much the object of his own ſatire, as any other man. But let a foreigner, in a company of Engliſhmen, preſume to ſay, that they have degenerated from their forefathers, and not a Briton amongſt them but will reſent the indignity; or let the reflection become more particular ſtill, and one man lay an act of degeneracy to the charge of another, and the conſequence is too obvious.

To lament the loſs of religion, and abuſe its profeſſors; to cenſure the conſtitution of a ſtate, and its conſtituents, are quite different things. And though a man may prefer the army, with which

which Henry the fifth beat the French at Agincourt, to our preſent ſoldiery, yet examine them one by one, and there is ſcarce a ſerjeant in the ſervice that does not think himſelf equal to the moſt valiant commander, from Alexander the great, king of Macedonia, down to brave old Hendrick, Sachem of the Mohawk Indians. So that if conſidered ſeparately, we are more wiſe, more valiant, and more religious than our anceſtors; if collectively, we are a ſet of fools, cowards and infidels.

AN ingenious correſpondent of mine has carried his compliments on the preſent times farther than I have done. I ſhall conclude this paper with his letter and verſes.

SIR,

A CONQUEST over the affections and paſſions has been the higheſt boaſt of the philoſophers of every age; and in proportion as they have attained this victory, future writers have celebrated their characters as the moſt exalted patterns of wiſdom and prudence. But though a veneration for the ruſt of antiquity, or a fondneſs for every thing which happened before the memory of our grandfathers, may lead ſome to celebrate former ages, yet we may boaſt it among the felicities of the times in which we live, that the moſt important concerns of life are entered into only under the directions of reaſon and philoſophy. To inſtance only in one particular; marriage is the effect of mere prudence and foreca ſt, without any mixture of that ridiculous paſſion, which has now no being but in play-books and romances.

IN

In former ages, love was ſuppoſed to keep the door of Hymen's temple; but now, as the knowledge of the world may have been ſomewhat expenſive in acquiring, and as our modern philoſophers have ſpent that fortune on their youth, which it had been ridiculous to have reſerved for the debility of old age, juſt before the laſt ſpark of vigour is extinguiſhed, ſome rich heireſs is won, who conduces both to the perpetuating a name, and to the providing a fortune for that poſterity, which is to continue the family honours. Happy expedient! by which the weight of numerous young children, the almoſt conſtant burthen of former times, is moſt judiciouſly avoided.

That I may preſent your readers with a ſtriking contraſt between the follies of our anceſtors, and the ſolid prudence of the preſent generation, I ſhall here ſubjoin a couple of ſhort odes, which are written in the character of an old Engliſhman, and a modern one, on the day before their marriage.

The Old Englishman.

I.

I'll tell you why I love my love;
Becauſe her thouſand graces prove
Her worth is very high:
She's very fair and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one ſo plain as I.

II.

Wherever muſe has fir'd the ſtrain,
On Britiſh or on Tuſcan plain,
Delighted has ſhe rov'd;

Has

Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage
That animates the ſtory'd page,
By Britiſh boſoms lov'd.

III.

Oft has ſhe ſought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wiſe and good;
That ev'ry wiſh has ſhe ſubdu'd
To wiſdom's narrow bound.

IV.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to ſhun,
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare:
Has learn'd that food, and clothes, and fire,
Are only nature's plain deſire,
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

V.

Content with theſe, my GERALDINE
Has promis'd to be ever mine,
For well ſhe knows my heart;
She knows it honeſt and ſincere,
And much too open to appear
Beneath the veil of art.

VI.

She knows it pants for her alone,
That not the ſplendor of a throne
From her my ſteps could lure:
To-morrow gives to theſe fond arms
My GERALDINE *in all her charms,*
And makes my bliſs ſecure.

The MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

I.

No, no; by all the pow'rs above,
My heart's as little touch'd by love
As ever in my life.
Full well, dear HAL, *to thee is known*
Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,
To be my wedded wife.

II.

But why I wed? ſhould any aſk,
To anſwer is an eaſy taſk,
Want, want! my honeſt HARRY:
What can a man, whoſe fortune's ſpent,
Who's mortgag'd to his utmoſt rent,
But drown, or ſhoot, or marry?

III.

Of theſe the beſt is ſure the bride;
For when once plung'd beneath the tide,
Adieu to all our figure.
Full ſudden is the piſtol's fate,
When once 'tis touch'd, alas! too late
We wiſh undrawn the trigger.

IV.

'Tis thus reſolv'd then, honeſt boy,
To-morrow thou may'ſt wiſh me joy,
Joy will I buy by wiving:
Soon to her manſion, far from town,
Six rapid Bays ſhall whirl us down,
As if the dev'l were driving.

V.

There ſhall the briſk capacious bowl
Drown ev'ry care that haunts the ſoul,
And rouſe me to new life:

And,

And, HAL, *for all that ſhe can ſay,*
Some blooming village queen of May
Shall—wait upon my wife.

VI.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,
And ſpouſe has crown'd me with her dow'r,
Should ſudden ruin meet her,
Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
Unmov'd I'd ſtand amidſt the wreck,
Nor ſwear at heedleſs PETER.

NUMB. 166. THURSDAY, *March* 4, 1756.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,
Quem, niſi mendacem, & mendoſum?

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the proſtitutions of language, ſo juſtly obſerved by many celebrated writers, I know of none more to be lamented, than thoſe which rob virtue of her true title, and uſurp her name and character.

IT may be obſerved, that in all countries and ſtates, the farther they have gone from their original purity and ſimplicity, the greater have their advances been in this reſpect. The Romans, whoſe poverty only kept them within the bounds of virtue, when they had quitted their humble ſtation for ſcenes of ambition and glory, not only changed their manners, but loſt the ſenſe

of

of thoſe words, which were in high eſtimation with their anceſtors. The words *frugal*, *temperate*, and *modeſt*, were no longer held in any degree of reverence, when riches, and a licentious enjoyment of them, were the only things in vogue.

WE have gone beyond them in this reſpect, and quite reverſed the meaning of words. *Knave* and *villain*, formerly the denominations of laudable induſtry, are now the marks of the greateſt reproach. Our manners have adulterated our words; and for fear they ſhould reproach us with our conduct, we diſfranchiſe and condemn them to infamy, that their teſtimony may be invalid, and their evidence of no credit.

THERE are many inſtances in modern times, where a falſe and blind zeal has heightened the ſignification of words of very little meaning, to an unaccountable degree of veneration; as on the contrary, a looſe and libertine way of thinking has debaſed and ſullied thoſe of the higheſt dignity.

I AM not a little pleaſed with a ſaying of king Theodorick, who being adviſed by his courtiers to debaſe the coin, declared, "That "nothing which bore his image, ſhould ever "lie." Are we not all acceſſary to the propagation of falſhood, when we ſuffer any thing that carries the image and repreſentation of our minds, to be guilty of an untruth, and when we enter into a combination to ſupport words in a ſignification foreign to their meaning, and quite different from the ideas thoſe ſounds ought to form in our minds?

CUS-

CUSTOM is the tyrant of the language; it can alter, adjuſt, and new model, but it cannot annihilate. It can ſettle new phraſes, introduce a whole colony of faſhionable nonſenſe from foreign parts, and render old words obſolete: but it cannot eraſe idea from language. It can do more than an abſolute prince; becauſe it can create new words; a privilege which was not allowed to the Roman emperor Tiberius, who having coined a word in the ſenate, his flatterers deſired it might be adopted into their language, as a compliment to the emperor; but an old ſenator, not quite degenerated from the honeſt ſincerity of his anceſtors, made this memorable reply, "You may give, ſir, the freedom of the "city to *men*, but not to *words*."

THERE is no word of greater import and dignity than HONOUR. It is virtue, adorned with every decoration, that can make it amiable and uſeful in ſociety. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourſe, by which the buſineſs of life is tranſacted with ſafety and pleaſure. It is of univerſal extent, and can be confined to no particular ſtation of life, becauſe it is every man's ſecurity, and every man's intereſt. But to its great misfortune, its own virtues have undone it. Its excellent character has of late years recommended it ſo much to the patronage of the Great, that they have appropriated it to their own uſe, and communicated to it a part of their own privileges, that of being acceſſible only to a few. It now no longer retains its former good qualities; its real dignity is loſt, and it is become rather the ornament, than the foundation of a character: it is a kind of poliſh, that implies a

finiſhed

finiſhed character, and too often conceals a very imperfect one.

THUS has HONOUR got an imaginary title, inſtead of a real one. It has loſt by its acquiſitions; and by being the particular idol of a few, is no longer of uſe to the many. Its new acquired trophies are the ſpoils of its former greatneſs; and the remembrance of what it was, ſerves only to heighten the melancholy idea of what it now is. It formerly conſtantly attended merit, as a friend and guardian; it now accompanies greatneſs, as a flatterer and paraſite.

It is a compliment to the taſte of the preſent age, to alledge that HONOUR is its darling attribute. It is in itſelf a compoſition of every thing that is valuable and worthy of commendation; and even in its degenerate ſtate, it is, in a degree, the picture of VIRTUE: it is finely drawn, but the lines are not juſt, and the colours too glaring. The endeavours of the artiſts to ſet it off to advantage, have made it more like a piece of gaudy pageantry, than a true copy of nature.

To juſtify the truth of what I aſſert, I appeal to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and beg leave to aſk you, what are your ideas of a man, when you hear him particularly recommended as a man of HONOUR? Are your notions at all enlarged, in reſpect to his moral character? Would you give him the preference in your vote, as a repreſentative in parliament? Or ſhould you conceive him to have a more than ordinary zeal for the true religion of his country? Would you truſt him the ſooner? Or could you with more

more ſafety admit him into your family, to an intimacy with your wife and daughters? You would undoubtedly rather game with him, becauſe he will not cheat; and you would be ſure to receive your money, if you gained any advantage, however his more juſt creditors might ſuffer. You would certainly ſhew him more reſpect, becauſe you dare not affront him; HONOUR being a thing of ſo very delicate a nature, that the leaſt indignity endangers its deſtruction: having loſt its true eſſence, it can only be ſupported by the courage and zeal of thoſe, who will not ſuffer its title to be diſputed.

WHAT is become of poor HONESTY? Is ſhe confined to the habitations of Mark and Mincing-lane? Dare ſhe not appear in the polite world? I make no doubt ſhe is as frequent in her viſits there, as in any other place; but for want of a proper dreſs, ſhe is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of HONOUR, whom ſhe would be ſure to meet in her travels to thoſe parts of the town; and as the latter is a burleſque on her character, ſhe chuſes always to avoid her.

HER name ſeems to be quite baniſhed to the unbred world, and is ſo much out of vogue at preſent, that an HONEST MAN as certainly means a tradeſman, as a MAN of HONOUR does a gentleman.

THE word is fairly worn-out: it has been ſo long in mercantile hands, that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aſide by univerſal conſent, and beſtowed it, with their old cloaths, on their ſervants and dependants.

THE ladies, who form the moſt conſiderable part

part of the faſhionable world, have a peculiar ſort of HONOUR of their own. They entrench not upon that, already appropriated to the other ſex, but take it where the men leave it. Conſcious of their own frailties and infirmities, they are not aſhamed to invoke its aid and aſſiſtance, to guard them in a part, where they are moſt liable to ſurprize. No other branch of their conduct comes within the juriſdiction of HONOUR; for HONOUR, at preſent, is no more than what the world expects from you; they are at free liberty in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

THE different value and credit of particular virtues, at ſeveral periods of time, would form a very entertaining and uſeful hiſtory; and by looking back into former times, and obſerving the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a tolerable conjecture when any particular ſpecies of it would again come into faſhion. The preſent rage for liberty will not eaſily admit of many articles of belief; they are a degree of ſervitude of the mind, which we diſdain: but as it is very proper to obſerve ſome appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body, to preſerve that of the mind; and admit of ſome regulations and reſtrictions, which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed, as indiſpenſibly neceſſary to maintain the connections of ſocial life.

BUT the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as ſtrong an averſion to reſtraint; for which reaſon it has been found expedient to grant ſome degree of indulgence, to moderate be-

between pleaſure and ſtrict virtue, and to make a compromiſe between the ſeveral duties, and moſt prevailing paſſions.

To form this alliance, and ſtrengthen it by the firmeſt tie, the word HONOUR was introduced; a word very much the favourite of virtue, and ſo enchanting in its ſound, that vice could make no objection. She conſented; but on theſe conditions, that ſhe ſhould have a due proportion of advantage; and if it was allowed to heighten many virtues, it ſhould likewiſe be permitted to cover almoſt an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to ſerve both as a cordial and palliative: it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is ſo unnatural, that the poiſon gets the better of the medicine; and if ſome ſtrong antidote is not ſpeedily applied, all the humours will be vitiated, and the whole maſs corrupted.

No perſon who is any ways converſant in antiquity can be ignorant of the allegorical ſituation of the temples of VIRTUE and HONOUR at Rome. They were ſo placed, that there was no entrance into the latter, but through the former; which has given riſe to a very beautiful thought in Cicero's firſt oration againſt Verres. Both theſe temples were built by Marcellus, whoſe original deſign was to have placed the two goddeſſes in one temple: but the prieſts, who are always for extending the plan of ceremonial religion, would not permit it; which obliged him to alter his firſt intention. But he purſued the meaning of it, by building two temples contiguous to each other, and in ſuch a ſitua-

ſituation, that the only avenue to the temple of HONOUR ſhould be through the temple of VIRTUE; leaving by this emblem a very elegant and uſeful leſſon to poſterity, that VIRTUE is the only direct road to HONOUR.

IT is impoſſible to have too great a regard and eſteem for a man of ſtrict HONOUR; but then let him prove his right to this title, by the whole tenor of his actions. Let him not hold ſome doctrines in high eſtimation, and reject others of equal importance: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from faſhion or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions; and a juſt praiſe and approbation will be their due reward.

NUMB. 167. THURSDAY, *March* 11, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE want of happineſs has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the preſent times: and at the rate they ſtill go on, it is abſolutely impoſſible that the complaint ſhould ceaſe. Happineſs is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themſelves the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It ſolicits them in every ſhape, yet they reject its offers. Ignorance and indolence are its conſtant enemies.

MOST

MOST people have parts and application ſufficient to learn the eaſy rules of Whiſt, Cribbage, and Cheſs; and as ſoon as they are informed (what they little ſuſpect, and will be delighted to hear) that Happineſs is a GAME, and a much greater and deeper one than even Pharo or Hazard, I make no doubt that men, women, and children will immediately ſet themſelves to learn the rules and fineſſes of this important PLAY.

WHEN they are ſatisfied it is a game that will be univerſally uſed in all companies in town and country, what mortal will be ſo ſtupid as not to learn it in ſome degree of perfection? For who, without the greateſt gratitude, can reflect upon the benevolence of nature, that has introduced felicity into the world, in the welcome and ever-faſhionable guiſe of deep play, and high gaming?

THIS divine attainment could not have been annexed to books and learning; head-achs, perpetual reaſonings, and fierce diſputations, would have embarraſſed every ſtep: neither could it have been coupled to riches, which are ever attended with care and anxiety. If poverty and contentment had been the vehicles appropriated to convey it, a ſickly calm would have ſtagnated all activity. Had it been given to political purſuits, how could it have been reconciled to the deſultory ſentiments of majorities and minorities! Therefore bountiful nature has annexed it to CARDS, and ſeaſoned it to the palates of mankind, by the ſpirit of gaming, which ſhe has almoſt equally infuſed into all her rational children.

Now as I have always profeſſed myſelf a great friend and admirer of PLAY, I ſhall endeavour to lay down a few of the moſt certain rules, by which all perſons may be inſtructed in the art of playing at this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS. And I am the more willing to promote the knowledge of this game, as it depends rather upon ſkill and addreſs, than chance and fortune. It is not played with ever-dangerous dice, like Back-gammon or Trick-track: nor like Bragg, by audacity of countenance, and polite cozenage: and though, like Picquet, there is much putting out and taking in, yet every card is playable.

I AM elated with pleaſure, when I conſider that I am going to teach miſerable mortals this great GAME: which, without vanity I may ſay, is making them a preſent of more than a ſixth ſenſe, and enabling them to exerciſe their five primary ones in the moſt delightful manner. I need not here expatiate upon the pleaſures of PLAY, the firſt paſtime of infancy, and the ultimate amuſement of decrepid age; the faculty which moſt diſtinguiſhes the rational from the brute creation; that levels the lacquey with the prince, and the humble cinder-wench with the ſtately ducheſs; the cement of all true ſociety, which, by diſcarding volumes of words, confines all wit, ſenſe and language within the limits of half a ſcore ſhort and ſignificant ſentences. How admirable is the ſagacity of the adepts! or, in other words, the people of faſhion! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about moſt liberally, all that is deſirable in the world! For though the uneducated claſs of

mortals may think a club is but a club, and a ſpade a ſpade, theſe exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, ſpades induſtry, and hearts popularity and affections of every ſort. From this conſideration, I never enter a great apartment without being ſtruck with ſolemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenders at each table, as ſo many mighty giants, toſſing about with ſtupendous ſtrength theſe glorious cymbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

WHAT giggling miſs ſhall hereafter preſume to diſturb theſe rites with more than female levity? What puny ſenator ſhall dare here to recollect the politics of either houſe, the partial intereſt of inſignificant iſlands and nations, whoſe comparative greatneſs is loſt in ſuch a ſcene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary trick includes as much wiſdom and addreſs, as would ſet up a moderate politician, ſtateſman, or miniſter? I conſider theſe aſſemblies as the great academies of education, and obſerve with pleaſure, that all parents, guardians, and huſbands, are bringing their families to town, for at leaſt ſix months in the year, to take the advantage of theſe noble ſchools and well-inſtituted ſeminaries.

WHAT ideas muſt we form of the hoſpitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houſes and heads of the moſt reſpectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and inſtruction! How much ſuperior are theſe to the porticos, gardens and philoſophic ſchools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome ſo

greatly celebrated! Here our daughters are capacitated to marry the firſt prince that may happen to aſk them, inſtead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domeſtic views of ſome neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to paſs the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the abſence of their huſbands. Here they collect that treaſure of maſculine knowledge, thoſe elegant ideas and reflections, that wonderfully alleviate the ſolitude of the old family manſion, where, amidſt the cawing of rooks, the murmuring of ſtreams, and fragrant walks of flowering ſhrubs, they wait the return of winter with a philoſophic compoſure.

But I am wandering from my purpoſe, and expatiating upon general Play, when I intended only to teach my new and great Game of Happiness, which will render the whole univerſe like one grand aſſembly or rout.

Know then, ye hence happy mortals! that the game called Happiness, is played with packs of cards, each pack conſiſting of three hundred and ſixty-five different cards; the backs of which, inſtead of being white, are of a duſky ſooty colour. Every ſeventh card is equivalent to a court card, of which there are fifty-two in each pack; and upon playing properly theſe court cards, the fortunate event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number of players. The game of one is the leaſt entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on; but as a greater number muſt naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten

or a dozen is the moſt deſirable ſet, though the players may be ſubject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are indeed fond of ſitting down to a crowded table; but it is generally obſerved, that an inattentive and ſlovenly manner of playing is too often the conſequence. One pack of cards will laſt a conſiderable time, as may be conjectured from their ſooty backs: inaſmuch as the greateſt players are ſeldom known to pay for more than three-ſcore and ten packs during the whole courſe of their lives.

THEY that have the moſt tricks win the largeſt diviſion of the ſtake; but every player gets ſomething, beſides the great pleaſure of playing, which is thought to be ſuperlative.

THIS great GAME partakes of the excellencies of all other games. You are often piqued and repiqued, as at Picquet. You are ſometimes beaſted as at Quadrille; often checked, as at Cheſs; put back, as at the game of Gooſe; and ſubject to nicks, after the manner of Hazard. It differs in one particular from all other games, viz. that the ſharper is always ſure to be over-matched by the fair player.

IT would fill a large volume, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to recount all the varieties of this truly ROYAL GAME; and already I am afraid of having tranſgreſſed the bounds of your paper: I ſhall therefore defer the rules I promiſed at the beginning of this letter to another opportunity, at which time I ſhall take care to make the meaneſt of your readers an adept at HAPPINESS.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

L. T.

NUMB. 168. THURSDAY, *March* 18, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY diſquiſition that tends to remove the prejudices and enlighten the underſtandings of mankind, though it may chance to come from an obſcure hand, will not be without its admirers and advocates in this learned and truly philoſophical age. It is needleſs then to make any apology for deſiring you to print this.

I SET out in life with a good ſhare of medical ſkill, botany, chymiſtry, anatomy, and natural philoſophy; in the laſt of which eſpecially I excelled: ſeldom failing to inveſtigate the efficient cauſe of any phenomenon: and being ſenſible of my own ſuperior abilities, I never was ſo mean-ſpirited as to give up a diſputed point. But from two or three failures in practice, when the medicines had not the effect I intended, and indeed once when they had, in relieving a nymph at ſix months end from a diſorder which would have laſted nine, my buſineſs and my fees began to fall ſhort.

I MUST confeſs myſelf ſhocked to find merit ſo diſregarded, and determined to ſearch out what faculty there might be in the mind of man, that could induce him to treat with contempt and ingratitude any perſon who profeſſed a deſign of ſerving him. This led me into moral inquiries, in which I ſoon made ſufficient progreſs: and being

ing perſuaded that it was incumbent upon every rational member of ſociety to communicate happineſs, as far as his influence may extend, I kept not the reſult of my enquiries ſecret, but formed a club of the thinking part of my acquaintance, to whom with the greateſt freedom I imparted my ſpeculations; and, in ſpite of prejudice, inculcated many important truths. Theſe I once thought of making more public from the preſs; but there is no neceſſity for it, ſeeing the noble and better ſort of philoſophers are confeſſedly of my opinion, and diſcard with one voice all that metaphyſical jargon, which would perſuade us to believe the immateriality of the ſoul and a future ſtate. Our ſentiments are calculated univerſally to promote human felicity, as they free the mind from any terrors and diſagreeable apprehenſions. It certainly then becomes the duty of every one who would be deemed benevolent, to propagate, as far as poſſible, principles of ſuch manifeſt utility. But we muſt expect oppoſition to this ſalutary deſign, from thoſe who make a gain of the prejudices of the world. They will never be ſo diſintereſted as eaſily to forego the great emoluments ariſing thence. And perhaps ſome thinking men (ſince moral virtues are indiſpenſibly neceſſary to the well-being of the community) may judge it not quite ſo proper to looſe the vulgar at once from all ties, except ſuch as ariſe from the inherent rectitude or depravity of actions.

I HAVE a ſcheme to obviate this, to which no rational objection can be made. I acknowledge myſelf indebted to an ingenious Spaniſh author for the firſt hint; but as he did not purſue his

reaſoning ſo far, either for want of abilities, or through fear of the inquiſition, I may juſtly aſſume to myſelf the merit of the invention. This author tells us, "Phyſicians ſeeing the great power the "temperament of the brain hath in making a "man wiſe and prudent, have invented a cer-"tain medicine, compoſed in ſuch a manner, "and replete with ſuch qualities, that being "taken in proper doſes, it renders a man capable "of reaſoning better than he could before. "They call it the confection of wiſdom." Now if there is a medical compoſition known (as from this authority we have ſufficient reaſon to believe) that will improve the rational faculties, and illumine the underſtanding, we may with equal truth aſſert, there are to be found medicines which will curb the paſſions, thoſe great obſtacles to moral virtue, and make men live according to the fitneſs of things.

The thinking part of man being allowed to be a modification of matter, it muſt be ſuppoſed to be a part of the body; at leaſt it is ſo ſtrictly united and adherent to it, that in all things it ſuffers with, and cannot by any arguments of reaſon be proved capable of exiſting without it. Hence it will indiſputably follow, that all the powers of the mind, even the moral faculties, are inſeparably connected with the temperament and habit of that body of which ſhe is part. Inſomuch that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as juſtice, fortitude, and temperance (the other cardinal virtues) and their oppoſites, entirely depend upon the conſtitution. It will therefore become the province of the phyſician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind,

and

and introduce the contrary; to ſuppreſs luxury, and create chaſtity; to make the fooliſh prudent, the proud humble, the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is eaſy to be done, by the aſſiſtance of alterative medicines, and by a properly adapted regimen, that ſhall be perfective of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

In confirmation of my ſentiments, I could quote the fathers of phyſic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Ariſtotle, the chief of philoſophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplication of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by thoſe appetites, good or bad, which ariſe from the habit of his conſtitution: the phyſician then who can alter his conſtitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. And moral philoſophers greatly err, when they do not avail themſelves of the ſcience of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to reliſh virtue and diſtaſte vice. If a moraliſt undertakes to reform a luxurious perſon, who gives himſelf up to high living and laſcivious indulgences, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would he uſe to inſtil the principle of temperance and chaſtity, that they ſhould take ſuch deep root in the mind, as conſtantly and uniformly to influence his conduct? He will ſet out by ſhewing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from ſuch courſes: and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a ſuperſtitious education, he will endeavour to affright him by a terrible detail of thoſe inexpreſſible miſeries his ſoul is in

danger of ſuffering hereafter, if death ſhould ſurprize him without giving him time to repent and forſake his debaucheries. After this he will adviſe him to faſt and pray, ſleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous auſterities, and keep it under by bloody diſcipline. Theſe methods, if he continues long to practiſe them, will render him pallid and feeble, and ſo far different from what he was, that inſtead of running after women, aud placing his *ſummum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will ſcarce bear to hear a female mentioned, and nauſeate the very thoughts of a ſumptuous entertainment. The moraliſt ſeeing the man ſo changed, will be apt to impute the whole to his art, and ſuppoſe the habits of temperance and chaſtity come from I know not whence, and are the effect of his ratiocination. The phyſician knows the contrary, and is fully ſenſible they proceed from the languid and debilitated ſtate of the body: for if this be reſtored to its priſtine vigour, the patient will ſoon return to his old practices of exceſs and riot. Daily experience muſt convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chaſtity, will in the ſame manner hold good with regard to all other vices and virtues; becauſe each has its proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it. Bleeding then and bliſtering, cupping and purging may be uſefully adminiſtered in mental as well as corporal diſorders. A briſk ſalivation may cure the mind and body both of a venereal taint; and a ſtrong emetic may have a more ſalutiferous effect than barely cleanſing the ſtomach of an epicure.

I COULD

I COULD add many more inſtances, but have already ſaid enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my ſcheme; and being determined not to loſe the honour of my inventions, I do not care to diſcover too much, leſt ſome paltry plagiary ſhould, with ſome little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a complete ſyſtem, and am compiling a didactic treatiſe of all the vices incident to human nature, and their different degrees, with the ſymptoms prognoſtic and diagnoſtic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be obſerved in all caſes. The whole will be comprized in ten volumes folio; and when the work is quite ready for the preſs, I may perhaps venture to publiſh propoſals more at large, with a ſpecimen annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the firſt hint of my deſign, that I might judge from what the intelligent ſay of this, how they will reliſh the larger work of

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ACADEMICUS.

NUMB. 169. THURSDAY, *March* 25, 1765.

THE following letters have lain by me ſome time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuſe me for the delay, and for the few alterations which I judged it neceſſary to make in them.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

IN a late paper you have declared abſolutely againſt total nakedneſs in our ſex, and by others you have given us to underſtand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that while we are leaving little or nothing for imagination to exerciſe itſelf upon, or for curioſity to deſire, we are certainly loſing our hold upon the men. But I cannot ſay that ſince I have *undreſſed* myſelf to the utmoſt extent of the faſhion, I have fewer *admirers* than when I appeared like a modeſt woman; though, to confeſs the truth, I have had but one ſince, that has not plainly diſcovered a thorough averſion to marriage; and him I imprudently loſt, by granting to his importunity the full diſplay of my whole perſon: indeed the argument he uſed was ſo extremely reaſonable, that I knew not how to object to it; and whilſt he pleaded with the utmoſt tenderneſs, that what he requeſted as a tribute to love, was but *a very little more* than what I daily laviſhed indiſcriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards complete nakedneſs, that as the ſummer comes on, they will incline to throw off all covering whatſoever, I have thought proper to ſet before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to diſcover. I can aſſure them as an important truth, that if they have a deſire to retain even any admirers,

mirers, they muſt ſtop where they are, and uncover no farther; or if they aim at getting huſbands, they will do wiſely to conceal, and reſerve among the acquiſitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now ſhew, to no other purpoſe than the defeating their own ſchemes.

GIVE me leave, ſir, to conclude this letter with a ſhort tranſcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken ſome pains to inſtruct the ladies in this particular point.

THE maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, whilſt ſhe hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpſe, and FANCY *draws*
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for FANCY's *aid,*
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Celia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's betwitching round,
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.

I am,
SIR,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
S. B.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

IN this free and communicative age, in which buſineſs of almoſt all kinds is tranſacted by advertiſements, it is not uncommon to ſee wives and milch-aſſes, ſtolen horſes and ſtrayed hearts, promiſ-

miſcuouſly advertiſed in one and the ſame paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley: but amidſt all the remarkable advertiſements I have lately ſeen, I think the following by far the moſt curious; and for that reaſon, I deſire it may be made ſtill more public than it is already, by appearing in the WORLD.

"WANTED,

"A CURATE at Beccles in Suffolk. Enquire "farther of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yar- "mouth carrier, who inns at the Crown, the "corner of Jeſus-lane, Cambridge.

"*N. B.* To be ſpoke with from Friday noon "to Saturday morning nine o'clock."

I HAVE tranſcribed this from a news-paper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, verbatim et literatim, and muſt confeſs I look upon it as a curioſity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the converſation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himſelf. Queſtionleſs Mr. Strutt has his orders to enquire into the young candidate's qualifications, and to make his report to the advertiſing rector, before he agrees upon terms with him. But what principally deſerves our obſervation is, the propriety of referring us to a perſon who traffics conſtantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiſer might there expect numbers to flock to the perſon he employed, who (by the way) might have been ſomebody more like a gentleman (no diſparagement to Mr. Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleaſant too to obſerve the N. B. at the end of the advertiſement; it carries with it an air of ſignificance

nificance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might poſſibly have been ſo bold as to have put himſelf on an equal footing with this negotiator, if he had not known that he was only to be ſpoke with at ſtated hours.

THERE are ſome of us laymen (you, I dare ſay, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among the reſt) who are old-faſhioned enough to have ſome reſpect for the clergy; it does not therefore give us any pleaſure to ſee them thus advertiſed like barbers journeymen.

BUT why did not the advertiſer mention expreſly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have ſaved much trouble and altercation between the prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with this particular advertiſement, and leave the whole to your animadverſion; only deſiring that you would order under your own hand, that from henceforth all advertiſements for curates ſhould be worded in the following manner.

"WANTED,

"A CURATE at ***. He muſt be one "that can play at Back-gammon, and will be "willing to receive five-and-twenty pounds a "year for doing the whole duty of a pariſh "while his rector receives two hundred for do-"ing none of it. He muſt keep what company, "and preach what doctrine his rector pleaſes, "&c. &c. &c. Whoever will comply with theſe "reaſonable terms, may apply to ***, inn-"keeper at ***, for full information."

I am, SIR, *Yours*,

L. L.

Mr.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

IT is with pleaſure that I ſee you leſs addicted to dreaming than moſt of your predeceſſors: to ſay the truth, I have ſeldom found you incline to nod; though without any diſparagement to you, your betters and elders have ſometimes ſlept in a much ſhorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my ſchool-maſter, when he whipt me for ſleeping over my book.

LIFE has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of ſome old Grecians, who uſed to be always in doubt whether they were aſleep or awake. Indeed the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themſelves in this metropolis is inconceivable; even the pulpit is not free from them. The firſt time I ever heard the character of a dreamer given to a preacher, was on the following occaſion. A reader to a country cure took a printed ſermon of an eminent divine into the pulpit with him to preach; unfortunately it happened to be a farewel ſermon. The young gentleman began with acquainting the people that he was then going to leave them. As they had never received the leaſt hint of this before, they were a good deal ſurprized; but when he concluded with telling them that he had been exhorting them with all diligence for ſixteen years (when he had hardly been with them as many weeks) and talked of his high dignity in the church, ſome of the congregation ſaid he was mad, moſt of them that he was dreaming.

I COULD wiſh indeed that theſe dreamers in the pulpit would contrive to dream their own dreams, or that they would take care not to convert the ſerious thoughts of others into ſomething more

more abſurd than dreams, for want of reading beforehand what they would be ſuppoſed to deliver as their own compoſitions. It is by way of hint to ſuch dreamers that I have told this ſtory, which being the principal purpoſe of my letter, I ſhall add no more than that

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. S.

NUMB. 170. THURSDAY, *April* 1, 1756.

Poſt mortem nobilitari volunt. CICERO.

TAKING my walk of obſervation the other day, as is often my cuſtom, I was led by the courſe of my tour into one of our famous hoſpitals. The magnificence of the building, the order and regularity of the houſhold, the multitude that were received, and their ſeveral accommodations, threw me naturally into a very pleaſing contemplation on the extenſive charity of my good countrymen. From one of theſe endowed habitations I was carried on to another, till I believe I made myſelf acquainted with all the public edifices of this nature that this large and opulent city abounds with. Some of them I found of royal and very ample foundation, others raiſed and maintained by a ſingle and munificent family, others by a joint act of the whole people; all, however, noble in their purpoſes, and admirably adapted for the particular uſes to which they were diſtinctly appropriated. I admired

before ſhe died, ſhe never miſſed morning or evening ſervice throughout the week, beſides her private devotion in her own houſe, at which none of the family were ſuffered to be preſent. The miniſter and ſhe would ſometimes ſtay two or three hours together. She uſed often to diſcourſe upon charity, and ſaid ſhe loved the poor, though I do not remember to have ſeen her beſtow any alms whilſt I lived with her; which ſurprized us the more that ſhe ſhould leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it ſhould be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, ſir, it is by your own deſire I collect theſe trifling particulars, that concern ourſelves only, and the memory of ſo fantaſtical and unjuſt a woman; for ſuch I muſt call her, notwithſtanding I aſſure you I am perfectly and contentedly reſigned to my lot.

I am, &c.

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman, who is mentioned to have diſpoſed of his whole eſtate in this manner. Thoſe of his blood and neareſt kindred had betaken themſelves to the loweſt ſupports which employment affords to the miſerable, and were either diſperſed in the navy, or in ſuch ſtations, that all enquiries of this ſort were fruitleſs. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the diſpoſal of a very conſiderable fortune. All I could gather of him was, that he had increaſed a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade, that is

is ſafely practicable; that he was always called in the city, a hard money-getting man; and that he had left his brothers, ſiſters, and grand-children to make their way without the leaſt proviſion or aſſiſtance. There was a ſtatue erecting for him, I found by his own orders, in the hoſpital.

THUS ended my purſuit, which I quitted with as much eagerneſs as it was undertaken. I was diſpleaſed over and over with myſelf at my ſearch, and wiſhed for that tranquillity of mind, which is always the portion of a happy ignorance. The ſtream, as I viewed it, was clear; and it is certain I went out of my way to look at the fountain. The generoſity I at firſt contemplated with rapture, was now exchanged for the diſguſt I felt at pride and injuſtice. Were ſtrokes indeed of this nature not ſo ſevere in their effect, there is ſomething ſo ridiculous in theſe oſtentatious charities, and ſuch an abſurdity in appropriations of this ſort, under the circumſtances I have deſcribed, that I confeſs I could indulge a leſs ſerious reflection at the examination of them.

THE two originals above, have many counterparts in this nation; perſons who are frequently ſo very charitable as to reduce their whole families to beggary. The raiſing a church, or endowing an hoſpital, are the two main objects of an elderly ſinner's piety; and no matter by what means, ſo that the end be but accompliſhed. This is ſuch a compendious way of diſcharging all the duties of life at once, and at the expence only of what there is no poſſibility of retaining any longer, that no wonder theſe ſpunges of charity

are

are in ſo much uſe at ſome certain periods, and at ſuch alone.

I WOULD not dwell upon errors which I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to diſcover cauſes without hopes of amending the effects; but I am really of opinion that the grievances here ſet forth, owe their birth chiefly to a few miſtakes, which my acceptation of the word charity inclines me very much to rectify, for the ſervice eſpecially of theſe pious and liberal benefactors: for ſuch I make no queſtion many of them are, only, as I have ſaid before, they are unfortunate enough to lie under ſome miſtakes. In the firſt place therefore, I ſhall venture to lay it down as a maxim, that there is no ſuch thing as poſthumous charity. There may be equity, and there may be propriety, in a laſt deſignation of earthly goods, but real or intrinſic generoſity or benevolence there can be none.

—Quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes.

IT is a modern ſuppoſition, nouriſhed by hope and weakneſs, that leads people to reckon upon an act, that does not take place whilſt they are alive. I do not remember that any one of the apoſtles, the preachers and examples of every ſocial obligation, ever enforced the duty of teſtamentary acts of goodneſs: Nor did David ſet apart a charge upon the revenue his ſon was to enjoy after him, towards building a temple, which he found was not to be the glory of his own reign.

ANOTHER error, which I hope to ſet right, ariſes from the general idea of poverty, which ſeems

ſeems not to be very well ſettled. The poor under your eye, and the poor unborn, ſtand in a very different relation of indigence together. Thus a crippled pennyleſs ſiſter, or an infirm couſin, are thought by no means equal objects of bounty with the future offspring of a future beggar. All that I have to ſay to a perſuaſion of this ſort is, that I will affirm, a relation or dependent left to ſtarve, is in every article as true a beggar as any between St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Upon the whole, ſince money has no currency on the other ſide of the grave, and no real value but in its application on this, I could wiſh the laſt diſpoſition of it were a little better conſidered. It is but reaſonable ſurely, to expect that thoſe who do no good with it whilſt they live, ſhould do leſs miſchief with it when they die.

* *

NUMB. 171. THURSDAY, *April* 8, 1756.

THERE is no privilege of which an Engliſhman is ſo jealous, nor for which he ſo highly values the conſtitution of his country, as the liberty that is allowed him, not only of thinking as he pleaſes, but of generouſly communicating his thoughts to the public. This glorious charter, limited as it is, and ought to be, by wholeſome laws, has infinite advantages derived from it; particularly as it tends to cultivate the liberal arts, and helps to carry on the great work of ſcience. But whether it is always for the improvement of our taſte, any more

more than our morals, that we ſhould be allowed to realize our ſentiments, eſpecially where the object falls immediately under the public eye, is a queſtion that may perhaps admit of a debate.

THUS, for inſtance, if an ingenious gentleman, for the greater embelliſhment of his private library, ſhould think proper to erect the head, or even the entire figure of a ſhaking Mandarine, between the buſts of Tully and Demoſthenes, or to exalt the divinities of Pekin to the ſame degree of honour in his gallery that he has already paid to the Grecian Venus and Apollo, it would be an infringement upon Britiſh liberty to check his devotion. But if the ſame innovating taſte ſhould intrude upon the muſes ſhrine in our public ſeats of learning, I ſhould wiſh for ſome authority to ſtop ſo ſacrilegious an attempt.

THE ſame care ſhould extend even to our amuſements: I do not mean to debar any of them from their right of appearing as often as their patrons pleaſe to call for them; I would only aſſign them the proper limits of time and place, and prevent their bringing any confuſion upon themſelves and others. It is certainly very juſt, that Harlequin ſhould flouriſh with his dagger of lath, and invert the order of nature, whenever he finds it neceſſary; but though I am delighted with the ingenuity of my party-coloured friend, it would grieve me to ſee him ſo far miſtake his talents, as to introduce himſelf very familiarly into the company of Shakeſpear and Johnſon.

To carry this obſervation a little higher, I think

think any one of our public entertainments, that more peculiarly belongs to the refined part of the world, ſhould be preſerved from any alloying mixture, that may ſink and debaſe its value, or make us look upon its ſtandard below the original worth that it pretends to claim. It is upon this account, that I cannot enough lament the preſent ſtate of our Italian opera, which ſeems to be continually declining, without any friendly hand to interpoſe, which might reſtore it to its native purity, or preſerve it from total decay. But before this kind reformer can be met with, or if any ſuch ſhould appear, before his endeavours could hope for any ſucceſs, it will be proper to examine our own taſte, to find whether it will ſtand the trial, and whether we ſhould not think his care very impertinent and ill applied.

AT preſent our attention ſeems to be ſo entirely fixed upon AIR, that we think nothing enhances the value of an opera ſo much, as allowing the performers to introduce their own favourite ſongs at pleaſure; and this elegant aſſortment, ſelected from drama's of oppoſite ſubjects, written by poets of irreconcileable geniuſſes, and ſet to muſic by compoſers of contrary feelings, is ſerved up, to our inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, and eagerly devoured under the modiſh title of a PASTICCIO.

IF I may be permitted to enter into a ſerious diſquiſition of this entertainment, after what I have ſaid of it in a former paper, I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that the Italian opera carries much more meaning in it than one part of its audience is poſſibly aware of, and many of the

other part are willing to allow; but it is therefore neceſſary to chuſe Metaſtaſio for the poet, upon whoſe ſingle merit the ſpecies of drama muſt ſtand or fall.

And here, notwithſtanding the laudable partiality which directs us to give the palm to our own countrymen, it muſt be confeſſed that this foreigner has at leaſt as good a title to it as any Engliſh tragedian of this century; and if (like them too) he has not the advantage of ſtriking out much that is new, he has the happineſs of throwing an air of novelty upon the ſentiments which he adopts, by the agreeable dreſs he gives them, and the advantageous point of view in which they are placed.

It would be exceeding the bounds of this paper to dwell upon every peculiar excellency; but it is no more than juſtice to enter into a fair examination, and, without any invidious compariſon, to enquire whether his thoughts are not as pure and as claſſical, his language as expreſſive and poetical, his characters as diſtinctly marked, as ſtrongly ſupported, and as judiciouſly finiſhed, his conduct of the drama as well carried on, and leading as clearly to the grand cataſtrophe, as thoſe among the moſt admired of our modern writers. In the laſt circumſtance he has a difficulty in his way, which the ableſt hand would ſometimes be at a loſs to remove: as the nature of this work requires every thing to be brought to a happy concluſion, it cannot but be obſerved with how maſterly a ſtep he deviates from the true to the feigned event, without confuſion, or ſwerving from the intention of his original plan.

But

BUT it is not ſufficient to examine Metaſtaſio's pretenſions by the common rules of criticiſm; there is much more required of him than of the ordinary tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the meaſure of three acts, but even thoſe muſt be conciſely managed to avoid the drowſineſs of a weary recitative. His dialogue therefore, and even his narration, is ſhort as it is clear; a ſignificant expreſſion, ſometimes a ſingle word, conveys a whole ſentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the leaſt obſcurity. His ſoliloquies, where the compoſer has an opportunity of introducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the moſt noble part of an opera, are not only diſtinguiſhed by the fineſt touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and tranſition of paſſions, which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of its diſtreſs. His ſongs and choruſſes, where all the power of muſic ought to combine, are made up of ſentiment; theſe indeed are ſo finely imagined, and finiſhed with ſo happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not ſuffer even by appearing among the ancient Lyric writers.

IF this be true of our poet (and ſurely it is but juſtice to allow him this) let us bring him upon the ſtage, attended as he ought. And here it is not enough, that the compoſer be thoroughly ſkilled in all the art of muſic, and feel the whole force of it, but he muſt partake of the poet's ſpirit, catch the flame through every ſcene, and be ſo far wrapt in the genius of his author, as to preſerve the ſame caſt of ſentiment through the whole work. This indeed

is ſo neceſſary an attention to his character, that a ſingle compoſer, though but of the ſecond claſs, who ſhall follow him with affection, and enter into a ſocial feeling with him as far as he is capable, will do him more juſtice than a ſuite of the ableſt maſters at his heels, who perform their alternate ſervices, and conſider his ideas ſeparately, without having regard to the union and harmony of the whole.

But let the poet and his attendant harmoniſt be ever ſo happily united, there is ſtill a reaſoning, but perhaps not the more feeling part of mankind, who will by no means allow the opera any dramatic merit, and conſequently deprive it at once of its diſtinguiſhing worth. Their judgment, it ſeems, is irreparably hurt, in finding heroes conquering, rivals contending, lovers deſpairing, to the ſound of muſic; and they cannot reconcile it to their ſenſes, that people who ſeem diſcourſing upon very intereſting ſubjects, ſhould be obliged to do it by time and meaſure. The learned among theſe will probably meet with an apology, from ſomething ſimilar upon the Grecian ſtage, and the others will do well to conſider whether they are not literal critics in muſic, as grammarians are in learning; perhaps they cannot ſeparate from harmony the idea of the fiddle-ſtrings and pipes, any more than theſe can from language the invariable chime of adverb, conjunction, and preposition; whereas the muſic we are ſpeaking of is the voice of nature, in her various accents of joy, grief, rage, lamentation, pity, or deſpair. The notes indeed are diveſted of their wildneſs, have their temperaments, cadences, and limits; but

but they ſeem to be no other than the laws which nature has ſet them, and their bounds are too nicely concealed to have the appearance of borrowing any thing from art.

A DISTINGUISHING ear, or rather a feeling heart, that yields to the impreſſion which a noble accompaniment carries with it, will be ſo far from calling off his attention from the principal part, or conſidering the additional harmony as the effect of mechanic art, that it will more intimately ſtrike him as a ſympathetic ſenſe, which ariſes in the mind itſelf, unconnected and independant of any aſſiſtance from without. Even thoſe whoſe ideas are leſs abſtracted, but who have ſouls prepared for the reception of harmony, when they hear from the orcheſtra, the animating ſtrains, or dying falls, as Shakeſpear expreſſes it, will, without any critical reflections, conſider them as having the ſame effect upon the ear, as a well painted ſcene upon the eye, where that man would ſurely wrong his imagination much, who inſtead of indulging it in the ſuppoſed reality of rocks, woods, and rivers, ſhould check his feeling at once, and conſider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

IF theſe obſervations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, muſt be one of the nobleſt repreſentations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and conſequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will beſt be effected, may perhaps be worth the enquiry; but it can only be ſo upon a ſuppoſition that the thing itſelf has really a great

ſhare of that merit which it pretends to aſſume. There cannot indeed be a ſtronger ridicule than to give an air of importance to amuſements, if they are in themſelves contemptible and void of real taſte; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deſerve that diſtinction, the conduct of them is certainly of conſequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preſide over them with dignity.

NUMB. 172. THURSDAY, *April* 15, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE impatience of the public to be farther inſtructed in the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS, has no doubt been very great, ſince your publication of my letter on that ſubject, the 11th of laſt month: for where the ſtake is ſo conſiderable, the deſire of playing the game to the beſt advantage muſt needs be exceſſive; and where the cards are ſo numerous (though the generality of players think them too few) the addreſs required muſt be almoſt infinite.

HAD it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had paſſed their hours but dully even in paradiſe. Before the fall they played the game in its original purity, and with the utmoſt ſkill; afterwards indeed they were guilty of many revokes and overſights, as were their immediate deſcend-

ants, though they conſumed an immenſe quantity of packs of cards Methuſelah ſpent more time at the game than any man; but with what ſucceſs is not abſolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactneſs, handed down the rules of play from father to ſon, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and uncertain, by the novelties and innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another; in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

FROM the corruption of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS are derived all our modern games: and ſo fond are we of theſe inventions, that the true old game is almoſt imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world and me, that neither the ſplendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound reſearches of phyſic, nor the aerial caſtle of politics, have diverted my attention from the more honourable and uſeful inveſtigation of the long-loſt rules of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

WHEN I conſidered that every ſcience has its myſtery, that chymiſtry has its philoſopher's ſtone, geometry its quadrature of the circle, aſtronomy its longitude, mechanics its perpetual motion, and natural philoſophy its gravitation, it ſoon occurred to me that ſocial life muſt likewiſe have its occult myſtery, which, like a key-ſtone in architecture, ſuſtains and ſupports the whole edifice. When I conſidered the various and general principles of animated life, I plain-

ly perceived that PLAY was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that ſporteth in the waters, to the microſcopic inſect that wantons inviſibly in the air. When I conſidered that the mighty fabric of the great univerſe might only be a GREAT GAME, played at by ſuperior exiſtences, I was led to think that it was agreeable to the moſt reverential ideas of nature, to ſuppoſe that life was nothing elſe than PLAY. And when I likewiſe conſider that the paſſion for gaming was univerſally predominant in mankind, that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amuſement of the irkſome hours, I readily diſcovered that life was indeed nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

As the great ſecret of this GAME depends principally upon the playing well the court cards, as ſoon as I ſhall have procured a patent for the ſole and excluſive privilege of teaching (which I make no doubt of obtaining, by the favour of ſome great men, my particular friends, who have more than once pulled off their hats to me; and one in particular, who was ſo graciouſly condeſcending as to aſk me one day what o'clock it was) I ſhall then take care to appoint under-teachers in every pariſh, to inſtruct the good people in the country in the beſt and propereſt manner of playing the ſeventh cards, which when they are thorough maſters of, they will ſoon become perfect in playing the other cards.

HAVING in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance with my promiſe, I here ſubjoin the moſt neceſ-

neceſſary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this ROYAL GAME.

RULES *and* DIRECTIONS *for playing at the* ROYAL GAME *of* HAPPINESS.

WHEN you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you play'd the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the ſame miſtakes.

WHEN you have well conſidered the card you are about to play, play it with ſteadineſs and compoſure; and be ſure not to betray any ſuſpicion of your own ignorance.

WHEN you ſhuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any ſuſpicion of deceit.

IF you have won a large ſhare of the ſtake, by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any ſingle card in the ſame deal, unleſs you play a forced game.

WHETHER you play a ſmall, or a great game, exert your beſt ſkill; and take care not to diſcover the badneſs of your hand by peeviſhneſs or fretting.

OBSERVE the play of others, and draw conſequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

IF you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the fineſſes of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourſelf a tolerable maſter of the game.

WHEN you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally play better than finer folks, and will

greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

AVOID the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better at it than yourſelf.

IF you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty afterwards to find fault with her game.

WHOEVER drops a card, loſes it; and one card loſt, is of very bad conſequence in the game.

WHEN a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

SELDOM play from your own hand; you win moſt by playing into the hands of other people.

TEACH your children to play the game early, and be ſure to put money in their card-purſes: for if they wait for it till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

GOOD humour is a more neceſſary requiſite at this game than good ſenſe; but where both are joined, ſucceſs is almoſt certain.

THE greateſt proficients in all other games, are the moſt ignorant at this: the beſt players are thoſe that practiſe moſt in their own families.

KINGS and princes are generally ſtrangers to the game, and their miniſters want time to learn it.

GREAT dignitaries in the church, and moſt beneficed clergymen, are too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a ſufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

POETS and authors have ſometimes ſtruck a bold ſtroke in the game; but of all men living they

they are the moſt liable to miſtakes; and it is generally obſervable that the whole table is againſt them.

MOST new-married couples are ſucceſsful at firſt ſetting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly loſe all attention to the game.

IT is remarkable that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

I SHOULD be tempted, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to continue theſe my rules and obſervations, if I did not find myſelf running into length; and as it is my intention to publiſh very ſhortly a volume upon the ſubject, I ſhall trouble you no more at this time, than to aſſure you that I am, SIR,

Your moſt faithful
humble ſervant.

I. T.

NUMB. 173. THURSDAY, *April* 22, 1756.

IT was the advice of an old friend of mine upon his death-bed to his ſon, who had been guilty of ſome enormous offences which he wiſhed to keep concealed, that he ſhould take care how he offered himſelf as a candidate for a ſeat in parliament; for that an oppoſition would be like doom's-day to him, when all his ſins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the caſe at elections; the moſt

ſecret actions of the candidates themſelves are not only revealed, but the aſhes of their anceſtors are ranſacked in the grave, to ſupply matter for ſcandal and defamation.

COMMON as this obſervation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableneſs which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame, and cannot bear that another ſhould ſucceed in what ourſelves have failed.

BUT why the ſpirit of defamation ſhould be ſo frequently exerted againſt the dead, is a matter ſomewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalſhip, ſhould, one would think, put an end to all the animoſities which aroſe from that rivalſhip; and the grave that buries the man ſhould bury alſo his failings. But according to Shakeſpear,

The EVIL *that men do, lives after them;*
The GOOD *is oft' interred with their bones.*

It is indeed very hard that death, which pays all other debts, ſhould be able to make no compoſition with envy: yet ſo it is; and, excepting a late memorable inſtance, where the virtues of a great and good man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have ſcarcely known it to be otherwiſe. The ladies indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleneſs and good-humour to defame the dead, eſpecially their dead huſbands. After burying the very worſt in the world, it is uſual with them on a ſecond marriage with the

beſt, to put them daily in mind of the complying diſpoſitions and other virtues of their *poor dear firſt huſband.*

HAPPY is it that the works of men of wit, learning, and genius, have juſtice done them after their deaths; though I am apt to believe the merit we aſcribe to them then has its foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of the dead, we are enabled, by the compariſon, to condemn thoſe of the living. We read the works of the former with a deſire to find out beauties, and of the latter to diſcover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumſtance againſt him. We are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes; and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to ſhine in converſation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reaſoning of an atheiſt in proof of a firſt cauſe, or of a libertine for morality, is ſure to be laughed at by thoſe who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be ſeparated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartiality. It may be obſerved farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that profeſſes himſelf openly on one ſide of the queſtion, will never be allowed the leaſt degree of merit by thoſe on the other. Of this the immortal Milton is a witneſs, whoſe attachments to Cromwell had thrown ſuch a cloud over his abilities at the reſtoration, that the copy of the nobleſt poem in the world was not only ſold for a mere trifle, but many years elapſed before it was diſcovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addiſon, whoſe

Spectators

Spectators and other eſſays are deſervedly the admiration of all who read them, and by compariſon with which it is a kind of faſhion to condemn all other writings of the ſame kind, gives us to underſtand in his Spectator, number 542, and elſewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his ſucceſſors.

I HAVE been led by theſe reflections ſeriouſly to conſider what method an author ought to take, to ſecure to his writings the approbation of the public while he is ſtill alive. It was the ſaying of doctor Radcliff to a young phyſician, who aſked him what he ſhould do to get practice, "Turn atheiſt, and make yourſelf talked "of." But though many a young phyſician may have availed himſelf of this advice, there are other practices that may ſucceed better with an author. Perſonal ſlander has always been eſteemed a very excellent method, and ſo indeed has wantonneſs; but where both are happily blended in the ſame work, as one ſometimes ſees them in very modern performances, they ſeldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known naſtineſs attended with very happy effects, inaſmuch as it frequently ſupplies the want of wit, and is ſure of exciting the laugh in the genteeleſt companies. That the ladies are not diſpleaſed at it, is eaſy to be accounted for; naſtineſs is a ſtranger to them, and therefore entitled to their reſpect.

BUT if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as faſt as he can, that his works may ſurvive him. But the diſadvantage even in this caſe is, that common

and

and natural deaths are but very little talked of; ſo that a man may give up the ghoſt to no manner of purpoſe: it is therefore moſt earneſtly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of ſudden and laſting fame, that they ſet about ſome device to get themſelves hanged. The ſeſſions paper is more univerſally read than any other of the papers, and the deaths it records are more authentic and intereſting. A good dying ſpeech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchaſers. An advertiſement like the following could never fail of exciting curioſity.

"THIS day are publiſhed the poetical, moral, "and entertaining works of Thomas Crambo, "Eſq; now under ſentence of death in New-"gate, for a rape and murder."

UNDER theſe circumſtances, indeed, an author may taſte of famine, before death, and take his leap from the cart, with this comfortable aſſurance, that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a proviſion for his family.

IF it ſhould be aſked why the having committed a rape or a murder ſhould raiſe the curioſity of the public to peruſe the author's works, the anſwer is, that people who do ſpirited things, are ſuppoſed to write in a ſpirited manner. It is for this reaſon that we are ſo fond of the hiſtories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to eſcape the gallows, have done ſomething every day to ſhew that they deſerved it.

IT is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how

eſſential

eſſential it is both to his fame and the ſupport of his family to get himſelf hanged, that we do not ſee the words EXECUTED AT TYBURN, always ſubjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have leſs regard for their families than other men, that this is not uſually the caſe: for as to the love of life, we cannot ſuppoſe them to be poſſeſſed of it in an equal degree with other people; nor can they poſſibly be ignorant that the world will have a particular ſatisfaction in hearing that they have made ſo deſirable an end.

As for myſelf, I am an old man, and have not ſpirit enough to engage in any of thoſe enterprizes that would entitle my works to univerſal eſteem. It was expected, indeed, that when I declared in my firſt paper againſt meddling with religion, I would avow myſelf an atheiſt in the ſecond; but this is a diſcovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make: nor have I, by any ſtrokes of perſonal abuſe, lewdneſs, or naſtineſs, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And to confeſs the truth, I have at preſent no deſigns of committing any capital offence, being, as I ſaid before, too old to raviſh, and having too tender a diſpoſition to commit a murder. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with going on in the old way, and leave my writings to ſhift for themſelves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publiſh an account of the birth, parentage, and education, the trial, confeſſion, condemnation, and execution of the author, together with a catalogue of the works he has left behind him.

NUMB.

NUMB. 174. THURSDAY, *April* 29, 1756.

THE following letter has ſo genuine and natural an air that I cannot doubt of its coming from a correſpondent, who has experienced every circumſtance he has deſcribed: I ſhall therefore lay it before my readers without the alteration of a ſingle word.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the variety of ſubjects with which you have entertained and inſtructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madneſs of ambition; which for the benefit of thoſe who are diſſatisfied with their preſent ſituations, I beg leave to illuſtrate by giving the hiſtory of my own life.

I AM the ſon of a younger brother of a good family, who at his deceaſe left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton ſchool, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the univerſity, where I learnt——not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profeſſion, I removed myſelf to town, and lived for ſome time as moſt young gentlemen do, by ſpending four times my income. But it was my happineſs, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whoſe fortune was juſt ſufficient to repair the breach

breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to ſquare my wiſhes to my circumſtances. In this endeavour, I ſucceeded ſo well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I poſſeſſed, and now-and-then a ſigh when a coach-and-ſix happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I CAN truly aſſure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boaſted of, and in conſequence of it, we were frequently driven to great ſtreights and difficulties, I experienced more real ſatisfaction in this humble ſituation, than I have ever done ſince in more enviable circumſtances. We were ſometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleaſure of diſcharging what we owed was more than an equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowneſs of our circumſtances ſubjected us to many cares and anxieties, it ſerved to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was ſomewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourſelves, and drew health from our neceſſities.

I HAD a little boy who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been ſpoilt by nurſing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwiſe employed. His mother was naturally of a ſickly conſtitution, but the affairs of her family, as they engroſſed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to thoſe who

have

have nothing elſe to think of are almoſt inſupportable, were leſs terrible to us than to perſons in eaſier circumſtances; for it is a certain truth, however your readers may pleaſe to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happieſt ſituation, in the midſt of eaſe, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itſelf, loſing the immediate enjoyment of thoſe invaluable bleſſings, by the painful ſuggeſtion that they are too great for continuance.

THESE are the reflections that I have made ſince: for I do not attempt to deny that I ſighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a diſtant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happieſt man living. My income was now increaſed to ſix hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in leſs eaſy circumſtances had not touched me ſo nearly, was now conſtantly in my thoughts, and ſoured all my enjoyments. The conſciouſneſs too of having ſuch an eſtate to leave my boy, made me ſo anxious to preſerve him, that inſtead of ſuffering him to run at pleaſure where he pleaſed, and to grow hardy by exerciſe, I almoſt deſtroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, becauſe we were in circumſtances to have it kept by others: but as air and exerciſe were neceſſary for our healths, we reſolved to abridge ourſelves in ſome unneceſſary articles, and to ſet up an equipage.

equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foreſee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our viſits, it greatly increaſed our acquaintance, and ſubjected us to the neceſſity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all thoſe which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we poſſeſſed; inſomuch that we found ourſelves in a very ſhort time more neceſſitous than ever. Pride would not ſuffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unſuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted I was ſoon forced to mortgage, and at laſt to ſell, the beſt part of my eſtate; and as it was utterly impoſſible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviſeable to remove of a ſudden, to ſell our coach in town, and to look out for a new ſituation, at a great diſtance from our acquaintance.

BUT unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to abſolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two ſons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I ſucceeded to an eſtate of ſeven thouſand pounds a year.

AND now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and ſo indeed I was. I ſet about the regulation of my family with the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction. The ſplendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of ſervants

vants that attended me, the elegance of my houſe and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpreſſible delight, ſo long as they were novelties: but no ſooner were they become habitual to me, than I loſt all manner of reliſh for them; and I diſcovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wiſh for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by ſatiety, a perpetual crowd of viſitors robbed me of all domeſtic enjoyment, my ſervants plagued me, and my ſteward cheated me.

But the curſe of greatneſs did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myſelf. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous oppoſer of all miniſterial meaſures; and as his eſtate was the largeſt of any gentleman's in the country, he ſupported an intereſt in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myſelf on that ſide: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; inſomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almoſt every thing I have undertaken. To defert the cauſe I have embarked in would diſgrace me, and to go greater lengths in it would undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual ſtate of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am curſed by my tenants and depenſents for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleaſed to tell me) contrary to their conſcience.

My

My wife and I had once pleaſed ourſelves with the thought of being uſeful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and induſtrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourſelves; and the agents we entruſt are either pocketing our bounty, or beſtowing it on the undeſerving. At night, when we retire to reſt, we are venting our complaints on the miſeries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humbleſt ſituation.

This, ſir, is my hiſtory, and if you give it a place in your paper, it may ſerve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, ſickneſs, and abſolute want are out of the queſtion, no external change of circumſtances can make a man more laſtingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the univerſal diſſatisfaction of mankind is principally to be aſcribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aſpires to greatneſs in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himſelf into a furnace to avoid the ſhivering of an ague.

The only ſatisfaction I can enjoy in my preſent ſituation is, that it has not pleaſed Heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

I am, Sir,

Your conſtant reader,

and moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

Numb.

NUMB. 175. THURSDAY, *May* 6, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU muſt have frequently obſerved upon the face of that uſeful piece of machinery, a clock, the minute and hour hands, in their revolution through the twelve diviſions of the day, to be not only ſhifting continually from one figure to another, but to ſtand at times in a quite oppoſite direction to their former bearings, and to each other. Now I conceive this to be pretty much the caſe with that complicated piece of MECHANISM, a modern female, or young woman of faſhion: for as ſuch I was accuſtomed to conſider that part of the ſpecies, as having no power to determine their own motions and appearances, but as acted upon by the mode, and *ſet* to any point, which the party who took the lead, or (to ſpeak more properly) its REGULATOR, pleaſed. But it has ſo happened in the circumrotation of modes and faſhions, that the preſent ſet are not only moving on continually from one pretty fancy and conceit to another, but have departed quite aſide from their former principles; dividing from each other in a circumſtance wherein they were always accuſtomed to unite, and uniting where there was ever wont to be a diſtinction or difference.

I DO

I DO not know whether I make myſelf ſufficiently underſtood; but you will eaſily comprehend my drift, when I tell you that the prevailing mode in reſpect of dreſs, is at preſent to have no mode at all. There is now no ſuch thing as an *uniform* among the ladies, no dutiful conformity to the pattern or ſtandard as heretofore: but the mode is *laid open*, and there appears the ſame ſpirit againſt a *concluſive faſhion*, as againſt an *excluſive trade*. The pride now is to get as far away as poſſible, not only from the vulgar, but from one another, and that too as well in the firſt principles of dreſs, as in its ſubordinate decorations: ſo that its fluctuating humour is perpetually ſhewing itſelf in ſome new and particular ſort of cap, flounce, knot, or tippet; and every woman that you meet, affects independency, and to ſet up for herſelf.

Now, as I profeſs myſelf to be a ſtickler for liberty, and againſt all invidious limitations, as well as a lover of variety, and an encourager of invention, I am therefore not diſpleaſed with theſe fair independents for this notable attempt of theirs to vindicate the honour and freedom of their own fancies and judgments upon this occaſion. But as they have wandered away from each other in the ſeveral articles of dreſs, ſo have they united altogether as happily in a point which cannot fail of recommending itſelf to ſuch as have a critical ear, and are apt to be offended with any diſagreement of ſounds, namely, in VOICE and ELOCUTION, in which they maintain a ſurprizing uniformity. A friend of mine, whoſe ear (as you will perceive from what I am going to relate of him) is not turned for our modern oratory,

was

was introducing the other day ſome uncourtly obſervations upon this head, which I ſhall take the freedom to ſet down at full length.

"THE beauty and power of ſpeech, ſays he, "was wont to be the reſult of clearneſs and "perſpicuity, of a diſtinct and harmonious elo- "cution, of a juſt and proper cadence, together "with a natural and eaſy diverſity of manner "and phraſe, growing out of the ſubject, and "congenial with it. Converſation is never ſo "pleaſing, as when it is compoſed of a well- "ordered variety of perſons and characters, "tempering and recommending each other; "where the forward and importunate are quali- "fied and reſtrained by the diffident and the "modeſt; the bold and peremptory by the "more ſupple and complaiſant; where the ſpi- "rited with the meek, the lively with the ſedate, "make a happy mixture, and all together go "into the compoſition of an agreeable ſociety. "Whereas the converſation of the female world "(continues my friend) is at preſent all out of "the ſame piece: all diſtinctions are taken "away, and the ſeveral ranks and orders among "them laid into one. There is one line of "ſentiment, air, manner, tone, and phraſe run- "ning through the whole and no diſcerning for "a few ſeconds a young woman with ſix or "eight hundred pounds to her fortune from a "ducheſs, eſpecially if ſhe happens to have been "allowed to keep company with her betters. "I know ſeveral of theſe humble companions, "who with no leſs impropriety than impotence, "are ever ſtraining themſelves and their throats

" in company, to get upon a level with their " quality-friends; and at all other times you " ſhall ſee them affecting to ſpeak (as the Latins " well expreſs it) *ore rotundo*, full and ſonorous, " round and peremptory, with a very deciſive " emphaſis, as if there could lie no appeal from " their ſentence; taking a larger ſcope for ut- " terance, by opening their mouths to a diſpro- " portionate width; inſomuch that I have " looked upon myſelf, while in their company, " as ſitting in the midſt of half a ſcore hautboys, " a ſort of muſic, that, when attempted by un- " ſkilful hands, has ſomething in it mightily " overbearing, though they tell me, when exer- " ciſed by ſuch as are qualified for it, and mixed " with other inſtruments, it will anſwer very " well. Such is the pomp of utterance of our " preſent women of faſhion; which, though it " may tend to ſpoil many a pretty mouth, can " never recommend an indifferent one. And " hence it is that there is ſo great a ſcarcity of " originals, and that the ear is ſuch a daily ſuf- " ferer from an identity of phraſe, whether it be " *vaſtly*, *horridly*, *abominably*, *immenſely*, or *ex-* " *ceſſively*, which, with three or four more cal- " culated for the ſame Swiſs-like ſervice, make " up the whole ſcale or gamut of modern female " converſation.

" THERE are many cauſes aſſigned (continues " he) why ſo many of the males live ſingle, and " it has been principally aſcribed to the cheap " and eaſy opportunities of gratification which " fall in their way. Now this may in a great " meaſure be true; but our fine ladies forget

" th

" that while they are daily making ſome new
" revelation of their perſons, and are ſo ſtudious
" to furniſh out a variety of entertainment to the
" eye, they have neglected to make a ſuitable
" proviſion for the ear; and that, ſhould love
" chance to ſtraggle in at the former, he may
" yet find his way out at the latter. And I
" have frequently remarked, that when a female
" of this turn, with her ſails and ſtreamers out,
" has begun to *bear down*, in hopes of a prize,
" the object of the chace has frequently ſheered
" off, and left her to complain of her ill-ſucceſs
" to thoſe much fitter companions, the winds
" and waves.

" Now the members of this claſs are the moſt
" conſiderable in point of numbers: but when
" upon my retiring from ſome of theſe, and be-
" taking myſelf to a diſtant and more peaceable
" quarter of the room, I have fallen in with
" others, whoſe converſation has been of a more
" moderate caſt, and more under the wind, yet
" I have ſtill obſerved the ſame monotony to
" prevail, the ſame conformity of manner and
" phraſe, and that their pipes were all tuned to
" the ſame quality note. For, as in the former
" inſtance, the generality of thoſe in high life
" are ever raiſing their voices to a proportion-
" able elevation above the ordinary level, and
" diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a round and ſo-
" norous elocution; ſo there are others of the
" ſame claſs, who ſeeing nature has not furniſhed
" them with an adequate ſtrength of lungs,
" or with organs framed for a more bold and vo-
" luble utterance, have therefore a good deal of

" what Tully calls the *conciſum ac minutum*, a " laconic, mincing kind of ſpeech, extremely " quick and peremptory, equally emphatical " and deciſive, and generally enforced with a " ſhort dictatorial bridle and nod of the head, as " an inconteſtible ratification of what they are " pleaſed to affirm or deny. And theſe, as well " as thoſe above-mentioned, have multitudes of " inferior admirers and copyiſts in their train, " preſſing cloſe behind, and treading upon their " heels.

" It is true, I am an enemy, for the moſt " part, to that reigning practice of making the " perſon, who laſt left the company, a ſubject " for general canvas by thoſe that remain: yet " whenever any of theſe non-originals (whom " we cannot ſo properly pronounce to be *full of* " *themſelves*, as *full of other people*) ſhall have " taken her leave, and got the door upon her " back, the company, in my opinion, ſhould " have free ſcope and licence to go into an im- " mediate inquiry, who ſhe is, what fortune ſhe " has, what her education has been, whether " handſome, tolerable, or, &c. and ſo on through " the uſual courſe of particulars. In ſhort"—

My friend was going on in the ſame ſtrain, when I interpoſed, and began to expoſtulate with him upon ſome of the above particulars. " Nay, " nay, ſays he, do not think me partial neither; " I may perhaps give them their revenge upon " our ſex at ſome future opportunity;" and ſo left me.

Upon the whole, I very much ſuſpect (as I ſaid before) that my friend's ear is none of the

beſt; but at the ſame time I muſt do him the juſtice to obſerve, that I myſelf am at times ſomewhat deaf, and that he is generally allowed to be a very ſenſible well-judging man.

I am,

Mr. Fitz-Adam, *&c.*

My honeſt correſpondent appears to be in ſome pain, leſt the freedom and ſimplicity of his friend's argument may not happen to ſquare with that delicacy and complaiſance, which have been hitherto maintained by the World towards the beautiful part of our ſpecies: but however that be, I muſt confeſs that I have fallen of late myſelf into ſomewhat of the ſame train of thinking.

It is certain, there is a diſtinction and ſubordination of *ſtyle*, as well as of *rank*, and a gradation to be preſerved in point of *phraſeology*, as well as of *precedency*. Any encroachment in the one caſe being altogether as unſeemly as in the other. An affectation of *talking* above our level, is as bad as *dreſſing* above it; and that which is current within the precinct of St. James's, will hardly paſs any where elſe. Here the originals are to be found; all the reſt are counterfeits, and are eaſily diſcovered. Nay, though people of quality have the unqueſtionable privilege of breaking the peace, and violating the laws of grace and harmony, there ought nevertheleſs to be a due proportion obſerved even among theſe. Thus a ducheſs may be twice as loud and overbearing as a counteſs; a counteſs as a ſimple baroneſs, and ſo downward: but ſuch a pompouſneſs of elocution, phraſe, and manner (as my correſpondent's acquaintance ſeems to point at) ſuch

great ſwelling words, muſt, one would think, ſet as ill upon one of a moderate face, rank, or fortune, as a great ſwelling hoop is found to do upon another not five foot high.

NUMB. 176. THURSDAY, *May* 13, 1756.

GOING to viſit an old friend at his country ſeat laſt week, I found him at backgammon with the vicar of the pariſh. My friend received me with the heartieſt welcome, and introduced the doctor to my acquaintance. This gentleman, who ſeemed to be about fifty, and of a florid and healthy conſtitution, ſurveyed me all over with great attention, and after a ſlight nod of the head, ſat himſelf down without opening his mouth. I was a little hurt at the ſupercilious behaviour of this divine, which my friend obſerving, told me very pleaſantly, that I was rather too old to be intitled to the doctor's complaiſance; for that he ſeldom beſtowed it but upon the young and vigorous: but, ſays he, you will know him better ſoon, and may probably think it worth your while to *book* him in the WORLD; for you will find him altogether as odd a character as he is a worthy one. The doctor made no reply to this raillery, but continued ſome time with his eyes fixed upon me, and at laſt, ſhaking his head, and turning to my friend, aſked if he would play out the other hit? My friend excuſed himſelf from engaging any more that evening, and ordered a bottle of wine, with pipes and tobacco, to be ſet on the table. The vicar

vicar filled his pipe, and drank very cordially to my friend, ſtill eyeing me with a ſeeming diſlike, and neither drinking my health, nor ſpeaking a ſingle word to me. As I have long accuſtomed myſelf to drink nothing but water, I called for a bottle of it, and drank glaſs for glaſs with them; which upon the doctor's obſerving, he ſhook his head at my friend, and in a whiſper, loud enough for me to hear, ſaid, "Poor man, it is all over "with him, I ſee." My friend ſmiled, and anſwered in the ſame audible whiſper, "No, no, "doctor, Mr. Fitz-Adam intends to live as long "as either of us." He then addreſſed himſelf to me on the occurrences of the town, and drew me into a very chearful converſation, which laſted till I withdrew to reſt; at which time the doctor roſe from his chair, drank a bumper to my health, and giving me a hearty ſhake by the hand, told me I was a very jolly old gentleman, and that he wiſhed to be better acquainted with me during my ſtay in the country.

I ROSE early in the morning, and found the doctor in the breakfaſt-room. He ſaluted me with great civility, and told me he had left his bed and home ſooner than uſual, to have the pleaſure of taking a walk with me. "Your "friend, ſays he, is but lately recovered from an "attack of the gout, and will hardly be ſtirring "till we have gone over his improvements." I accepted of the propoſal, and we walked through a very elegant garden into the moſt beautiful fields that can be imagined; which as I ſtopped to admire, the doctor began thus. "Theſe are "indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam very delightful "grounds; and I wiſh with all my heart that

" the owner of them was leſs troubled with the " gout, that I might hold him in more reſpect?" ——" Reſpect! doctor," ſaid I, interrupting him, " does a painful diſtemper, acquired by no " act of intemperance, leſſen your reſpect?" " It does, indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and I wiſh, " in this inſtance, I could help it; for I am un- " der many obligations to your friend. There " is another very worthy gentleman in the " neighbourhood, who preſented me to this vi- " carage; but he has the misfortune to labour " under an inveterate ſcurvy, which by ſubject- " ing him to continual head-achs, muſt of courſe " ſhorten his days; and ſo I never go near " him."

I WAS going to interrupt the doctor again, when a coach-and-ſix drove by us along the road, and in it a gentleman, who let down the glaſs, and made the doctor a very reſpectful bow; which inſtead of returning, he paſſed by him with a ſtately air, and took no notice of him. This inſtance of his behaviour, together with the converſation that had paſſed between us, raiſed my curioſity to a very high degree, and ſet me upon aſking him who the gentleman was. " Sir, ſays " he, that unfortunate object is a man of eight " thouſand a year eſtate; and from that conſider- " ation he expects the return of a bow from " every man he meets. But I, who know him, " know alſo that he is dying of an aſthma; and " as (bleſſed be God for it!) I am in perfect " health, I do not chuſe to put myſelf on a level " with ſuch a perſon. Health, Mr. Fitz-Adam, " is the only valuable thing on earth; and " while I am in poſſeſſion of that, I look upon " myſelf

" myſelf as a much greater man than he. With " all his fortune, he would rejoice to be the poor " vicar of ***, with my conſtitution. I pull " off my hat to no ſuch perſons. Believe me, Mr. " Fitz-Adam, he has not many months to live."

I made no reply to this converſation of the vicar, and he went on thus. " You are an old " man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and I believe were a " little fatigued with your journey laſt night, " which I miſtook for infirm health, and there- " fore wanting in the civilities that I ſhould " otherwiſe have ſhewn you; but your conver- " ſation afterwards proved you to be a very " hearty man, and I ſaw you reſolved to con- " tinue ſo by your temperance; for which I ho- " nour you, and, as I told you then, ſhall be " glad of your acquaintance. It is true you are " an old man, and therefore my inferior; but " you are healthy and temperate, and not beneath " the notice of much younger men."

In this manner we walked on, till we came to a hedge, where ſome labouring men were re- pairing the fences. My companion accoſted them with the utmoſt complaiſance and good- nature. " Ay, ſays he, turning to me, theſe are " men worth mixing with. You ſee their riches " in their looks. Have you any of your lords " in town, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that have ſuch poſ- " ſeſſions? I know none of theſe lords, ſays he, " myſelf, but I am told they are all ſo ſickly and " diſeaſed, that a man in health would ſcorn to " pull off his hat to them." He then entered into a familiar converſation with the men, and after throwing them ſixpence to drink, paſſed on.

THERE now overtook us in the lane a company of ſportſmen ſetting out for the chace. Moſt of them ſaluted the doctor as they paſſed. But he took no notice of any of them but one, whom he ſhook hands with over the hedge, and told him he intended taking a dinner with him the next day. "That gentleman, ſays he, "is worth as much health as any man in "England; he hunts only by way of exerciſe, "and never takes a leap where there is the leaſt "danger. But as for the reſt, they are flying "over every hedge and gate in their way, and if "they eſcape broken necks in the morning, they "are deſtroying themſelves more effectually by "intemperance in the evening. No, no, Mr. "Fitz-Adam, theſe are no companions for me; "I hope, with the bleſſing of Heaven, to outlive "a ſcore of them."

WE came ſoon after to a little neat houſe upon the road, where the doctor told me lived a very agreeable widow lady, to whom he had formerly paid his addreſſes. "She had at that time, "ſays he, as large a fortune of health as any "woman in the country; but ſhe has ſince "mortgaged it to the apothecary for ſlops, and "I have taken my leave of her. She was deter-"mined to be a widow, and ſo married an "officer, who had his head knocked off at Fon-"tenoy. Thoſe are a ſort of men that I make "no acquaintance with; they hold their lives on "too precarious a tenure." "But they are uſe-"ful members of ſociety, ſaid I, and command "our eſteem." "That may be, ſir, returned "the doctor, and ſo are miners in our coal pits,

" who are every hour in danger of being buried
" alive. But there is a ſubordination of degree,
" Mr. Fitz-Adam, which ought ſtrictly to be
" obſerved; and a man in ill health, or of a
" dangerous profeſſion, ſhould not think himſelf
" on a level with people of ſound conſtitutions,
" and leſs hazardous employments."

I WAS determined to interrupt the doctor no more; and he went on thus. " Mr. Fitz-
" Adam, you may poſſibly think me an odd kind
" of a man; but I am no enemy to people of
" bad conſtitutions, nor ever withhold my bounty
" from them, when their neceſſities demand it;
" but though I am doing them all the ſervices
" in my power, I cannot conſent to lower
" myſelf ſo far as to make them my compa-
" nions. It is more in the power of the phyſician
" to confer rank, than the king; for the gifts
" of fortune are nothing; health is the only riches
" that a man ought to ſet a value on; and with-
" out it, all men are poor, let their eſtates be
" what they will. If I differ from the common
" opinion in this particular, I do alſo in another.
" The tradeſman or mechanic, who has acquired
" an eſtate by his induſtry, is ſeldom reckoned
" a gentleman; but it was always my ſenti-
" ment, that a man who makes his own con-
" ſtitution, has more merit in him than he that
" was born with it: the one is the work of
" chance, the other of deſign: and it is for this
" reaſon that I am ſeen ſo often with your friend;
" for though the gout is generally an impove-
" riſhing diſtemper, yet temperance and regula-
" rity may in time ſubdue it: whereas the gen-
" tleman who drove by us with ſix horſes, has an

"incurable aſthma, which renders him, with "his large eſtate, as poor as the beggar who is "dying under a hedge. The more you think of "theſe things, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the more you "will be of my opinion. A poor man in health, "is a companion for a king; but a lord with-"out it, is a poor man indeed; and why ſhould "he expect the homage of other people, when "the very meaneſt of his domeſtics would refuſe "to change places with him?"

My companion was ſtopped ſhort in his harangue by our arrival at my friend's houſe. We found him in good health and ſpirits, which greatly heightened the vicar's complaiſance; and as I took care to conceal from him the complaints and infirmities of old age, I paſſed a very agreeable week, and was ſo much in his good graces, that at my departure he preſented me with ſome Turlington's balſam, and a paper of Dr. James's powder. "There, ſays he, they may rob you "of your money, if they pleaſe; but for bruiſes "and fevers, you may ſet them at defiance."

On my return home, I made many ſerious reflections on this whimſical character; and in the end, could not help wiſhing, that, under certain limitations, the ſentiments of the vicar were a little more in faſhion. Health is certainly the riches of life; and if men were to derive their rank from that alone, it would in all probability make them more careful to preſerve it. Society might be benefited by it in another reſpect, as it would tend to keep complaining people at home, who are the perpetual diſturbers of all companies abroad.

Numb.

NUMB. 177. THURSDAY, *May* 20, 1756.

THE two following letters were ſo whimſically contraſted, and the young people who are the ſubjects of them ſo particularly adapted to each other, that though I have never profeſſed myſelf an advocate for the trade of matchmaking, I cannot help wiſhing that by means of this paper they may grow acquainted with each other. It is for this reaſon that I have taken the very firſt opportunity of publiſhing the letters of their parents.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As you have undertaken the ſocial office of redreſſing grievances, I ſhall lay one before you, which I am ſure muſt have often occurred to you, though I do not remember that you have hitherto animadverted upon it. The grievance I am ſpeaking of has ſo fatal a tendency, that wit, parts, learning, education, knowledge, reading, and travel, are rendered utterly uſeleſs by it, and by which the moſt illiterate dunce, who has never been at ſchool, nor opened a book beſides the Fairy Tales, provided his outſide be properly ornamented, is exactly upon a level with the moſt accompliſhed gentleman. This grievance, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is no other than the pernicious cuſtom of card-playing, which has of late ſo univerſally prevailed in all private families, as well as public aſſemblies.

I AM

I AM not conſidering this cuſtom in its neceſſary conſequences of deſtroying fortunes and conſtitutions, ruffling tempers, promoting quarrels, and occaſioning almoſt infinite diſtreſſes and diſquietudes; for if taken ſingly in this point of view, it is only hurtful to thoſe who are the promoters of it, and is of little or no conſequence to the reſt of mankind, who are not ſharers in the evil.

I MUST inform you, ſir, that I am the father of an only ſon, to whom (as I have a large eſtate to leave him) I have given the moſt perfect education that this country can afford: and it is the higheſt ſatisfaction to me that none of my care has been thrown away upon him. When he had finiſhed his ſtudies at the univerſity, and perfected himſelf in town in all the neceſſary accompliſhments of a young man of faſhion, I ſent him, under the direction of a very excellent tutor, on his travels through France, Italy, and Germany; from which, after an abſence of four years, he returned laſt winter, improved beyond my utmoſt hopes.

BUT, alas, ſir! when I expected to ſee him the admiration of all companies, and to have been every where congratulated on the happineſs of having ſuch a ſon, I found, from his univerſal attention to cards, that his acquirements were totally unnoticed, and that all the coſt and trouble I had been at in his education, anſwered no other purpoſe than to make him company for himſelf, and a few unfaſhionable friends who have no commerce with the world.

IF this inſatiable paſſion continues, it were as well if our public ſchools and univerſities were abo-

abolished, and that travel and all other means of acquiring knowledge and refinement were at once prohibited; and in their places, other seminaries erected in this metropolis, and proper masters appointed, to instruct our children in the rudiments of Brag, Cribbage, and Lansquenet, till they were of a proper age to study Whist, and the other games of skill, at the academy of Mr. Hoyle. By such a method our children would be trained up to make a figure in the world, and their parents saved the trouble and expence of a useless education.

I WISH, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you would give us your thoughts upon this matter, which will certainly be agreeable to the serious part of your readers, and a great obligation to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

C. Y.

P. S. SINCE my writing the above, I have been looking over the first volume of the WORLD, and am sorry to find Mr. Fitz-Adam himself so very fashionable a man, as to countenance and recommend with his pen the grievances I have been complaining of. In number VII. of your papers, you are pleased to express yourself in the following words: "I look upon CARDS as an "innocent and useful amusement; calculated to "interrupt the formal conversations and private "cabals of large companies, and to give a man "something to do, who has nothing to say." If I had been your adviser, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the passage should have stood thus. "I look upon "CARDS as a senseless and pernicious amuse-

"ment,

" ment, calculated to interrupt the improving " converſations and enlivening ſallies of all com- " panies, and to level men of genius and un- " derſtanding with fools and coxcombs." This is really the truth of the matter: and if you conſider it as you ought, you will, I hope, retract your opinion as publicly as you have given it.

Yours, &c.

THE other letter is from a mother, complaining of the untoward diſpoſition of an only daughter.

SIR,

I AM a widow of five-and-thirty, with a handſome jointure, and have refuſed many good offers for the ſake of an only child, whom I have endeavoured to bring up in the moſt faſhionable manner I was able. She will have twelve thouſand pounds to her fortune when ſhe comes of age, and I have ſupported her at my own expence, that the intereſt of her portion may be added to the principal. I aſſure you, ſir, that I am not like other mothers of my youth and complexion, who in order to appear younger than they really are, confine their grown-up daughters at home, for fear of being rivalled by them in public aſſemblies. I thank Heaven, I have no need of ſuch arts: for as often as I go abroad with mine, I am taken for her ſiſter; and I have the pleaſure of obſerving, that I have more civil things ſaid to me by the men, than my daughter can ever hope for. Not that the girl is either ugly or aukward; ſhe is as tall too as her mother, and has been of a marriageable age this year

year or two, being complete fifteen the 12th of laſt March; but as a colonel in the guards was pleaſed to tell me a few nights ago at Ranelagh, I have a certain air and manner, that my daughter muſt quite deſpair of imitating.

I MENTION theſe trifles, ſir, to convince you that I have not the motive of other mothers for locking up my daughter whenever I go abroad; on the contrary, I have carried her, at times, to all the polite aſſemblies in town: but alas, ſir! I cannot make her company for people of faſhion. She will neither play at cards with them, nor enter into the ſpirit of their converſation. She even pretends to bluſh at (what ſhe calls) the liberties I allow the men to take with me. She would not toaſt a ſentiment for the world; and for thoſe delicate double entendres, that ſo enliven all private companies, I cannot for the life of me teach her to underſtand them. To be ſure the girl has not ſo white a ſkin as her mother, nor can ſhe value herſelf upon that beautiful fall of ſhoulders, and elegance of neck, for which (I may ſay it without vanity) I was always admired. But then, Mr. Fitz-Adam, thoſe parts of her perſon are not abſolutely odious; though by pinning her handkerchief conſtantly under her chin, ſhe would make every body believe ſo.

I HAVE taken immenſe pains in her education to fit her for the world; but it is my misfortune to ſee, that from an unaccountable perverſeneſs of mind, ſhe had rather ſhut herſelf up in her cloſet, poring upon the Spectators (which to my knowledge ſhe has read twenty times over) than ſit down to a card-table with the firſt company in England. And yet the girl does not want underſtanding

derſtanding neither; nay, her uncle in the country, who is a clergyman and an archdeacon, will have it that ſhe is the moſt accompliſhed young lady this day in England. But what can a country parſon know of accompliſhments? We who live in the polite circle, are certainly the beſt judges of thoſe matters. She plays well upon the muſic indeed, and has an immenſe pretty voice; but the misfortune is, that when ſhe ſhould be dreſſing for a rout, ſhe is either practiſing a leſſon, or ſinging a ſong; ſo that I muſt be forced to go without her, or ſtay till the card-tables are all full. A fig for her accompliſhments! I am ſure they have almoſt broken my heart; and I verily believe I ſhall be tempted to marry again, that I may have other children of more towardly diſpoſitions. It was but laſt Sunday, after ſpending the evening at cards, at the politeſt aſſembly in town (where I would gladly have taken her) that at my return home, I found her in her dreſſing-room, reading a ſermon to her maid. I am by no means againſt ſermons, Mr. Fitz-Adam; they do well enough at church; and when they are enlivened by good company, I can endure them as well as any body; but the morning is the times for thoſe ſort of things, and they ought never to interfere with more agreeable amuſements.

THE girl has another whim too. You muſt know ſhe is naturally of a pale complexion; and for all that I can ſay or do, I cannot prevail upon her to lay on a little red, even though ſhe ſees every day how becoming it is to Me, who do not need it ſo much: ſo that ſhe goes into company like a mere ghoſt; but of what ſex, if it were

not

not for her petticoats, would be hard to determine; for ſhe is abſolutely covered from head to foot. She had the ſaucineſs to tell me the other day, that I wanted her to dreſs and look like a woman of the town. I would have you dreſs and look like a woman of the world, Miſs, ſays I; but to your ſhame be it ſpoken, there are women of the town, who are capable of improving you. One may look like a woman of the town, though one would ſcorn to act like one.

In this manner, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhe talks and behaves. I have threatened her often to expoſe her in the World: but my immenſe tenderneſs for her has prevailed over my reſentment: and to confeſs the truth, I had no other intention when I drew up this letter, than only to read it to her, and frighten her out of her follies; but her behaviour upon the occaſion determined me to ſend it, and to deſire your publication of it. "Lord, mamma, ſaid ſhe, Mr. Fitz-Adam "will think you ridiculing Yourſelf, and com-"plimenting Me: for if I am really this kind of "girl, I ſhall be quite in love with myſelf. "Pray, madam, give me the letter, and I'll "carry it to Mr. Dodſley's with my own hands." "No, miſs, ſays I, a ſervant will be more punc-"tual I believe: and ſince you are ſo far in "love with your own character, it ſhall go this "minute."

Favour me ſo far, ſir, as to give it a place in your next Thurſday's paper; and if you will tell her of her abſurdity, and how ill ſuited her behaviour is both to her education and her fortune, you will immediately oblige, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

M. C.

NUMB. 178. THURSDAY, *May* 27, 1756.

NOT long ſince, I met at St. James's coffee-houſe an old acquaintance of mine, ſir Harry Prigg; who having been long ruſticated, and much altered, I ſhould never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the uſual civilities had paſſed between us, amongſt many other queſtions, he aſked me when I had ſeen our old ſchool-fellow, ſir John Jolly *. I anſwered, that I had laſt ſummer ſpent ſome days with him at his country ſeat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a perſon of a more faſhionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from its exceſs of gaiety and hoſpitality, which, according to my unpolite taſte, were by no means conſiſtent with the ſoft and ſerious pleaſures of a rural retirement. He ſaid, he perfectly agreed with me in my ſentiments, and paſſed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was ſure, would exactly ſuit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment, adding, that he ſhould go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not ſo much out of inclination, as curioſity to ſee a new ſcene of country life, formed on principles ſo oppoſite to what I had before ex-

* See Number 153.

perienced,

perienced, and promiſed to attend him at the time appointed.

But firſt it will be proper to give ſome account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title and a ſmall eſtate, and was ſoon after ſent to the univerſity; where his title abſurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his eſtate, though ſmall, an allowance ſufficient to ſupport that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of ſelf-importance, which he has ever ſince retained, and which neither poverty nor ſolitude has been yet able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the uſual advantages of that ſort of education, ſuch as the arts of ſporting, toaſting, billiards, and coachmanſhip, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had addreſs and qualifications ſufficient to introduce himſelf into what he ſtill calls the beſt company; that is, the company of ſmarts, bucks, jockeys, and gameſters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he ſoon commenced an intrigue with the ſiſter of one of theſe his friends. Whether his intentions were at firſt honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them ſo, being acquainted, that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he muſt either fight or marry; the latter of which he courageouſly choſe, as being the moſt daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than underſtanding, more underſtanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-ſhaped, car-

ried

ried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger ſon of the firſt couſin of an Iriſh baron, looked upon herſelf as a woman of quality. In a little time ſir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry; and ſhe no leſs deſpiſed him for being compelled; ſo that finding little happineſs at home, they were obliged to ſeek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming-tables, at no ſmall expence. This could not continue long; ſo that before one winter was at an end, they diſcovered that the town-air would not agree with them, and ſo retired to their country-ſeat, about forty miles from London; whither I ſhall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the poſt-chariot at the door, and my friend ſtanding by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the box; ſaying at the ſame time, that coachmen were ſuch inſolent and expenſive raſcals, there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always choſe to be his own. In the parlour ſat my lady, and colonel Macſhean, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with ſir Harry, and not leſs ſo with her ladyſhip; and in the paſſage ſtood her French-woman, in a ſack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no ſooner diſpoſed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myſelf, with her woman on a low ſtool at our feet, were ſtuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a ſniveling footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their

their baggage, and myſelf into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a ſtage coach or a waggon.

NOTHING paſſed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyſhip ſpoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill ſtate of health; to which, having no expectation of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared that nobody but a carrier could dine at an inn, therefore they never ſtopped on the road: ſo with the aſſiſtance of a freſh pair of horſes, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about ſunſet we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode poſt: for ſir Harry frequently declared to us both, that, though his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horſes; that it was not the faſhion of that country; neither my lord **, nor the duke of ***, nor himſelf, did it.

IT was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was ſo very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half ſufficient, after ſo many miles travelling, and ſo long faſting. At the concluſion we had mead, which paſſed for tokay, and elder wine, which ſir Harry ſwore was the beſt burgundy in England, and that he himſelf had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glaſs of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, "that when the ſmoke of London, "and the bad hours incident to keeping good "company, would no longer agree with his "own or his wife's conſtitution, he had deter-

"mined

" mined to ſeek health and quiet in an elegant " retirement. He had been offered indeed a ſeat " in parliament, and a conſiderable employ- " ment; but his crazy conſtitution would not " permit him to accept of the one, nor his ſound " principles of the other. Retirement was their " object; therefore all they dreaded was the " horrible irruptions of a country neighbour- " hood; but this they had happily prevented. " That indeed on their firſt coming, every family " within ten miles round, tormented them " with their impertinent viſits; but they returned " none, affronted them all, and ſo got rid of " them. Don't you think we did right, my " dear?" turning to his wife. " I think, an- " ſwered ſhe, in a ſurly and dejected voice, that " it is better to forget the uſe of one's tongue, " than to converſe with ſquires wives and par- " ſons daughters." " You are right, madam, " added the colonel, with an oath and a loud " laugh; for what can one learn in ſuch damned " company?" " To-morrow, ſays my friend, " addreſſing himſelf to me, you ſhall ſee that " we want no company, and that we can ſuffi- " ciently amuſe ourſelves with building and " planting, with improvements and alterations, " which I dare ſay will be honoured with your " approbation."

ACCORDINGLY the next morning, as ſoon as breakfaſt was finiſhed, my lady and the colonel retired into her dreſſing-room to cribbage, and ſir Harry and myſelf to reconnoitre the place. The houſe ſtands at the end of a dirty village, and cloſe by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title

of

of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a gooſe-common, on which he beſtows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable æra of Engliſh architecture, which introduced high doors, long windows, ſmall rooms, and corner chimnies; and of gardening, which projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and ſtrait lined avenues, with a profuſion of brick walls, iron palliſado's, and leaden images. But all theſe defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taſte. His doors are ſo reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows ſo contracted, that you have ſcarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midſt of the front, one large bow-window is ſtuck on, reſembling a piece of whited-brown paper plaiſtered on a broken noſe; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear ſtill leſs: but having never yet been finiſhed, for want both of caſh and credit, it remains at preſent only a repoſitory of broken china, a pair of back-gammon tables, and the children's play-things. His brick walls are converted into chimnies and ovens, and his yew-trees ſupply them with faggots: his iron-work is ſold to the blackſmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious uſe of covering the pariſh church: his gravel walks are ſown with graſs; and he frequently repeats that frugal, yet genteel maxim, that ſheep are the beſt gardeners. His horſe-pond being made ſerpentine, is become uſeleſs, leſt it ſhould be trod up; and his fences, being all Chineſe,

are no fences at all: the horſes leaping over, and the hogs walking under them at their pleaſure. The tranſplanted avenue is expiring in leafleſs platoons; the kitchen-garden, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs from the houſe; and the kitchen itſelf unjuſtly turned out of doors, for ſmelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

WHEN our ſurvey was finiſhed, our amuſements were all at an end; for within doors the pleaſures both of ſociety and ſolitude were equally wanting. Of our converſation I have given a ſpecimen; and books there were none, except a ſmall one containing tunes for the French-horn, belonging to ſir Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a methodiſt prayer-book, the property of her ladyſhip. I began now to wiſh for a little of my friend ſir John's hoſpitality, of which there was not here the leaſt appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and inſults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though uſually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the ſmall, though nobody at home could drink it, was not ſuffered to be given away. The ſervants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradeſmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draught on ſome tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near, except the parſon of the pariſh, and alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchaſed a conſiderable part of it from ſir Harry.

Harry. With theſe they lived in a ſtate of perpetual hoſtilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for preſuming to buy an eſtate which they wanted to ſell; and the parſon quarrelling with Them, becauſe he was in poſſeſſion of the only living in the gift of ſir Harry, and the alderman had a much better to diſpoſe of. By the encouragement of theſe good neighbours, and their own ill-conduct, conſiſting of a ſtrange mixture of inſolence and avarice, of meanneſs and magnificence, they were deſpiſed, perſecuted, and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poiſoned, their game deſtroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay-ſtacks ſet on fire. They were hiſſed and hooted at; and now-and-then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an inſult at which they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither ſir Harry, nor my lady, not even with the aſſiſtance of the colonel, could ever gueſs at.

I SOON grew weary of this land of contention and uneaſineſs; and having recourſe to the old excuſe of urgent buſineſs, I took my leave, and went poſt to town; reflecting all the way with ſurprize on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themſelves at once miſerable and ridiculous: and lamenting that the happineſs and innocence of rural life are now ſcarce any where to be found, but in paſtorals and romances.

NUMB. 179. THURSDAY, *June* 3, 1756.

I AM never better pleaſed than when I can oblige a group of correſpondents at once. This I am enabled to do in my paper of to-day.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE expediency of people's ſetting up bills at their doors, who have houſes or lodgings to let, is ſo very apparent, that as often as I walk the ſtreets of this metropolis, I wonder that the ſame practice has not prevailed in other inſtances, and that we do not ſee it written at every door, as often as there is occaſion, Wanted a coachman, butler, cook, chambermaid, &c. By ſuch a method the expence of public advertiſements would be ſaved, and every-body accommodated in the moſt expeditious manner.

BUT I would by no means confine theſe bills to lodgers and ſervants; there are other wants which are at leaſt equally preſſing, and which it might be proper to ſignify in the ſame manner. Thus for inſtance, at the door of an attorney, or ſolicitor, it would not be amiſs if we were to read in large letters, *Wanted Honeſty*. At the door of a new beneficed parſon, *Wanted Humility*. At the garret window of a poet or author, *Wanted a Dinner*. At the door of a man of quality, *Wanted Credit*. At the door of a patriot, *Wanted a Place*. At the door of a biſhop, *Wanted a Houſe*

Houſe at Lambeth. And at the doors of all great men, *Wanted Sincerity.*

BY this method, the wants of all mankind would be known, and in all probability be relieved more expeditiouſly than by any other means.

IF you give this propoſal a place in your paper, you will oblige the public in general, and in particular,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. L.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

THE following advertiſement has lately fallen into my hands: and I believe, with a few of your obſervations upon it, it might furniſh ſome entertainment for the public, as you have already made ſome very juſt remarks upon ſervants, in your paper of the firſt of January laſt.

I am,

SIR, *&c.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE grooms of the chambers, butlers, and "other ſervants of perſons of quality, concerned "in card-money, are deſired to meet at the "ſociety's quarterly meeting place, St. James's, "on Friday the 12th of this inſtant March, at "nine in the morning, to take under conſidera- "tion the further duty ſaid to be intended to be "laid on cards.

"*Note*, IT is deſired, that no gentleman, &c. "belonging to noblemen or others, will enter

" into any agreement with their ladies, as to
" card-money, &c. till after this meeting. The
" ſervants of citizens and tradeſmen, whoſe
" miſtreſſes keep routs, may attend if they think
" proper.

" THE beſt of teas, French roles and butter,
" will be provided on the occaſion."

To the AUTHOR of the WORLD.

SIR,

I AM married to a haberdaſher of ſmall-wares at the court end of the town; and with Heaven's help and my own, my huſband has been able to lay up a few hundreds for our two girls, who are all the children we have. They both ſerve in the ſhop every day in the week but Thurſday, when I have a little aſſembly in the dining-room, where we amuſe ourſelves with a pack of cards.

Now you muſt know, ſir, that my huſband is very much offended at this, and is telling me twenty times a day that his cuſtomers are neglected and the buſineſs of the ſhop ſtanding ſtill from my fooleries, as he calls them. I do not deny, ſir, that theſe aſſemblies on a week-day are a little inconvenient to us, and therefore I have ſome thoughts of changing them to Sunday. To be ſure a Sunday's aſſembly would be perfectly agreeable on many accounts. In the firſt place, it would interfere with no ſort of buſineſs. Secondly, it would be much genteeler. Thirdly, I ſhould ſee a great deal more company;

pany; and fourthly, my husband and the prentice would then be at leisure to attend the tea-table. But I have one doubt about the matter, which is, that there are envious people in the world, who might possibly give out that I am setting up for a person of fashion; for it is a notion they have got, that none but people of fashion should have routs on a Sunday. At present I am undetermined in this affair, and am resolved to continue so, till I have Your opinion; which I beg you would give me as soon as possible; and

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

MARY TAPE.

IN answer to Mrs. TAPE, I freely confess that she has more substantial reasons for having her rout on a Sunday than any lady I know: and whenever I give my assent to card meetings on that day, she shall certainly be indulged.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I HAVE lately made a discovery, which for the good of mankind, I hope you will permit me to make public by the means of your paper.

I MUST inform you that by the death of an aunt, I am lately come to the possession of a fine old manor house in the country, which on my going thither with my family to reside, I found so over-run with rats, that we were in danger of being devoured by them. You may be sure I left nothing untried to rid the house of

them; but they baffled the attempts of the rat-catchers, and continued to increaſe rather than diminiſh; till all at once, they vaniſhed of their own accord, and never viſited me afterwards. I was very much puzzled to account for this ſtrange deſertion: and it was not till near a fortnight had elapſed that I was let into the ſecret by a very uncommon and offenſive ſmell, that proceeded from the door of an old lumber room. I immediately entered it, and ſaw a multitude of rats lying dead upon the floor. On examining into the cauſe, I caſt my eyes upon a little drawer, which I remembered to have left open in my ſearch after ſome papers of my aunt, and that it was filled with various ſorts of quack medicines, ſuch as pills, powders, ointments, and other things, for which ſhe had the higheſt veneration. This drawer, which was quite full when I opened it, was now almoſt empty; which ſufficiently convinced me that I was indebted for my deliverance to theſe medicines; but I was cautious of aſſerting it, till I had tried the experiment. For this purpoſe I procured of a rat-catcher half a dozen live rats; to each of which I gave a different medicine. In half an hour and three minutes, two of my patients died in convulſions; the reſt were thrown into profuſe ſweats, vomiting and purging to ſo violent a degree, that they ſurvived their companions but three quarters of an hour, and then gave up the ghoſt in the ſame convulſions.

I WAS highly pleaſed with this experiment, as it taught me the real uſe of theſe excellent medicines; and it is with great pleaſure that I take this

this opportunity of recommending them to all captains of ſhips, maltſters, meal-men, and farmers, and to thoſe gentlemen and ladies who live in old houſes.

I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

and humble ſervant,

G. H.

P. S. By a ſecond experiment, I have diſcovered that one of theſe pills, pounded or crumbled, will deſtroy twenty mice. They may alſo be of excellent uſe in thinning a poor family of young children, being thus pounded or bruiſed, and ſpread in ſmall quantities upon their bread and butter.

I SHALL conclude this paper with a very ingenious little piece, which is juſt now communicated to me by my good friend Mr. Dodſley, and which ſhews what an agreeable and elegant uſe a man of taſte and memory may make of his reading. It was thrown together by a member of a ſociety of gentlemen, who meet once a year to celebrate the birth-day of Shakeſpear, and is as follows.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF *SHAKESPEAR*,

A CENTO.

TAKEN FROM HIS WORKS.

Naturâ ipſâ valere, et mentis veribus excitari, et quaſi quodam divino ſpiritu afflari.

CICERO.

——Peace to this meeting,
Joy and fair time, health and good wiſhes.
Now, worthy friends, the cauſe why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal SHAKESPEAR *to this favour'd iſle;*
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er ſhe fram'd.
O thou divineſt nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In this thy ſon! form'd in thy prodigality.
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and preſſure! When he ſpeaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So voluble is his diſcourſe——Gentle
As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its ſweet head—Yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchaff'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And

And make him ſtoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility, not ſeen in another; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! Infinite in reaſon!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal.
Heav'n has him now—Yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still ſanctify his relicks; and this day
Stand aye diſtinguiſh'd in the kalendar
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time:
For if we take him but for all in all
We ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.

NUMB. 180. THURSDAY, *June* 10, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU have reading and experience enough to know, that ſome of the greateſt ornaments and conveniencies of life owe their riſe to inconſiderable beginnings; and on the contrary, the little abuſes and miſtakes, by continual repetitions and aggravations, have grown into calamities, which have ſeverely exerciſed, as well the wiſdom, as the patience of mankind. In this light it is hoped the following petition will

be conſidered. It was not drawn up barely to amuſe your readers for five or ſix minutes, but with a view to very important conſequences that may poſſibly be derived from it. Your labours ſufficiently intimate that you conſider your ſpecies as one great family, of which you are a member, and conſequently under an obligation to countenance every thing that has a tendency to its advancement. It is for that reaſon application is made to you.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader
and humble ſervant.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF ALL THE LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET, EXCEPT E AND O.

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners cannot, without great violence to their modeſty, inſiſt upon any thing that may reflect honour upon themſelves; but the neceſſity of the caſe will plead their excuſe, and therefore they beg leave moſt humbly to repreſent, that in conjunction with E and O, they have been for many ages, in a great part of the world, the only ſupport of the whole intercourſe of human life. By them men have been enabled

to

to converſe when they meet, and to communicate their thoughts to each other at any diſtance. By them the ſocial virtues exiſt, are multiplied and improved, to a degree not eaſily conceived by thoſe who, either from ignorance, or a too conſtant familiarity, are apt to contract a ſort of contempt for objects of the greateſt uſe.

THE body which your petitioners almoſt entirely compoſe, is known to conſiſt of but few individuals; and the buſineſs they are employed in is infinite: yet no tranſaction has ever ſuffered from any defect in them. Under proper direction, they never fail to execute what is intended, tho' in the courſe of their ſervice, circumſtances frequently occur of the niceſt and moſt delicate nature. By their intervention contending princes diſpute their claims of empire. Upon them depend divines, ſtateſmen, lawyers, and phyſicians; all profeſſions, all trades; and with their aſſiſtance the beggar aſks his alms. An influence more extenſive, more univerſal, is hardly to be imagined: ſo many and ſo great are the purpoſes anſwered by your petitioners: a ſociety that does more honour to the ſpecies, than all others put together.

BUT the utility and importance of your petitioners have, for their foundation, a perfect harmony and good underſtanding among themſelves; inaſmuch as the leaſt diſſention may prove of fatal conſequence: for ſhould any one of them withdraw his aſſiſtance from the reſt, their activity, which qualifies them for all employments, would in a moment ceaſe, and they muſt become,

come, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the words, dead letters.

NEVERTHELESS ſo it is, that certain perſons, either through folly or perverſeneſs, have opened a door to diſcord, an enemy ever upon the watch, and that muſt inevitably prevail, if a ſpeedy and effectual ſtop be not put to a practice, which has for many years had its favourers in the greateſt and moſt polite aſſembly of this metropolis. A thouſand witneſſes might be produced to prove, that at every Ridotto, part of the company is ſeated at a round table, which has a hollow moveable circle in the middle, with a declivity from the center, and its circumference divided into little ſeparate cavities or cells, diſtinguiſhed by the letters E and O, placed over them alternately: the hollow circle is put in motion, and a ſmall ivory ball thrown upon it in a contrary direction, after ſeveral turns the inclination of the ſurface carries the ball down towards the cavities prepared for its reception, in one of which, having rebounded ſeveral times, it at laſt reſts, and the parties concerned in this intereſting event ſucceed or fail, as they chance to have choſen, or not, the letter under which the ball happens to ſettle.

Now, ſir, the grievance complained of by your petitioners is, that the game ſhould be wholly and abſolutely governed by E and O, and derive its name from thoſe letters alone. All impartial judges will acknowledge the preference to be an undue one, ſince all your petitioners are equally qualified for the ſervice, ready to undertake it, and have ſpirit enough to claim a ſhare in the honour.

THERE

THERE is indeed, and there muſt of neceſſity be, a precedence in the order of the alphabet; but this has never yet been underſtood to denote any ſuperior excellence; and granting it did, the two aſſociates in power cannot avail themſelves of that circumſtance, becauſe all who know their letters, and are capable of counting not quite twenty, will find the former of them in the fifth, and the latter in the fourteenth place. Like other favourites therefore they have been advanced, not for their merit, but altogether from caprice.

THE diſadvantages of this practice are evident to all. The few who are well eſtabliſhed in reading, by a perpetual and cloſe attention to E and O only, may entirely forget your petitioners, and by that means loſe all the advantages of a learned education. As to the many, who have every thing to learn, the danger is, that not one of them will be prevailed on to go a ſtep beyond O, which muſt abſolutely defeat thoſe expectations which the public may have formed from the riſing generation.

THE remedy for theſe evils is however eaſy and certain: it is only to have the letters over the cavities made to ſlide on and off, and to provide a compleat alphabet of them; then, beginning with A and B, let them govern for a certain time; next C and D are to preſide, and in this manner a regular rotation is to take place. The uſe of this contrivance muſt be obvious to everybody, as a thouſand things might be taught in this way, which it would be hopeleſs to attempt in any other whatſoever.

YOUR

Your petitioners, ſubmitting the premiſes to your conſideration, humbly pray ſuch relief, as to your great wiſdom ſhall ſeem meet.

A. B.
C. D.
F. G.
H. I.
K. L.
M. N.
P. Q.
R. S.
T. U.
W. X.
Y. Z.

NUMB. 181. THURSDAY, *June* 17, 1756.

IT has been remarked by certain wiſe philoſophers, that men are ſtrangely apt to err in their notions of good and evil, virtue and vice. They tell us that we have no adequate idea of thoſe words, but are continually miſtaking and confounding them, calling good evil, and evil good, virtue vice, and vice virtue. One of theſe philoſophers has very lately diſcovered that the contentions, misfortunes, and miſeries of mankind are wholly owing to government and laws, and that a ſtate of anarchy and confuſion, where the weak are at the mercy of the ſtrong, and the ſimple of the cunning, is the only ſtate of concord, ſecurity, and happineſs.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER of theſe philoſophers, who ſeems rather inclined to new-model governments than totally to ſubvert them, has proved to the ſatisfaction of multitudes, that fraud, luxury, corruption, and all the catalogue of vices (as men are miſtakenly pleaſed to call them) are the only means to make a community great, flouriſhing, and happy; and on the contrary, that frugality, temperance, continence, and the like, which are vulgarly termed virtues, tend finally to its deſtruction.

FOR my own part, I was not philoſopher enough in my youth to inveſtigate theſe deep truths; and now I am old, I find myſelf ſo bigotted to former opinions, as not eaſily to perceive that rapes, murderers, and adulterers are beneficial to ſociety, or that a ſtate of nature is better calculated for the preſervation of property, or the eaſe, peace, and happineſs of mankind, than government and laws. But leſt it ſhould be ſaid of me, that from the peeviſhneſs and obſtinacy of age, I am ſhutting my eyes againſt the light, I will freely confeſs that I am lately become a convert to ſome other opinions, which I formerly held in equal diſ-eſteem. I had long accuſtomed myſelf to look on Gaming as a vice; and as ſuch I have frequently treated it in the courſe of theſe papers: but I am now fully convinced of my error, and that I ought to have conſidered it as a national virtue, and productive of more advantages to ſociety than any other whatſoever. That my readers may entertain the ſame opinion, I ſhall here preſent them with a letter which I have lately received from a very ingenious correſpondent, whoſe reaſoning

ing upon this ſubject is too concluſive to be oppoſed.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HOPE you will not think it inconſiſtent with the manner in which you have propoſed to conduct your paper, to lay before the public the complaints of your correſpondents, relating to that part of the world you more immediately preſide over; eſpecially as you have declared your deſign to interpoſe, whenever the critical emergencies of your country ſhall require your aſſiſtance.

YOU, who are acquainted with public proceedings, muſt have taken notice of the additional taxes that have been laid upon cards and dice; by which it is juſtly apprehended, that the profits ariſing from the honourable occupations dependent thereon will be greatly impeded. Whatever ſatisfaction gloomy and ſplenetic minds (always diſpoſed to anticipate the ruin of the kingdom) may expreſs, I aſſure you I cannot help conſidering this affair with the moſt painful concern; and I doubt not my reaſons will be equally convincing to you.

AT a time when the perfidious enemies of our country have rendered all foreign trade precarious and uncertain, to what happier reſources can we fly than the commerce of game? By what means is the circulation of money, the life and ſpirit of trade, more ſpeedily promoted? What other buſineſs can boaſt of ſuch large returns?

turns? and (with honour be it mentioned) what debts in any other kind of commerce are more punctually diſcharged? How ſtrongly do the various fluctuations of fortune inculcate fortitude, courage, reſignation, and a noble contempt of death! virtues for which the proficients in this ſcience have been greatly renowned. What better method could be found out for humbling the grandeur, and diminiſhing the over-grown revenues of our nobility and gentry, than by blending their manners and fortunes with the loweſt of their fellow-creatures? Nor is it the leaſt praiſe of this profeſſion, that the fair ſex are qualified to make a figure in it, and to exert thoſe ſtriking talents which we ſeem ſo ſolicitous to exclude from many of the arts of life. By a conſtant application to gaming, they gradually wear off the killing brightneſs of thoſe eyes, and the overpowering ſplendour of thoſe charms, which would otherwiſe be deſtructive to many thouſands of mankind. Hence they are taught kindneſs and condeſcenſion, and rendered graciouſly acceſſible to the company and careſſes of every adoring ſwain. I might obſerve farther, that while the merchant and tradeſmen are contracting a narrow avaricious turn of mind, a haughty contempt, and a ſupercilious air, the gallant ſpirits who have eſpouſed this genteel commerce, acquire an engaging freedom of converſation, a boundleſs generoſity of nature, and an inimitable politeneſs of manners.

If the political advantages of gaming are demanded of me, I anſwer, that it ſecures our money in the kingdom, and keeps it in perpetual circu-

circulation. Can there be a more convincing demonſtration of the dangerous conſequences of foreign trade, than that the riches of the kingdom are exhauſted by it, and the national current wealth, according to the opinion of ſome wiſe calculators, reduced from forty millions to twelve? not to mention the importation of the various follies, faſhions, and poiſons, which expoſe, infatuate, and deſtroy ſo many of our deluded countrymen. Can any other argument be neceſſary to procure an unlimited indulgence to a commerce, from whence ſo many advantages ſpring, and which is ſo evidently conducive to the public good?

If it ſhould be objected, that many perſons of plentiful incomes are reduced to poverty by gaming, I ſhould be glad to know what employments in life are totally exempted from misfortune, and how many bankrupts are recorded in our public chronicles, who deſpairing to riſe in the world by the vulgar method of trade, have had recourſe to this genteel profeſſion, and quickly retrieved their fortunes.

It would be eaſy to mention many more circumſtances in praiſe of ſo noble a commerce, if it was in the leaſt neceſſary: I doubt not of the concurrence of all men of genius and ſpirit in theſe my ſentiments; I hope the legiſlature will henceforward look with favour on an art, in which the politeneſs, the morals, the conſtitution, and the riches of this kingdom are ſo greatly concerned; and inſtead of diſcouraging it with ſevere taxes, and heavy burthens, will contribute every thing to its advancement. To this end I cannot preſent you with a better propoſal, than

" that

" that all thoſe who can bring ſufficient proof of " their having loſt from one thouſand to one hun- " dred thouſand pounds, ſhall be maintained at " the public expence, and rewarded for their " patriotiſm, in ſacrificing their fortune ſo diſ- " intereſtedly for the good of their country."

IF you ſhall pleaſe to communicate theſe thoughts to the public, and recomend them by ſome arguments of your own, I ſhall think you that friend of the world you pretend to be, and may poſſibly give you ſome future advices, which may not be unworthy your notice.

I am, SIR,

Your ſincere friend
and hearty admirer

JACK LOVEBOX.

NUMB. 182. THURSDAY, *June* 24, 1756.

A VERY facetious friend of mine was obſerving the other day, that he could always diſcover with great certainty the ſhape, height, and complexion of any man's wife in company, by calling for his toaſt. If he gives you a lean woman, depend upon it, ſays he, his wife is a fat one; or if he drinks his bumper to a beauty of fine height and complexion, you may ſafely conclude that the lady at home is little and ſwarthy, and ſo on: for, continues he, I have ever found it to be true, that when a man has been married a full half year, he will be the conſtant admirer of all other women, in proportion as they differ from his own wife.

I WISH with all my heart there was no colour of truth in this remark; but I am afraid that the wives of the generality of men, like their other poſſeſſions, are apt to pall a little upon their hands. Fine fortunes, fine houſes, fine gardens, and fine equipages, bring but little enjoyment to their owners; inſomuch that we are every day breaking the tenth commandment, by *coveting our neighbour's houſe, our neighbour's wife, or any thing that is our neighbour's.*

WHENCE this perverſeneſs of mankind ariſes, I will not take upon me to determine. My friend, who never thinks enough to perplex himſelf, lays the fault upon human nature. He aſſerts, that men are in every reſpect juſt what they were intended to be, and that we have the ſame reaſon to be angry with a bear for not being a man, as with a man for having the imperfections of one.

THAT we are frail by nature is too certain a truth; but the comfort is, that He who made us ſo does not expect perfection from us, and will pardon errors that do not proceed from wilful corruption, and obſtinate diſobedience.

THERE is a humourous fable of the ancients upon the general frailty of mankind, which as I have never ſeen in Engliſh, I have ventured to modernize and tranſlate for the entertainment of my readers.

"JUPITER, after he had ſeized the throne "of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made "the univerſe his own, left the government of "this lower world, and the affairs of mankind, "to the inferior deities. Each had his ſeparate "votaries, and no one was to interfere in the "depart-

" department of another. Mars was captain-
" general of the ſoldiery of all nations, Neptune
" was lord high admiral, Bacchus preſided
" over clubs and feſtivals, Mercury over trade,
" Apollo over wit and phyſic, Minerva over
" learning, Venus and the Graces over beauty,
" Juno over marriage, Diana over chaſtity, and
" ſo on.

" IN the firſt ages of the world the affairs of
" men ſeemed to be in a very flouriſhing con-
" dition; but the face of things began gradual-
" ly to change, till at laſt a general depravity
" prevailed over the face of the whole earth.
" The gods, finding themſelves unequal to the
" taſk impoſed upon them, and angry with man-
" kind, petitioned Jupiter to take the govern-
" ment of them into his own hands; but he
" frowned at their requeſt, commanding them
" to proceed as they had begun, and leave the
" conſequences to himſelf. The deities, per-
" plexed at their repulſe, convened a council
" among themſelves, in which it was agreed
" that they ſhould draw up a ſecond petition to
" Jupiter, that for the better underſtanding the
" nature of mankind, they ſhould have leave to
" pay a viſit to the world, and to take upon
" them for a time the ſeveral natures of their
" votaries. Jupiter laughed, and conſented to
" their petition, but with this particular limita-
" tion, that they ſhould be entirely diveſted of
" ſupernatural powers, and that as they were to
" perſonate mortals, they ſhould be ſubject to
" their frailties.

" THE deities conſented to the will of Ju-
" piter, and having deliberated on the ſeveral
" parts

" parts they were to act, made their deſcent up-
" on the earth. Mars bought himſelf a pair
" of colours in the guards, and being a gay
" handſome young fellow, and a great favourite
" of the ladies, was quickly advanced to the
" command of a company. His equipage was
" the moſt ſplendid that could be imagined; he
" dreſſed, danced, gamed, and ſwore to the ut-
" moſt perfection; he knocked down watch-
" men and conſtables, drew his ſword upon
" chairmen and waiters, laughed at the parſons,
" bilked whores and hackney-coachmen, cheat-
" ed taylors and lacemen, ſtormed towns at
" every tavern, and ſaluted at the head of his
" company with inimitable grace. But having
" unfortunately ſeduced the wife of his friend,
" and being called out on the occaſion; he choſe
" to decline fighting, and was broke for cowar-
" dice.

" NEPTUNE was a hardy rough tar, and got
" early the command of a ſixty-gun ſhip. He
" attacked the trade of the enemy with great
" intrepidity, and took prizes of immenſe value.
" His prudence was equal to his courage; inaſ-
" much as his ſhip was never known to ſuffer by
" the enemy's ſhot, or a man to die on board
" her of a violent death. But as Neptune was
" now no more than a man, and therefore liable
" to error, he had the misfortune to miſtake his
" Admiral's ſignal to attack, for a ſignal to ſheer
" off, and happening to have no intereſt at
" court, was diſabled from ſervice, and ſent to
" live upon his fortune.

" BACCHUS was a country 'ſquire, and a
" great ſportſman; he got drunk every day, and

" de-

" debauched all the wives and daughters of his
" tenants and neighbours; till being reduced
" by his extravagance, and driven to various
" ſhifts, he at laſt drew beer in a night-cellar
" to hackney-coachmen and ſtreet-walkers.

" MERCURY was a linen-draper in the city,
" and acquired a plentiful fortune by being three
" times a bankrupt; but happening to be diſ-
" covered in a fourth attempt, he was ſtript of
" all his wealth, and very narrowly eſcaped
" hanging. He was afterwards captain of a
" gang of thieves, and at laſt recalled to hea-
" ven from the condemned hold in Newgate.

" APOLLO commenced mortal in the charac-
" ter of a phyſician, and ſo peopled the ſhades
" of Pluto with ſouls, that the boat of Charon
" became crazy by their weight. Jupiter grew
" incenſed at his murders, and commanded him
" to begin the world again in a more innocent
" calling. Apollo obeyed, and became a wit.
" He compoſed looſe ſonnets and plays; he li-
" belled the good, flattered the bad, blaſphemed
" the gods, and was patronized by the great:
" but unhappily ſtanding in need of their aſ-
" ſiſtance, they withdrew their favours, and
" left him to ſtarve in a garret on the bounty
" of bookſellers.

" MINERVA was a lady of fine parts and
" learning, but a great ſlattern. She never
" ſtuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them
" till they wore out. Her linen was ſtained with
" ink, her hair uncombed, her petticoats falling
" off, her ſtockings full of holes, and her feet
" ſlip-ſhod. She talked in ſyllogiſms, wrote in
" heroics, and married her footman.

" VENUS, who while a goddeſs had always " a hankering after mortal fleſh and blood, was " highly pleaſed with this deſcent upon earth. " She aſſumed the form of a beautiful girl of " fourteen, took lodgings in Covent-garden, " and dealt out her favours liberally to all vi- " ſitors. Her ſtate of mortality was ſo ſuited " to her inclinations, that heaven and the god- " deſs were never thought of, till the loſs of " her noſe made her ſigh for immortality.

" DIANA was a great prude all day, but " had her Endymions by moon-light. It is re- " ported of her, that ſhe was eleven times " brought to bed, without being once able to " give the leaſt probable gueſs at the father of " the child.

" OF JUNO it is only ſaid, that ſhe ſcolded " ſeven huſbands to death; and of the Graces, " that they were exceeding neat girls till they " married, and ſluts afterwards.

" HAVING ſtaid the limited time upon earth, " they were all ſummoned to heaven, in their " human forms and habits, to make their ap- " pearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars " and Neptune made a tolerable figure, but " looked a little ſhy. Bacchus had a blue " apron on, and a ſtring of pewter pots thrown " acroſs his ſhoulder. Mercury appeared fetter- " ed and hand-cuffed; he had a woollen cap " upon his head, a noſegay in his hand, and a " halter about his neck. Apollo was full-dreſt " in a ſuit of ruſty black, a tye-wig, a ſilver- " hilted ſword, roll-up ſtockings, deep ruffles, " but no ſhirt: his features were begrimed with " ſnuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco.

" A-

" As Minerva approached to make her curt'ſy,
" Jupiter held his noſe, and beckoned her to
" keep aloof, telling her that for the future he
" would have no learned ladies upon earth.
" Venus held her fan before her face, till Ju-
" piter commanded her to uncover. He then
" enquired after her noſe, and aſked if the gin
" ſhe had drank that morning was right Hol-
" land's. Diana complained much of a dropſy;
" upon which Jupiter laughed, and promiſed to
" ſend Lucina to cure her; adding, that he
" hoped ſhe had had good times. Juno looked
" angry at not being firſt taken notice of,
" which upon Jupiter's obſerving, he gave her
" a gracious nod, and aſſured her that every one
" of her huſbands was quiet in Elyſium. The
" Graces would have apologized for their diſ-
" habille, but Jupiter prevented them, and told
" them with a ſmile that he would have no
" marriages in heaven. He then reſtored them
" all to their divinities, and after ridiculing and
" rebuking them for their murmurings and cu-
" rioſity, diſmiſſed them to their ſeveral charges,
" telling them that they were now enabled to
" make allowances for the frailties and imper-
" fections of human nature, having experienced
" in their own perſons, that he had peopled the
" world with MEN, and not GODS."

NUMB. 183. THURSDAY, *July* 1, 1756.

IT was with great ſatisfaction that I attended to the declaration of war againſt France,

having for above a twelvemonth paſt been ſenſibly hurt in my own private property by the people of that nation. Yet injured as I was, I concealed my reſentment while there was the leaſt expectation of peace, that it might not be ſaid of me, I had contributed, by any complaints of my own, to the involving my country in a hazardous and expenſive war.

EVERY-BODY knows, that till within theſe two years, or thereabouts, it was a general faſhion for the ladies to wear hair upon their heads; and I had piqued myſelf not a little on the thoughts that theſe my papers had been of conſiderable ſervice towards curling the ſaid hair. I had indeed long ago diſcovered, that very few ladies of condition could ſpare time and attention enough from the various avocations of dreſs, viſiting, aſſemblies, plays, operas, Ranelagh and Vauxhall, to read over a paper that contained no leſs than ſix pages in folio; but as the demand for the WORLD was ſtill very conſiderable, I contented myſelf with knowing that I was every week adorning their heads, though I could not be permitted to improve their underſtandings; and it was a particular pleaſure to me in all public aſſemblies, to think that the fineſt faces there were indebted to the goodneſs of my paper for ſetting them off. So long as the faſhion of hair continued (and to ſay truth, I never ſo much as dreamed that it was ſo ſoon to change) I depended on the cuſtom of the fair and polite; but by the inſtigation of French hair cutters, whom the miniſters of their monarque have ſent to this metropolis in pure ſpite to me, the ladies have been prevailed on to cut their

their hair cloſe to their temples, to the great diminution of the ſale of theſe papers.

It was formerly a very agreeable amuſement to me to look in at Mr. Dodſley's on a Thurſday morning, and obſerve the great demand for theſe my lucubrations; but though the ſame demand continues among the men, I have frequently the mortification of hearing a ſmart footman delivering a meſſage in the ſhop, "that his lady deſires "Mr. Dodſley will ſend her in no more WORLDS, "for that ſhe has cut off her hair, and ſhall "have no occaſion for them any longer."

Nobody will, I believe, make the leaſt doubt that my principal view in this work was to amend the morals and improve the underſtandings of my fellow-ſubjects; but I will honeſtly confeſs, that ever ſince the commencement of it, I have entertained ſome diſtant hopes of laying up a fortune ſufficient to ſupport me in my old age; and as money is at ſo low an intereſt, I intended making a ſmall purchaſe in ſome retired and pleaſant part of England, that I might have devoted my labours to the cultivation of land, after having weeded men's minds of whatever choaked the growth of virtue and good manners. This I do not yet deſpair of effecting, as I am not without hopes, that while we are at open war with France, the ladies will conceive ſuch a diſlike to the faſhions of their enemies, as to let their hair grow again. If this cannot ſpeedily be brought about, I muſt be forced to apply to the miniſters for ſome lucrative employment, in return for that indulgence and complaiſance which I have at all times ſhewn them. It is impoſſible for me to conceive that

my merits have been overlooked, though they have been hitherto unrewarded; and I make no kind of doubt that I need only preſent myſelf at their levees, to be aſked what poſt I would chuſe. They do not want to be aſſured that I am as willing as able to aſſiſt them in all emergencies; or, which is ſtill better, to vindicate their conduct againſt all oppoſers, to ſtifle clamours in their birth, to convert fears to hopes, complaints to approbation, and faction to concord.

But as I do not at preſent recollect any particular poſt of honour and profit that would better ſuit me than another, and knowing that the abuſers of an adminiſtration are firſt to be provided for, I am willing to accept of a handſome ſum of money, till ſomething elſe may be done: or if a ſeat in parliament, with a proper qualification, be thought neceſſary for me, I entirely acquieſce, as my eloquence in the houſe muſt be of ſignal ſervice in all critical conjunctures. It would alſo be perfectly agreeable to me if the government were to take off weekly twenty or thirty thouſand of my papers, and circulate them among their friends; or if they object to ſuch an expence, and ſhould diſcover no inclination to oblige me in any of the particulars above-mentioned, I humbly intreat, that in lieu of the depredations made upon me by the French hair-cutters, and in conſideration of my firm attachment to his majeſty's family and government, orders be immediately iſſued from the lord ſteward's office, the board of green-cloth, or elſewhere, that henceforward all the tarts, pyes, paſtry, and confectionary of all kind what-

whatſoever, appertaining to his majeſty's houſe-hold, be conſtantly baked upon theſe papers. This would be making me ſufficient amends, and greatly encourage me to continue this uſeful work, till a perfect library might be made of it, which otherwiſe muſt have an end before an hundred volumes can be completed.

THAT the miniſtry may entertain juſt notions of the efficacy of my good work, I ſhall here preſent them with ſome few of thoſe offers, which are almoſt daily made me by private perſons.

A LADY who has lately opened a new bagnio in Covent-garden, aſſures me in a letter, that if I will do her the favour to reccommend her in the WORLD, I ſhall not only have the run of her houſe, but every one of her young ladies ſhall be obliged to take in my paper as long as it laſts. A grocer in the Strand has ſent me a pound of his beſt tea, and promiſes to wrap up every ounce he ſells, as alſo all his ſugars and ſpices in theſe papers, if I will honour him ſo far as to make mention of him in any one of them. He adds in a poſtſcript, that his wife and five daughters, who do a great deal of work, make all their thread-papers of WORLDS.

BUT a more material offer ſtill, and which I have therefore reſerved for the laſt, is contained in the following letter.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THIS is to acquaint thee that we are makers of pins on the bridge called London bridge, and that we have each of us given a conſiderable

portion of money for the good-will of the habitations wherein we make abode: but by an act of the legiſlature lately paſſed, the ſaid habitations are ſpeedily to be pulled down, and their dwellers to be forced to remove to other abodes. If thou art in the leaſt acquainted with traffic, thou canſt not be ignorant of the benefits that accrue from an old eſtabliſhed ſhop, in a ſtreet where the principal dealers in any particular commodity are known to dwell; inaſmuch as when thou wanteſt a ſilken garment for thy wife, thou wouldſt repair to the habitations of Round court or Ludgate hill; or if thy linen was rent, thou wouldſt doubtleſs reſort to Cheapſide or Cornhill; in like manner, if thy helpmate or thy maidens wanted pins, thou wouldſt not fail, if thou wert wiſe, to take thy walk to London bridge. But by the act above-named, thy friends are exiled from their dwellings, and compelled to ſojourn in a ſtrange ſtreet, where even their names are unknown. We therefore requeſt it of thee, if the rulers of the land behold thee with regard, that thou wilt apply thyſelf ſpeedily to obtain a repeal of this act; wherein if thou ſucceedeſt, we will buy up thy weekly labours in reams, and ſtick all our pins therein, ſo that thy name ſhall be known far and wide, and thy days proſperous in the land.

If thou art a well-wiſher to thyſelf, thou wilt uſe thy beſt endeavours for the ſervice of

Thy friends,

EPHRAIM MINIKIN,
MALACHY SHORTWITE,
OBADIAH MIDLING,
HEZEKIAH LONGPIN, &c. &c.

AFTER

AFTER duly deliberating upon this propoſal, I am inclined to trouble the government no farther at preſent than to requeſt the repeal of this act, which if they are ſo kind as to grant me, my papers will again find their way to the dreſſing-rooms of the ladies, in ſpite of the intrigues of France, and her emiſſaries the hair-cutters.

NUMB. 184. THURSDAY, *July* 8, 1756.

I WAS always particularly pleaſed with that ſcene in the firſt part of Harry the fourth, where the humourous ſir John Falſtaff, after upbraiding the prince with being the corrupter of his morals, and reſolving on amendment, forms a very reaſonable wiſh "to know where a commodity of good names may be bought." It happens indeed a little unfortunately, that he immediately relapſes into his old courſes, and enters into a ſcheme for a robbery that night, which he endeavours to juſtify by calling it his TRADE: "Why, Hal, ſays he, 'tis my VOCATION, Hal: 'tis no SIN for a man to LABOUR in his VOCATION."

As often as this paſſage has occurred to me, I could not help thinking that if we were to look narrowly into the conduct of mankind, we ſhould find the fat knight's excuſe to have a more general influence than is commonly imagined. It ſhould ſeem as if there were certain degrees of diſhoneſty, which were allowable, and that moſt occupations have acknowledged latitude in one or more particulars, where

men may be rogues with impunity, and almoſt without blame.

IT will be no difficult taſk to illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation, by ſcrutinizing into the conduct of men of all ranks, orders, and profeſſions. This ſhall be the ſubject of to-days paper; and I ſhall begin, where it is always good manners to begin, with my betters and ſuperiors.

THE tyrant, who to gratify his ambition, depopulates whole nations, and ſacrifices the lives of millions of his ſubjects to his inſatiable deſire of conqueſt, is a GLORIOUS prince. DESTRUCTION is his TRADE, and he is only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE ſtateſman, who ſpreads corruption over a country, and enſlaves the people to enrich himſelf, or aggrandize his maſter, is an ABLE miniſter; OPPRESSION is his CALLING, and it is no ſin in him to LABOUR in his VOCATION.

THE patriot, who oppoſes the meaſures of the ſtateſman; who rails at corruption in the houſe, and bawls till morning for his poor bleeding country, may, if admitted to a poſt, adopt the principles he abhorred, and purſue the meaſures he condemned: ſuch a one is a TRADER in POWER, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE condeſcending patron, who, fond of followers and dependants, deals out his ſmiles to all about him, and buys flattery with promiſes; who ſhakes the needy wit by the hand, and aſſures him of his protection one hour, and forgets that he has ever ſeen him the next, is a GREAT MAN: DECEIT is his VOCATION.

THE man in office, whoſe perquiſites are wrung from the poor pittances of the miſerable, and who enriches himſelf by pillaging the widow and the orphan, receives no more than his ACCUSTOMED DUES, and is only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE divine, who ſubſcribes to articles that he does not believe; who neglects practice for profeſſion, and God for his Grace; who bribes a miſtreſs, or ſacrifices a ſiſter for preferment; who preaches faith without works, and damns all who differ from him, may be an orthodox divine, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE lawyer, who makes truth falſhood, and falſhood truth; who pleads the cauſe of the oppreſſor againſt the innocent, and brings ruin upon the wretched, is a man of eminence in the world, and the companion of honeſt men. LYING is his TRADE, and he is only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE phyſician who viſits you three times a day in a caſe that he knows to be incurable; who denies his aſſiſtance to the poor, and writes more for the apothecary than the patient, is an HONEST phyſician, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

The fine lady of faſhion, who piques herſelf upon her virtue, perhaps a little too much; who attends the ſermon every Sunday, and prayers every week-day; and who if ſhe ſlanders her beſt friends, does it only to reform them, may innocently indulge herſelf in a little CHEATING at CARDS; ſhe has made it her VOCATION.

THE tradeſman, who aſſures you upon his honeſt word that he will deal juſtly with you;

yet ſells you his worſt commodities at the higheſt price, and exults at over-reaching you, is a GOOD MAN, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE infidel, who fond of an evil fame, would rob you of a religion that inculcates virtue, and inſures happineſs as its reward; who laughs at an hereafter, and takes from you the only expectation that can make life endurable, is a DEALER in TRUTH, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

THE author, who to inſure a ſale to his works, throws out his ſlander againſt the good, and poiſons the young and virtuous by tales of wantonneſs and indecency, is a WRITER of SPIRIT, and only LABOURING in his VOCATION.

TO take characters in the groſs: the gameſter, who cheats you at play; the man of pleaſure, who corrupts the chaſtity of your wife; the friend, who tricks you in a horſe; the ſteward, who defrauds you in his accounts; the butler, who robs you of your wine; the footman, who ſteals your linen; the houſekeeper, who overcharges you in her bills; the gardener who ſends your fruit to market; the groom, who ſtarves your horſes to put their allowance in his pocket; in ſhort, the whole train of ſervants, who impoſe upon you in the ſeveral articles entruſted to their care, are only receiving their LAWFUL PERQUISITES, and LABOURING in their VOCATIONS.

I KNOW but one ſet of men, who ought commonly to be excepted in this general charge; and thoſe are the projectors. The ſchemes of all ſuch men are uſually too romantic to impoſe upon

upon the credulity of the world; and not being able to plunder their employers, they are LABOURING in their VOCATIONS to cheat only themſelves.

I WOULD not be miſunderſtood upon this occaſion, as if I meant to adviſe all people to be honeſt, and to do as they would be done by in their ſeveral vocations: far be it from me to intend any ſuch thing; I am as well aſſured as they are that it would not anſwer their purpoſes. The tyrant would have no glory without conqueſts; his miniſters no followers without bribes; the patriot no place without oppoſition; the man in office no perquiſites without fraud; the divine no pluralities without time-ſerving; the lawyer no clients without lying; the phyſician no practice without apothecaries; the tradeſman no country-houſe without exacting; the fine lady no routs without cheating; the infidel no fame without proſelytes; and the author no dinner without ſlander and wantonneſs: the gameſter would be undone; the man of pleaſure inactive; the gentleman-jockey would ſell his horſe at half-price; and the ſteward, the butler, the footman, the houſe-keeper, the gardener, the groom, and the whole train of ſervants loſe their neceſſary perquiſites.

THE old maxim, that "honeſty is the beſt "policy," has been long ago exploded: but I am firmly of opinion, that the APPEARANCE of it might, if well put on, promote a man's intereſt, though the REALITY muſt deſtroy it. I would therefore recommend it to perſons in all vocations (if it be but by way of trial, and for the novelty of the thing) to put on now-and-then

the APPEARANCE of a little honeſty. Moſt men have a natural diſlike to be cheated with their eyes open; and though it is the faſhion of the times to wear no concealment, yet to deceive behind the maſk of integrity, has been deemed the moſt effectual method. To further this end, the APPEARANCE of a ſmall portion of RELIGION would not be amiſs; but I would by no means have this matter overdone, as it commonly is. Going to prayers every day, or ſinging pſalms on a Sunday in a room next the ſtreet, may look a little ſuſpicious, and ſet the neighbours upon the watch: nor would I adviſe that a tradeſman ſhould ſtand at the ſhop-door with a prayer-book in his hand, or that a lawyer ſhould carry the Whole Duty of Man in his bag to Weſtminſter-hall, and read it in court as often as he ſits down: there are other methods that may anſwer the purpoſe of cheating much better. A yea and nay converſation, interrupted with a few ſighs and groans for the iniquities of the wicked, loud reſponſes at church, and long graces at meals, with here and there a godly book lying in the window, or in places moſt in ſight, will be of ſingular utility; and farther than this I would by no means adviſe.

To all thoſe gentlemen and ladies who follow no vocations, and who have therefore no immediate intereſt in cheating, I would recommend the PRACTICE of honeſty before the APPEARANCE of it. As ſuch perſons ſtand in no need of a cloak, I ſhall ſay nothing to them of religion, only that the REALITY of it might be uſeful to them in afflictions; or if ever they ſhould take it into their heads that they muſt one day die, it might

might poſſibly alleviate the bitterneſs of ſo uncommon a thought. To do as they would be done by, would in all probability render them happier in themſelves, and lead them to the enjoyment of new pleaſures in the happineſs of others.

NUMB. 185. THURSDAY, *July* 15, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

MY caſe is a little ſingular, and therefore I hope you will let it appear in your paper. I ſhould ſcarcely have attempted to make ſuch a requeſt, had not I very ſtrictly looked over all the works of your predeceſſors, the Tatlers, Spectators and Guardians, without a poſſibility of finding a parallel to my unhappy ſituation.

I AM not *henpecked*; I am not *grimalkined*; have no Mrs. *Freeman* with her *Italian airs*; but I have a wife more troubleſome than all three, by a certain ridiculous and unneceſſary devotion that ſhe pays to her father, amounting almoſt to idolatry. When I firſt married her, from that ſpecious kind of weakneſs which meets with encouragement and applauſe, only becauſe it is called good-nature, I permitted her to do whatever ſhe pleaſed: but when I thought it requiſite to pull in the rein, I found that her having the bit in her teeth, rendered the ſtrength of my curb of no manner of uſe to me. Whenever I attempted to draw her in a little, ſhe toſſed up her head, ſnorted,

ſnorted, pranced, and gave herſelf ſuch airs, that unleſs I let her carry me where ſhe pleaſed, my limbs, if not my life, were in danger. The love of power is inherent in the diſpoſition of womankind: and I do not pretend that her vapours, hyſterics, low-ſpirits, or whatever elſe the learned are pleaſed to call them, are not equalled by thouſands of married women in theſe melancholy kingdoms: but the FATHER, the FATHER is the point which diſtinguiſhes me from the reſt of my brethren.

THIS old fellow is of a moſt capricious, unequal temper, and, like the ſatyr in the fable, blows hot and cold in the ſame breath. Sometimes he is very fond of me and my friends, and at other times he will not ſuffer us to look at him. In whatever mood the old gentleman thinks fit to appear, in the ſame mood madam his daughter diſpenſes her pouts and frowns, or her ſmiles and good humour. Whatever ſhape old PROTEUS puts on, CABERA, his daughter, puts on the ſame. I call him PROTEUS, becauſe tho' I have known him many years, I have never known him a week together in the ſame form. He is vapouriſh; ſo is his daughter: he is a quack; ſo is his daughter: one day he is an œconomiſt, even to the greateſt degree of avarice; the daughter alſo has her days of frugality and improper thrift. Sometimes he is profuſe, and a violent ſquanderer; after theſe fits my purſe is ſure to ſuffer moſt cruelly. Sometimes he is proud, ſometimes he is humble; his daughter follows him cloſely in each of the two extremes. In ſhort, ſir, both father and daughter practiſe more changes than Harlequin in the Emperor of the Moon.

Moon. Judge then what figure a huſband muſt make, who is indiſpenſibly obliged to conform with all theſe metamorphoſes.

LAST ſummer, though a cold one, PROTEUS took it into his head to dine in his cellar: and as we arrived at my country-houſe, our cellar alſo was immediately announced to be our eating parlour. My neighbours tried the experiment once, in hopes perhaps of being made fuddled, contrary to my uſual cuſtom; but that not being the caſe, they never offered to return again; no, not even the curate of the pariſh, who declared he would drink bumpers in my cellar as long as I pleaſed, but he could not eat there and ſip thimble-fulls, though he were ſure to dine every day on a paſty, or a haunch of veniſon. So that my wife and I, for three months together, dined like king Pharaoh, amidſt frogs and darkneſs: nor had we any other companions than the reptiles that crawled out of the walls, as imagining their territories invaded. But my wife endured every inconveniency with amazing patience, becauſe ſhe had heard her father ſay, that this was the beſt method to drink iced liquors, without being at the expence of an ice-houſe.

LAST winter, I was ſtill put to greater hardſhips. PROTEUS, who ſome time ago travelled abroad, neither for health nor improvement, but merely in ſearch of that philoſopher's ſtone called TASTE, declared that in Italy no nobleman's houſe had a chimney in any room except the kitchen; and he added, that as it was an example which he reſolved to follow, he hoped it might be ſo reliſhable to his friends, that they would cut off that exceſſive dear article of firing,

and

and expend their coal-money in buildings, ſtatues, or lakes. The word was no ſooner given, than my wife bricked up every chimney, except the kitchen chimney, in my houſe; and in January (though we were permitted to have little earthen ſtoves in our chambers) the cold was ſo intenſe, that my little boy Tommy died of the whooping cough; and I myſelf caught an ague, which laſted four months, and brought upon me an apothecary's bill, amounting to ninety pounds for drugs, which were indeed much fuller of TASTE than I deſired.

THE furniture of my houſe, and the ſhape of my gardens, have been changed at leaſt ten times over; yet if you were to judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, from the conſtant converſation of my wife and her father, you would pronounce them the beſt œconomiſts in Europe: and ſo they are, in ſmall beer, oil, and vinegar.

THOUGH I always avoid exceſs of drinking when at home (my father-in-law, ſince my marriage, having been remarkably ſober) yet it is my misfortune, and I confeſs it is a fault, to go now-and-then to the tavern, and there to exceed the ſtrict limits of ſobriety. It is impoſſible, among jovial companions, not to indulge a vein of gaiety; the effect of which is, that at night I am apt to ſtagger towards the nuptial bed a little too heavily loaded with liquor. The night is ſnored away in oblivion; but oh! when the morning approaches, and I awake and open my eyes, what a face of anger do I behold! and what dreadful peals of conjugal thunder do I hear? Thoſe peals commonly end with a louder clap than ordinary, in words to this purpoſe, "Ah!

"Mr.

"Mr. Tamedeer, Mr. Tamedeer, is this the "reward for all my love and kindneſs? Have I "quitted my dear father for the embraces of a ſot? "When was that good old man ever diſguiſed in "liquor?" To this I might reply, if I dared to make an anſwer, that indeed he is ſo often diſguiſed *out* of liquor, he ought never to be diſguiſed *in* it: and I might alſo add, that he is moſt injuriouſly ſlandered, if ſome five-and-twenty years ſince, he did not drink, ſmoke, and go through the et cætera as well as the beſt of us.

If I offend or rebel in any one point, and indeed I offend and rebel in very few, my wife immediately applies to my father-in-law, and I am ordered to alter my conduct, and to ſubmit properly to judgments far ſuperior to my own. Thus is my caſe (my wife's virtue always excepted) far more deplorable than Barnaby Brittle's in the play; nor have I the comfort appendant to ſir John Enville, Knt. in being married to a woman of quality. That circumſtance at leaſt might have proved an ingredient to ſatisfy my pride.

This uneaſy ſituation, which I have deſcribed with exact truth, has occaſioned me to ruminate continually upon ſome method of relief. None occurs to me, except a formal divorce. You will aſk what cauſe can be alledged? ſince there is not the leaſt ſhadow of proof either of adultery, ill-uſage, or any other matrimonial miſdemeanor. True. But cannot I prove a prior marriage? Was not ſhe married to her father, to all outward appearance, long before ſhe went with me to the altar? Does not that marriage evidently continue, without any other breach, than

than having a ſecond huſband in points where the firſt huſband does not care to meddle? Is ſhe not more obedient to her firſt huſband than her ſecond? Has ſhe filled, as ſhe ought, her vow of matrimony to me? Whom does ſhe obey? not me, but her father. Whom does ſhe honour? not me, but her father. May not I hope therefore to be relieved in any judicial or eccleſiaſtical court in England?

YOUR opinion fully ſtated upon this caſe would encourage me to go on, or diſcourage me from proceeding. If I cannot be relieved by law or equity, I will try to ſummon up courage to fight my father-in-law. I know he is a coward, but then I am under apprehenſions, that the jade has diſcovered to him that I am a greater coward than himſelf. At all events, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me have your advice, becauſe I am

Your conſtant reader,
and admirer,
THOMAS TAMEDEER.

NUMB. 186. THURSDAY, *July* 22, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the ſame clergyman who troubled you with an account of his misfortunes in your paper, Numb. XXXI, and am indebted to your kind publication of that letter for the eaſe and happineſs which, with only one ſingle interruption, I have enjoyed ever ſince. My uncommon,

mon, and I hope I may ſay, unmerited diſtreſſes, recommended me to the notice of a noble lord, who called to ſee me at my lodgings, brought me home to his lordſhip's own houſe, and honoured me ſo far as to make me his domeſtic chaplain. His lordſhip's regard for me was ſo truly ſincere, that he married me ſoon after to my lady's woman, a young perſon of admirable beauty and virtue, and a great favourite of my lord, becauſe, as his Lordſhip uſed to tell me, ſhe was a clergyman's daughter, and, for what reaſon he knew not, extremely hated by his lady. But my good fortune did not end here: his lordſhip, whoſe nature is never to be tired with doing good, was ſo very obliging as to take us a little houſe, ready furniſhed, in a retired and pleaſant part of the town, paying the rent of it himſelf, and making us conſiderable preſents from time to time: he was alſo ſo very condeſcending as to ſpend two or three evenings in a week with us, and frequently to take my wife with him into the chariot for an afternoon's airing, as ſhe had the misfortune, ſoon after our marriage, of labouring under an ill ſtate of health, which, as we all feared, would terminate in a dropſy.

His lordſhip was ſtill kinder to me in other affairs, inſomuch that in leſs than two months after our marriage, he ſent me into the weſt, with thirty guineas in my pocket, to ſupply the place of a worthy clergyman, whom my lord had ſent for to town upon particular buſineſs; and becauſe the ill health of my wife required a little country air, his lordſhip propoſed taking lodgings for her at Knightſbridge during my abſence, where

where ſhe was daily to be attended by his own phyſician.

At the end of ſix weeks his lordſhip was pleaſed to recall me to town, where I had the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of finding my wife returned to her houſe, perfectly cured of her diſorder, with only a little paleneſs remaining from the violent remedies preſcribed to her by her phyſician. I had the additional happineſs of finding his lordſhip with my wife, waiting my return, and to be honoured with his thanks for the faithful diſcharge of my truſt, together with a promiſe of the very firſt living that ſhould fall within his gift.

I mention theſe things, ſir, to the honour of my noble benefactor, who ever ſince my marriage, which is now three years ago, has been laviſhing his favours upon me; who has been ſo very condeſcending to ſtand godfather in perſon to my two children, and to take every opportunity of making me happy by his viſits. But I am not entering into a particular detail of the pleaſures I enjoy: I have another motive for troubling you with this letter.

His lordſhip, the beginning of this month, was pleaſed, amongſt the many inſtances of his goodneſs, to procure for me a chaplainſhip in one of the regiments now in Scotland; and as my attendance was immediately neceſſary, and my wife too far gone with child to think of going with me; as ſoon as I had prepared every thing for my journey, I ſent an advertiſement to the Daily Advertiſer in the following words.

"Wanted, an agreeable companion in a "poſt-chaiſe to Edinburgh. Enquire for the "re-

" reverend W. B. at the Green-Park coffee-
" houſe, Piccadilly. Note, the utmoſt expedi-
" tion will be neceſſary."

THE next morning, as I was reading a news-paper in the coffee-room, I heard a young gentleman, of a very modeſt and decent appearance, enquiring at the bar for the reverend Mr. W. B. I told him that I was the perſon, and calling for a couple of diſhes of coffee, we ſat down together, and entered upon the ſubject of the advertiſement. He aſſured me, that if his friends did not flatter him, he was a very agreeable companion; that he had buſineſs of conſequence to tranſact at Edinburgh; that he was particularly pleaſed to find by the advertiſement that I was a clergyman, having a great veneration for gentlemen of that function; that he had entertained thoughts of becoming one himſelf, was a near relation of the biſhop of ***, and though young as he appeared, he was never ſo happy as when engaged in ſerious converſation with a worthy divine. He was pleaſed to add, that he ſaw ſomething in my appearance which entitled me to that character, and that he did not doubt of being greatly edified during ſo long a journey. Many civilities paſſed on my ſide in return; and in the end it was agreed that we ſhould ſet out that very evening at ſix o'clock. He was punctual to his appointment, with a ſervant on horſeback, leading a handſome gelding for his maſter, who with two young gentlemen, his friends, were waiting for me at the inn. I could not help obſerving, while the chaiſe was getting ready, that theſe young gentlemen were taking a good deal of pains to ſtifle a laugh, which on our ſtepping into the carriage,

riage, they were no longer able to contain: but I made no remarks upon their behaviour, and we ſet out upon our journey.

We reached Ware that night, without any thing happening worthy of remark, except that we were ſtopt upon the road by two young gentlemen on horſeback, and interrupted in a very ſerious converſation, by their ſaluting my companion with "Z——ds, Jack! what playing "the ſaint, and travelling to heaven with a "parſon!" My fellow-traveller gave them a look of contempt, and after aſſuring them that he had not the honour of knowing them, and pulling up the glaſs, ordered the poſtillion to drive on.

Our evening at Ware was ſpent in remarks on the diſſoluteneſs of the times, and the indecent liberties that wild and profligate young fellows were every where taking with the clergy. After much ſerious diſcourſe, and moderate refreſhment, we retired to reſt. I ſlept longer than uſual in the morning, and no ſooner was I awake than I diſcovered, with equal confuſion and ſurprize, that I was in bed with a woman, who, as I attempted to get up, threw her arms about my neck, and compelled me to lie down. The ſtruggle and the noiſe I made upon this occaſion, together with the ſcreams of the woman, who ſtill held me faſt, alarmed the whole inn, and drew a crowd of ſpectators into the room, headed by my companion, and followed by a ſoldier, who called himſelf the huſband of the woman, ſwearing that he would have my heart's blood for corrupting the chaſtity of his wife. I pleaded my innocence to an unbelieving audience,

ence, while the woman accuſed me of having forced her againſt her will: pretending that it was her misfortune over-night to be a little in liquor, and that ſhe had miſtaken the room I lay in for her own.

To dwell no longer than is needful upon this diſgraceful affair, I was in the end compelled to give a guinea to the ſoldier, and afterwards to ſubmit with patience to the inſults of a mob, who ſurrounded the inn at our entrance into the poſt-chaiſe, and followed it with hootings to the very extremity of the town.

FROM the paſſive behaviour of my companion at the inn, and the demure looks that he now put on, I began to harbour a ſuſpicion of him not greatly to his advantage; and while I was deliberating in what manner to addreſs him, an accident happened, which at once threw him off his guard, and diſcovered to me, that inſtead of an agreeable companion, I was travelling with a fiend. This accident was the ſudden and violent over-turning of the poſt-chaiſe; upon which occaſion, though neither of us was hurt, he diſcharged ſuch a volley of curſes on the poſtillion, as made me tremble to hear him. I endeavoured to pacify him by the gentleſt admonitions, which inſtead of calming his anger, turned it all upon myſelf; and amidſt a thouſand oaths and imprecations, he vowed revenge upon my head, telling me that he hated a parſon as he hated old Nic; that he had bribed the ſoldier's whore to go to bed to me at the inn, and that he came out upon no other buſineſs than to play the devil with me all the way. I ſtood aghaſt at what I heard, and refuſed getting into the chaiſe

again; upon which a ſtruggle enſued, and blows paſſed between us; till by the aſſiſtance of his ſervant, and the knavery of the poſtillion, whom he gained over to his ſide with a whole handful of ſilver, I was thruſt into the chaiſe, and compelled to go on.

We had ſcarce travelled a mile before we overtook a couple of gypſies upon the road; one an old woman, the other a girl. They were all over rags and filth, and ſo intoxicated with liquor, that they reeled at every ſtep. My companion called to the poſtillion to ſtop, and after queſtioning theſe wretches about the way they were going, got out of the chaiſe, and told me, that he could not in charity ſet lolling at his eaſe, while two of the tender ſex were walking barefoot on the road; and that if I had no weighty objections, he would make the old lady an offer of his ſeat, and miſs, as he was pleaſed to call her, might with great conveniency ſit upon my knee. It was in vain for me to expoſtulate, or to attempt leaping after him: his ſervant held me faſt by the arm, while the maſter with great gravity and ceremony handed the creatures into the chaiſe, and then mounting his horſe, rode cloſe by its ſide, talking obſcenity to the wretches, and inſtructing them to behave to me in a manner not to be endured nor deſcribed.

In this manner we paſſed through the villages, and entered Royſton; the poſtillion being ordered to walk his horſes gently to the inn, that we might be followed by a mob, whom my companion called to at every turning to ſmoke the parſon and his doxies.

I STEPT

I STEPT from the chaiſe amidſt the hallooing of the rabble, and ran into a room, the door of which I locked. Here I determined to remain, or to fly to the magiſtrate for protection, had not my tormentor made his appearance at the window, telling me that as the joke was now at an end, and as he believed I had had enough of an agreeable companion, he had altered his intention of viſiting Scotland, and ſhould return to town that morning. I thanked him for the favour, but kept cloſe to my room, till I ſaw him with his ſervant ride out of the inn, and take the road to London. I then ordered ſome refreſhment to be brought me, and a poſt-chaiſe to be in readineſs; but how great was my aſtoniſhment, when feeling for my purſe, which contained forty guineas at my ſetting out, I found that my pockets had been rifled, and that I had not ſo much as a braſs farthing left me.

As it was no doubt with me that the gypſies had robbed me, I made immediate enquiry after them, but learnt that they had diſappeared on our arrival at the inn; and though the moſt diligent ſearch was made for them, they were no where to be found.

IT was now impoſſible for me to proceed; I therefore determined to be where I was, till I could receive a freſh ſupply from my wife, to whom I diſpatched a meſſenger with a letter, ſetting forth at large all the cruelties I had met with.

WHEN the meſſenger was gone, it occurred to me, that however ill my companion had uſed me, he could not be baſe enough to concert this robbery with the gypſies, and therefore

might be inclined to make up my loſs, upon knowing that I had ſuſtained it. For this reaſon I determined once more to tranſmit my complaints to the WORLD; that if the young gentleman has any one principle of honour remaining, he may ſend to Mr. Dodſley's the ſum I have been defrauded of. My demand upon him is for ſeven-and-thirty guineas, which unleſs he pays within ſix days after the publication of this letter, I will forthwith print his name in the news-papers, and proclaim to the public the injuries he has done me.

I HAVE another reaſon for giving you this trouble, which is, to caution all gentlemen for the future againſt advertiſing in the papers for an AGREEABLE COMPANION in a poſt chaiſe; as it conſoles me not a little, that I am enabled to make other people wiſe, even by my own miſfortunes.

I am,
SIR,
Your obliged
and moſt faithful ſervant,
W. B.

George inn at Royſton, July 16, 1756.

NUMB. 187. THURSDAY, *July* 29, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the grievances that your correſpondents have from time to time laid before you, I have met with no one ſituation that

bears any likeneſs to my own, or that deſerves your compaſſion and advice half ſo much. I am the brother of four ſiſters, am the eldeſt of my family, a freeman of the city of London, and by trade a ſhoemaker. My father enjoyed a ſmall place at court, which I believe, one year with another, brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds. My mother was deſcended from the third or fourth couſin of an attainted Scotch peer, was a lady's woman when my father married her, and brought with her a very large portion of pride, virtue, and fine breeding. My father, who before his marriage had held up his head very high as a courtier, was now of greater conſequence than ever, in the thought that by this happy match he had allied himſelf to nobility. My mother indeed had one great mortification to ſurmount, which was, that ſhe had not only contaminated her blood by marrying a plebeian, who was formerly a broken tallow-chandler in the city, but had changed her illuſtrious maiden name for the coarſe and vulgar appellation of Mrs. Laycock. She comforted herſelf however, on the firſt appearance of her pregnancy, that ſo odious a ſurname ſhould be qualified in her children with the genteeleſt and moſt elegant chriſtian names that hiſtory or romance could poſſibly ſupply. My father approved the thought; and no ſooner was I a fortnight old, than I was chriſtened with great pomp and grandeur, by the name of PTOLEMY. My eldeſt ſiſter, who came into the world a year after, was called WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, the ſecond PENTHESILEA, the third TELETHUSA, and the fourth HONORIA. There was alſo a ſecond ſon,

who died within the month, chriſtened AGAMEMNON.

WE were all of us trained up to regard theſe names as marks of ſuperiority over other children, and ſuch as would one time or other moſt certainly make our fortunes. If maſter PTOLEMY was naughty, he was not chid as a vulgar child, but admoniſhed with all the gentleneſs and forbearance due to ſo illuſtrious a name. If miſs WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, or her ſiſters miſs PENTHESILEA, miſs TELETHUSA, or miſs HONORIA forgot to hold up their heads, or were caught at romps with the boys, they were put in mind of their names, and inſtructed to act up to them. Our dreſſes were, if poſſible, as fantaſtic as our names, and the formality of our behaviour was of a piece with both. And though we were the plaineſt children in the world, and had not the leaſt probable chance of receiving a ſingle ſhilling to our portions, we were trained up to pride and idleneſs, and to turn up our noſes at all the Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, the Sukeys and Pollys, that were our ſuperiors in the neighbourhood.

THE neceſſary expences to ſupport all this pride and folly, were more than could be ſpared from the narrow income of my father: and maſter PTOLEMY, who was now eleven years old, muſt have been as totally uneducated as the miſſes his ſiſters, if my father's brother, who was a reputable ſhoemaker in the city, had not taken me into his care, and ſent me to St. Paul's ſchool at his own expence. To this accident of my life I owe my eſcape from ruin. I was called king PTOLEMY by all the boys, and ſo laughed at for my

my importance, that I ſoon grew aſhamed of my name; and at the end of three years, when my mother thought it high time for me to return to court, I choſe to accept of an offer my uncle had made me of becoming his apprentice, and entering into partnerſhip with him when my time was expired. My father's conſent was pretty eaſily obtained, as he found himſelf in an ill ſtate of health, and unable to provide for me: but my mother was inexorable. She conſidered that my great name would but ill ſuit with ſo low a calling; and when ſhe ſaw me determined, ſhe told me in a flood of tears at parting, I was the firſt PTOLEMY that ever made ſhoes.

FOR my own part, I had been ſo humbled at ſchool about my name, that I never afterwards wrote more than the firſt letter of it: and as P very luckily looked more like Philip than PTOLEMY, I have eſcaped the ridicule that would otherwiſe have been thrown upon me.

AT the end of my apprenticeſhip my uncle gave me his only daughter in marriage, and dying ſoon after, I ſucceeded to his trade and effects, and to a fortune in good debts and money, to the amount of four thouſand pounds.

MY mother, who had never thoroughly recovered the ſhock of her ſon PTOLEMY's diſgrace, died a few months after my uncle, and my father following her this ſummer, leaving to my ſiſters no other fortune than their names, which to my great ſorrow has not been quite ſo current in the world as to enable them to live upon it. To be as ſhort as I can, they were all thrown upon my hands, and are like to continue

with me as long as I live. But the misfortune is, that to keep my ſiſters from ſtarving, I muſt become a beggar myſelf; for the expences they bring, and the nothing they do, will not ſuffer me to go on. By their dreſſes, their names, and the airs of quality they give themſelves, I am rendered ridiculous among all my acquaintance. My wife, who is a very plain good woman, and whoſe name is Amey, has been new-chriſtened, and is called Amelia; and my little daughter, a child of a year old, is no longer Polly, but Maria. They are perpetually quarrelling with one another about the ſuperiority of their names; and becauſe the eldeſt ſiſter has two, and the others but one, they have entered into a combination to rob her of both, and almoſt to break her heart, by calling her miſs Laycock.

I HAVE ſhewn them the impoſſibility of my maintaining them much longer, and, as tenderly as I was able, propoſed their going into ſervice: but they told me with the utmoſt indignation, that whatever a ſhoemaker in the city might imagine to the contrary, the names of WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, PENTHESILEA, TELETHUSA, and HONORIA, were by no means ſervants names, and unleſs I found myſelf inclined to make a better proviſion for them, they ſhould continue where they were. Nay, my youngeſt ſiſter, miſs HONORIA, who thinks herſelf handſome, had the impudence to tell me, that if ever ſhe condeſcended to let out her perſon for hire, it ſhould be for other uſes than thoſe of a ſervant: to which miſs TELETHUSA was pleaſed to add, that indeed ſhe was entirely of miſs HONORIA's opinion;

opinion; for that the ſin of being a miſtreſs was not half ſo ſhocking to her as the ſhame of being a ſervant.

You will judge, ſir, how deſirous I am to rid the houſe of them, when I tell you that I have even offered to take a ſhop for them at the court end of the town, and to give each of them a hundred pounds to ſet up with in any way they ſhould chooſe: but their great names, forſooth, are not to be proſtituted upon ſhop-bills, whatever their brother PTOLEMY, the ſhoemaker, in his great zeal to ſerve them, may pleaſe humbly to conceive. Yet with theſe truly great names, that are not to be contaminated by trade or ſervice, they have condeſcended to rob my till two or three times; and no longer ago than laſt week, when I caught my eldeſt ſiſter in the fact, ſhe told me with great dignity, that it became her brother PTOLEMY to bluſh, at laying her under the neceſſity of doing an action that was ſo much beneath her.

I HAVE laid the whole affair before the miniſter of the pariſh, who has taken a great deal of pains to reaſon them into their ſenſes, but to no purpoſe: and unleſs you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are a travelled man, can direct them to any part of the globe, where great names, great pride, great indolence, and great poverty are the only qualifications that men look for in a wife, I muſt ſhut up ſhop in a few days, and leave miſs WILHELMINA CHARLOTTA, and the other miſſes her ſiſters, with their illuſtrious names, to go begging about the ſtreets. If you know of any ſuch place, and will do me the favour to

mention it in your next Thurſday's paper, you will ſave a whole family from ruin, and infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt ſorrowful
humble ſervant,
P. LAYCOCK.

THE caſe of my correſpondent is, I confeſs, a very hard one; and I wiſh with all my heart that I had diſcovered in my travels ſuch a country as he hints at. All the advice I can give him is, to ſend for the miniſter of the pariſh once more, and get his ſiſters re-baptized: for till they can be prevailed upon to have new names, it will be altogether impoſſible to give them new natures.

NUMB. 188. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 5, 1756.

THOUGH the firſt of the following letters bears a little hard upon the ladies, for whom I have always profeſſed a regard even to veneration, yet I am induced to give it a place in my paper, from the conſideration that if the complaint contained in it ſhould happen to have the leaſt foundation in truth, they may have an opportunity of adding another proof to the multitudes they are daily giving, that they want only to be told of their errors to amend them. Of the ſecond letter I ſhall ſay nothing more, than that the expedient propoſed in it to remove the evil complained of has my entire approbation.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WITH as much devotion for the fair as any man, and as high a ſenſe of the happineſs they are capable of imparting, I have reſolved to die an old batchelor; yet not in the leaſt determined by the ſtrongeſt arguments againſt matrimony, or the moſt faſhionable motives to a ſingle life. It is my misfortune to eſteem *delicacy*, *œconomy*, *modeſty*, and ſome of the qualifications conveyed under the idea of *notable*, as the moſt engaging ornaments of a well-bred woman. How unhappy then am I, that none of theſe ſhould be of repute in the preſent age!

I HAD once formed a deſign of tranſporting myſelf to Spain or China, for a lady of the *domeſtic* kind; but giving the preference to thoſe of my own country, I delayed my intention, till I ſhould ſee the influence your weekly admonitions were attended with. I am now ſorry to find, that notwithſtanding your cenſorial dignity, they have openly dared to perſiſt in thoſe faſhions you have ſo long oppoſed. An unaccountable propenſity to viſit public places, a general nakedneſs of ſhoulders, a remarkable bluffneſs of face, a loud voice, and a maſculine air, have lately gained much ground in the country; and I am apt to think I ſhall ſhortly ſee the necks and boſoms of my fair countrywomen painted with devices of birds and beaſts, in imitation of the ancient Britons, though they are now contented with plain white and red.

I HAVE obſerved, that as we are gradually retreating from the courage and greatneſs of our

ſex, the ladies are advancing with haſty ſtrides upon us; and whether we ſhall long maintain the pre-eminence, is a point much liable to diſpute.

I CANNOT but ſuſpect them of entertaining deſigns of invading the province of man; and though I acknowledge their boundleſs power, I never was formed to obey, and cannot think of ſubmiſſion. But admitting that the preſent generation of beauties are totally unfit for wives, except to thoſe gentle minds who would think themſelves honoured by having their thouſands ſpent in the genteeleſt manner, yet in another capacity they might be made of the greateſt ſervice to their country. When I ſee their hair tied in a knot behind, or either hanging down in a ramellie, or folded up in ribbons, I cannot but look on them as the fair defenders of Britain, on whoſe gallantry I ſhould rather chooſe to rely, than on all the boaſted proweſs of our military beaux. On this footing I can excuſe them for ſacrificing the thouſand nameleſs powers of pleaſing which nature has inveſted them with, for the powers of deſtroying, and conſent to their changing the darts of Cupid for the armour of Mars. Whatever magazines of lightning are laid up in their bright eyes, I hope they will blaze out on this occaſion.

IF it ſhould be objected that we ought to have proofs of their valour, and that a big look may be conſiſtent with a faint heart; I anſwer, that there can be no great reaſon to doubt the bravery of thoſe, who have made it one of their firſt maxims "never to be afraid of a man:" and beſides, that

natural

natural love of conqueſt which poſſeſſes every individual of the female world, would animate them forward to the boldeſt enterprizes. I would rather propoſe, that the more gay and airy of them ſhould be diſtributed into a body of flying light-horſe; the Gadabouts would make an excellent company of foragers; the more delicate of them would ſerve to carry the colours, and the ſight of them would inſpire the ſoldiers with unequalled reſolution and courage. Thus they might all be diſpoſed in ranks and ſtations ſuitable to their reſpective merits, diſtinctions, and qualifications, from the firſt lady of quality to the loweſt belle in the country village. I ſhould alſo adviſe, that a ſufficient number of female tranſports ſhould be ſent to the relief of our garriſons abroad, if it was not from my apprehenſions that they would not be able to ſuſtain a long ſiege, and might perhaps be captivated by the immenſe fineneſs of an embroidered knight of the order of St. Louis. I have only one circumſtance more to mention to excite their zeal, which is, that they muſt be obliged to content themſelves with their own invented faſhions, till the ſucceſſes of their arms ſhall oblige the French to accept of our wealth for thoſe that are à la mode de Paris.

If this propoſal be agreeable to your judgment, I hope you will ſecond it by the warmeſt encouragements. May we not exult in the proſpect of that glorious career of ſucceſs which muſt attend an army of heroines, bred to a contempt of danger, and trained up from infancy itſelf to the moſt intimate acquaintance with *balls*, *drums*, *routs*, *hurricanes*, and the like?

I am Sir, *Your humble ſervant*,

A. Singleton.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I HAVE a complaint to lay before you, which, to the beſt of my memory, you have not hitherto touched upon. The ground of my complaint, ſir, is this. News, you know, never was more fluctuating than at this moment. What we are told at breakfaſt is contradicted by noon, and that again is old by dinner; the dinner-tale ſcarcely laſts till coffee, and all is found to be falſe before night. And yet, ſir, there are a ſet of wiſe men, who are always ſatisfied with the laſt tale, and conſtantly aſſure you they were all along of that opinion. "Lord, ſir, I knew it muſt be ſo:" "how could it be otherwiſe? I always ſaid ſo:" and though accounts vary to-morrow, it does not at all affect them; for to-morrow they will have been all along perfectly well acquainted with juſt the contrary to what they knew ſo well to-day. This everlaſting knowledge and ſecret intelligence is really, ſir, a moſt provoking inſult on us poor things, who are not ſo knowing. If I am wrong to-day, my friend is wrong to-morrow, and that puts us on an equality; but theſe people, who are always ſure to be of the right opinion, becauſe they have no opinion at all, are not to be endured.

BUT it is one thing to complain, and another to redreſs: and unleſs I thought I had ſome method to remedy the evil, I would not complain of it. The remedy I would propoſe is ſimply this: that the term *I* be for ever excluded all converſations. There is not, perhaps, one ſingle impertinence or foppery in diſcourſe, that is not imputable to that ſame little letter *I*. The old man,

man, going to repeat the lie he has talked himſelf into a belief of, cries, *I* remember when *I* was young. The maiden of fifty bleſſes her ſtars, and ſays, *I* was not ſuch a flirt. The bold colonel tells you, *I* led on the men, *I* entered the breach. The rake, *I* debauched ſuch a girl, *I* drank down ſuch a fellow. Now, ſir, fond as people are of being fooliſh, they would even conſent to be wiſe, if it was not confining their follies to their own dear perſons. The old man's dull ſtory is only to let you ſee what *he* was himſelf. The maiden gentlewoman only means to exemplify her own modeſty, and does not care a pin for all the frailties of her neighbours, but that ſhe has thereby an opportunity of telling you how virtuous ſhe herſelf is. The ſoldier never tells you of a campaign, but the one he was himſelf in. The rake never tells you of any follies but his own; and the wiſe man I complained of in the beginning of my letter, never tells you Mr. Such-a-one always thought ſo, or Mr. Somebody always ſaid ſo, but *I* always thought ſo, *I* always ſaid ſo. Let me therefore intreat you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to forbid the uſe of this monoſyllable, and you will much oblige,

SIR, *Your friend, &c.*

W.

NUMB. 189. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 12, 1756.

WE are accuſed by the French, and perhaps but too juſtly, of having no word in our language, which anſwers to their word *police*,

police, which therefore we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they ſay, the thing.

IT does not occur to me that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the ſame reaſon) to expreſs the ideas which they comprehend under their word *les mœurs*. Manners are too little, morals too much. I ſhould define it thus; *a general exterior decency, fitneſs, and propriety of conduct in the common intercourſe of life.*

CICERO in his Offices, makes uſe of the word *decorum* in this ſenſe, to expreſs what he tells us the Greeks ſignified by their word (I will not ſhock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *To Prepon.*

THE thing however is unqueſtionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, diſtinguiſhed or miſtaken; it ſhall therefore be the ſubject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occaſion I ſhall adopt the word *decorum.*

BUT as I have ſome private reaſons for deſiring not to leſſen the ſale of theſe my lucubrations, I muſt premiſe, that notwithſtanding this ſerious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a ſcheme of intereſt which I mean to communicate, and which, if the ſuppoſed characteriſtic of the preſent age be true, muſt, I ſhould apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I TAKE it for granted that the moſt ſenſible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of faſhion, purſue ſingly their own intereſts and pleaſures; that they deſire as far as poſſible to enjoy them excluſively, and to avail themſelves of

of the ſimplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the ſame ſtrength of mind, nor the ſame advantages of education. Now it is certain that nothing would more contribute to that deſirable end, than a ſtrict obſervance of this *decorum*, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the ſolid enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity, and prevents ſcandal, and bad example. It is a ſort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of its ſuperiority; but according to our preſent conſtitution, is the eaſy price of freedom, not the tribute of vaſſalage.

THOSE who would be reſpected by others, muſt firſt reſpect themſelves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character, commands reſpect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exerciſe and oſtentation of vice, has all the contrary effects.

THE middle claſs of people in this country, though generally ſtraining to imitate their betters, have not yet ſhaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them ſtill believe in a Supreme Being, in a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, and retain ſome coarſe, home-ſpun notions of moral good and evil. The rational ſyſtem of materialiſm has not yet reached them; and in my opinion, it may be full as well it never ſhould; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preſerving a due ſubordination from inferiors to ſuperiors, which an equality of profligacy muſt totally deſtroy.

A FAIR

A FAIR character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-ſcrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general tranſactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it muſt be in the courſe of the year, amounts to a very conſiderable object.

To proceed to a few inſtances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promiſe leſs, and perform more, he would acquire ſuch a degree of truſt and confidence, as would enable him to ſtrike on a ſudden, and with ſucceſs, ſome ſplendid ſtroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himſelf and his party.

A PATRIOT, of all people, ſhould be a ſtrict obſerver of this *decorum*, if he would (as it is to be preſumed he would) bear a good price at the court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handſome ſettlement for life; but if his proſtitution be flagrant, he is only made uſe of in caſes of the utmoſt neceſſity, and even then only by cullies. I muſt obſerve by the bye, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and conſequently they do not ſell quite ſo well.

FEW maſters of families are, I ſhould preſume, deſirous to be robbed indiſcriminately by all their ſervants; and as ſervants in general are more afraid of the devil, and leſs of the gallows, than of their maſters, it ſeems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholeſome fear, either by their examples, or their philoſophical diſſertations,

tions, exploding in their preſence, though ever ſo juſtly, all the idle notions of future puniſhments, or of moral good and evil. At preſent, honeſt faithful ſervants rob their maſters conſcientiouſly only in their reſpective ſtations; but take away thoſe checks and reſtraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will ſoon rob indiſcriminately, and out of their ſeveral departments; which would probably create ſome little confuſion in families, eſpecially in numerous ones.

I CANNOT omit obſerving, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; ſuch as ſeeming to take a tender and affectionate part, in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readineſs and alacrity to ſerve them, in things of little conſequence to them, and of none at all to you. Theſe attentions bring in good intereſt; the weak and the ignorant miſtake them for the real ſentiments of your heart, and give you their eſteem and friendſhip in return. The wiſe indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which however there is no loſs; ſo that upon the whole, this commerce, ſkilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

IN all my ſchemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may ariſe from them to my fair fellow-ſubjects, for whom I have the tendereſt and moſt unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, moſt earneſtly to recommend to them the ſtricteſt obſervance of this *decorum*. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank, cannot have too many real vices; but at the ſame time, I do

inſiſt

inſiſt upon it, that it is eſſentially her intereſt, not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confeſs, will conceal her conqueſts, and prevent her triumphs; but on the other hand, if ſhe will be pleaſed to reflect that thoſe conqueſts are known, ſooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, ſhe will not upon an average find herſelf a loſer. There are indeed ſome huſbands of ſuch humane and hoſpitable diſpoſitions, that they ſeem determined to ſhare all their happineſs with their friends and acquaintance; ſo that with regard to ſuch huſbands ſingly, this *decorum* were uſeleſs: but the far greater number are of a churliſh and uncommunicative diſpoſition, troubleſome upon bare ſuſpicions, and brutal upon proofs. Theſe are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and impriſonment at the dreadful manſion-ſeat, notwithſtanding the moſt ſolemn proteſtations and oaths, backed with the moſt moving tears, that nothing really criminal has paſſed. But it muſt be owned, that of all negatives, that is much the hardeſt to be proved.

THOUGH deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amuſement in itſelf, it is however, as things are yet conſtituted, a great breach, nay perhaps the higheſt violation poſſible of the *decorum* in the fair ſex. If generally fortunate, it induces ſome ſuſpicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and in this latter caſe, the ways and means for raiſing the ſupplies neceſſary for the current year, are ſometimes ſuppoſed to be unwarrantable. But what is ſtill much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will diſfigure the fineſt face in the world, and

cauſe

cauſe moſt ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game, ſuddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep ſtake at Bragg or Commerce, almoſt make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the ſweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, ſome murmured oaths, which though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, ſeemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

ANOTHER ſingular advantage which will ariſe to my fair countrywomen of diſtinction from the obſervance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want ſome creditable led captain to attend them at a minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known ſome women of extreme condition, who by neglecting the *decorum*, had flatterned away their characters to ſuch a degree, as to be obliged upon thoſe emergencies to take up with mere toad eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies, I beg leave to repreſent, that this *decorum* will make a difference of at leaſt five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The huſband-like men are a ſet of aukward fellows with good eſtates, and who not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay ſome ſtreſs upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their eſtates and titles. Theſe are to be caught only

only by *les mœurs*; the hook muſt be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I MUST own that it ſeems too ſevere to deny young ladies the innocent amuſements of the preſent times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I ſhould preſume that *tête à têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places leſs public than Kenſington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the ſtreets of London.

HAVING thus combined, as I flatter myſelf that I have, the ſolid enjoyments of vice, with the uſeful appearances of virtue, I think myſelf entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that juſt praiſe which Horace gives to the author, *qui miſcuit utile dulci*; or in Engliſh, who joins the uſeful with the agreeable.

NUMB. 190. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 19, 1756.

I CAN remember, when I was a young many at the univerſity, being ſo much affected with that very pathetic ſpeech, which Ovid has put into the mouth of Pythagoras, againſt eating the fleſh of animals, that it was ſome time before I could bring myſelf to our college mutton again without ſome inward doubt whether I was not making myſelf an accomplice to a murder. My ſcruples remained unreconciled to the committing ſo horrid a meal, till upon ſerious reflection I became convinced of its legality, from the

the general order of nature, who has inſtituted the univerſal preying upon the weaker as one of her firſt principles; though to me it has ever appeared an incomprehenſible myſtery, that ſhe who could not be reſtrained by any want of materials from furniſhing ſupplies for the ſupport of her various offspring, ſhould lay them under the neceſſity of devouring one another.

But though this reflection had force enough to diſpythagorize me, before my companions had time to make obſervations upon my behaviour, which could by no means have turned to my advantage in the world, I for a great while retained ſo tender a regard for all my fellow-creatures, that I have ſeveral times brought myſelf into imminent peril, by my attempts to reſcue perſecuted cats from the hands and teeth of their worryers; by endeavouring to prevent the engagement of dogs, who had manifeſtly no quarrel of their own; and by putting butchers boys in mind, that as their ſheep were going to die, they walked full as faſt as could be reaſonably expected, without the cruel blows they were ſo liberal in beſtowing upon them. As I commonly came off by the worſt in theſe diſputes, and as I could not but obſerve that I often aggravated, never diminiſhed, the ill treatment of theſe innocent ſufferers, I ſoon found it neceſſary to conſult my own eaſe, as well as ſecurity, by turning down another ſtreet, whenever I met with an adventure of this kind, rather than be compelled to be a ſpectator of what would ſhock me, or be provoked to run myſelf into danger, without the leaſt advantage to thoſe whom I would aſſiſt.

I have

I HAVE kept ſtrictly ever ſince to this method of flying from the ſight of cruelty, whenever I could find ground-room for it: and I make no manner of doubt, that I have more than once eſcaped the horns of a mad ox, as all of that ſpecies are called, that do not *chuſe* to be tormented as well as killed. But on the other hand, theſe eſcapes of mine have very frequently run me into great inconveniencies: I have ſometimes been led into ſuch a ſeries of blind alleys, that it has been matter of great difficulty to me to find my way out of them. I have been betrayed by my hurry into the middle of a market, the proper reſidence of inhumanity. I have paid many a ſix-and-eight-pence for non-appearance at the hour my lawyer had appointed for buſineſs; and, what would hurt ſome people worſe than all the reſt, I have frequently arrived too late for the dinners I have been invited to at the houſes of my friends.

ALL theſe difficulties and diſtreſſes, I began to flatter myſelf, were going to be removed, and that I ſhould be left at liberty to purſue my walks through the ſtraiteſt and broadeſt ſtreets, when Mr. Hogarth firſt publiſhed his prints upon the ſubject of cruelty; but whatever ſucceſs ſo much ingenuity, founded upon ſo much humanity, might deſerve, all the hopes I had built of ſeeing a reformation proved vain and fruitleſs. I am ſorry to ſay it, but there ſtill remain in the ſtreets of this metropolis more ſcenes of barbarity than perhaps are to be met with in all Europe beſides. Aſia is too well known for compaſſion to brutes; and nobody who has read Buſbequius, will wonder at me for moſt heartily

heartily wiſhing, that our common people were no crueller than Turks.

I SHOULD have apprehenſions of being laughed at, were I to complain of want of compaſſion in our law; the very word ſeeming contradictory to any idea of it; but I will venture to own that to me it appears ſtrange, that the man againſt whom I ſhould be enabled to bring an action for laying a little dirt at my door, may with impunity drive by it half a dozen calves, with their tails lopped cloſe to their bodies, and their hinder parts covered with blood. He muſt have a paſſion for neatneſs not to be envied, who does not think this a greater nuiſance than the ſight of a few cinders.

I KNOW not whether it is from the clergy's having looked upon this ſubject as too trivial for their notice, that we find them more ſilent upon it than could be wiſhed: for as ſlaughter is at preſent no branch of the prieſthood, it is to be preſumed they have as much compaſſion as other men. The Spectator has exclaimed againſt the cruelty of roaſting lobſters alive, and of whipping pigs to death: but the misfortune is, the writings of an Addiſon are ſeldom read by cooks and butchers. As to the thinking part of mankind, it has always been convinced, I believe, that however conformable to the general rule of nature our devouring animals may be (for I would not be underſtood to impeach, what is our only viſible prerogative as lords of the creation, an unbounded licence of teeth) we are nevertheleſs under indelible obligations to prevent their ſuffering any degree of pain, more than is abſolutely unavoidable. But this conviction lies

in ſuch hands, that I fear not one poor creature in a million has ever fared the better for it, and I believe never will; ſince people of condition, the only ſource from whence this pity is to flow, are ſo far from inculcating it to thoſe beneath them, that a very few winters ago, they ſuffered themſelves to be entertained at a public theatre by the performances of an unhappy company of animals, who could only have been made actors by the utmoſt energy of whipcord and ſtarving.

I ACKNOWLEDGE my tenderneſs to be particularly affected in favour of ſo faithful and uſeful a creature as a dog; an animal ſo approaching to us in ſenſe, ſo dependent upon us for ſupport, and ſo peculiarly the friend of man, that he deſerves the kindeſt and moſt gentle uſage. For no leſs than the whole race of theſe animals I have been under the greateſt alarms, ever ſince the tax upon dogs was firſt reported to be in agitation. I thought it a little hard indeed, that a man ſhould be taxed for having one creature in his houſe in which he might confide; but when I heard that officers were to be appointed, to knock out the brains of all theſe honeſt domeſtics, who ſhould preſume to make their appearance in the ſtreets without the paſſport of their maſter's name about their necks, I became ſeriouſly concerned for them.

THIS enmity againſt dogs is pretended to be founded upon the apprehenſion of their going mad: but an eaſier remedy might be applied by aboliſhing the cuſtom (with many others equally ingenious) of tying bottles and ſtones to their tails; by which means (and in this one particular

lar I muſt give up my clients) the unfortunate ſufferer becomes ſubject to the perſecutions of his own ſpecies, too apt to join the run againſt a brother in diſtreſs. But great allowance ſhould be made for an animal, who in an intimacy of near ſix thouſand years with man, has learnt but one of his bad qualities.

To conclude this ſubject, as I cannot but join in opinion with Mr. Hogarth, that the frequency of murders among us is greatly owing to thoſe ſcenes of cruelty, which the lower ranks of people are ſo much accuſtomed to, inſtead of multiplying ſuch ſcenes, I ſhould rather hope that ſome proper method might be fixed upon, either for preventing them, or removing them out of ſight; ſo that our infants might not grow up into the world in a familiarity with blood. If we may believe the naturaliſts, that a lion is a gentle animal till his tongue has been dipped in blood, what precaution ought we to uſe to prevent MAN from being inured to it, who has ſuch ſuperiority of power to do miſchief.

NUMB. 191. THURSDAY, *Aug.* 26, 1756.

Difficile eſt Satiram non ſcribere. JUV.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT has always appeared to me that there is ſomething extremely abſurd in a general ſatire; for as it will always inſtruct vanity how to ſhun, and enable impudence to reject its appli-

cation, I cannot diſcover that it is likely to anſwer any better purpoſe, than that of giving encouragement to rogues, and adminiſtering comfort to fools.

THIS ſpecies of writing is by no means of modern invention, and conſequently can have no eſſential connection with the reigning manners of the preſent times. If we examine the ſatiriſts of any other age, we ſhall find that they have all unanimouſly followed the examples of their father Simonides, and repreſented the human ſpecies in a very unnatural light; nor do I think it poſſible for any one to diſplay his talents this way, without having recourſe to the ſame expedient. From hence I would infer, that the deſcription of a monſtrous character, in thoſe early days of ſimplicity and innocence, was conſidered only as an ingenious piece of invention, and that their falſe notion of wit was the ſole occaſion of their giving into ſuch a ridiculous cuſtom. And this, as I take it, will be ſufficient to account for its being ſo faſhionable with us at this time, though there be manifeſtly no other reaſon for our admitting it, than becauſe we are pleaſed to fancy the judgment of the ancients, and love to copy indiſcriminately from all their models with a ſervile veneration. But ſuppoſing this to be a true repreſentation of the caſe before us, and that men of wit never ſatirize with any offenſive deſign, but purely for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities; yet what ſhall we ſay for thoſe churliſh malecontents, who pretend to write ſatire, with no other earthly talent for it than rank malevolence? Why truly, it is to be feared, they have no leſs exaſperating a reaſon

ſon for reviling all mankind, than becauſe they are deſervedly deſpiſed by every body that knows them. For as it is abſurd to ſuppoſe that a man who has always been very civilly treated by the world, ſhould have any inclination to fall out with it in good earneſt, ſo every worthleſs fellow who has been juſtly mortified by its contempt or averſion, will naturally be provoked to expoſe himſelf to its utmoſt deriſion, by a ſilly attempt to retaliate the inſult. And hence it is, if a few ſplenetic conceited wretches are not careſſed up to the extravagant expectation of their own imaginary deſerts, they ſhall immediately vent their reſentment in all thoſe alarming exclamations, which have, with equal propriety, been echoed through every century of the world. Then forſooth, that utter neglect of merit, which has been the conſtant reproach of every other age, ſhall once more be the peculiar infamy of this; then we ſhall be ſunk again into the very dregs of time, and ſhall at length be moſt aſſuredly filling up that aſtoniſhing meaſure of iniquity, which has been juſt on the very brink of being completed, ever ſince the firſt judicial infliction of an univerſal deluge.

It is very remarkable that this whim of degeneracy has always been moſt prevalent in the moſt refined and enlightened ages, and that it has conſtantly increaſed in exact proportion with the progreſs of arts and ſciences. Every conſiderate perſon therefore, upon ſuch a diſcovery, will of courſe be inclined to conſider all invectives againſt the corruption of the preſent times, as ſo many convincing teſtimonies of our real im-

improvement. I find, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is your opinion that the experience of our anceſtors has not been entirely thrown away upon us, and that the world is likely to grow better and wiſer the longer it laſts. I muſt own I am entirely of your way of thinking, and ſhould be very ready to declare, was I not afraid of offending your modeſty, how much benefit it is likely to receive from your weekly inſtructions.

To thoſe who are ſequeſtered from the more crowded ſcenes of life, and muſt therefore find themſelves foreſtalled almoſt on every ſubject, but ſuch as the private fund of their own imaginations can furniſh them with; to thoſe, I ſay, it may ſeem very ſurpriſing that you ſhould be able to procure ſo many freſh materials for the gratification of their curioſity. But the fancy of the polite multitude is inexhauſtibly fertile; and they who are converſant with it at this time, will be ſo far from imagining that you are diſtreſſed for want of novelty, that they will rather think it impoſſible for the nimbleſt pen to keep pace with its innovations. The only thing that can give them any ſurpriſe is, that you ſhould ſtill be catching at every recent folly that comes in your way, when they can ſupply you with ſuch a plentiful crop of new and unheard-of virtues. I am aware that new virtues will ſound a little odd to ſome preciſe formal creatures, who have conceived a ſtrange notion that all the virtues muſt eternally and invariably reſult from ſome certain unintelligible principles, which are called the relations and fitneſſes of things. But ſurely no man in his ſenſes would ever refuſe to vary the faſhion of his morals, if the taſte of the-

times

times required it: for it would be abſurd to the laſt degree, to ſuppoſe that it is not altogether as reaſonable to dreſs out our manners to the beſt advantage, as to wear any external ornament for the recommendation of our perſons; and not only becauſe the common practice of the world will juſtify our uſing as much art in managing the former as the latter, but becauſe it is difficult to conceive that there ſhould be any more eſſential harm in new modelling a habit of the mind, than in altering the trim of a coat or waiſtcoat.

AND really it is aſtoniſhing to think what an advantage our preſent improved ſtate of morality has over all the ancient ſyſtems of virtue. If barely to avoid vice has been generally reckoned the beginning of virtue, to convert vice itſelf into virtue, muſt needs border very nearly on the very perfection of merit. And can any one pretend to deny but that many practices, which in times paſt were branded with infamy, have at length, by our ingenious contrivances, been transformed into the moſt reputable accompliſhments? A great wit of the laſt age having aſked, by way of a problem, why it was much more difficult to ſay any thing new in a panegyric than in a ſatire, endeavoured to account for it himſelf, by obſerving that all the virtues of mankind were to be counted upon few fingers, whereas their vices were innumerable, and time was hourly adding to the heap. But a late moraliſt has been ſo obliging as to make a great diminution in the number of our vices, and withal ſo ingenious, as to inliſt the greateſt part of them into the catalogue of virtues; ſo that at preſent a

copious lampoon ought to be looked upon as a work of amazing invention, and a trite or barren dedication as the effect only of dulneſs. I will not pretend to propheſy to what an eminent degree of perfection this double advantage muſt in time advance us. It is certain that we have at preſent but few vices left for us to encounter with; and as I have reaſon to believe, that it is their names chiefly which make them formidable, I think it would be very prudent firſt of all to give their characters a little ſoftening: for could we but once bring ourſelves to look upon them with indifference, I make no doubt but we ſhould ſoon be able, either to extirpate them entirely, or, at leaſt, to gain them over with the reſt of their party to the ſide of virtue.

SOME travellers, indeed, have endeavoured to make us believe, that many of our modern virtues have been long ſince practiſed in ſome other parts of the world: but let them talk of the Mengrelians, Topinambo's, and Hottentots as much as they pleaſe, yet I am ſatisfied that we have made more refinements, if not more diſcoveries, than any of them; and that we are ſtill cultivating many curious tracts in the regions of virtue, which, in all likelihood, without our aſſiſtance, muſt have for ever remained in the terra incognita of morals.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

NUMB.

NUMB. 192. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 2, 1756.

IN all my reſearches into the human heart (the ſtudy of which has taken up my principal attention for theſe forty years paſt) I have never been ſo confounded and perplexed as at diſcovering, that while people are indulging themſelves openly and without diſguiſe in the commiſſion of almoſt every vice that their natures incline them to, they ſhould deſire to conceal their virtues, as if they were really aſhamed of them, and conſidered them as ſo many weakneſſes in their conſtitutions. I know a man at this very hour, who is in his heart the moſt domeſtic creature living, and whoſe wife and children are the only delight of his life, yet who, for fear of being laughed at by his acquaintance, and to get a reputation in the world, is doing penance every evening at the tavern, and perpetually hinting to his companions that he has a miſtreſs in private. I am acquainted with another, who being overheard upon a ſick-bed, to recommend himſelf to the care of Heaven in a ſhort ejaculation, was ſo aſhamed at being told of it, that he pleaded light-headedneſs for his excuſe, proteſting that he could not poſſibly have been in his right ſenſes, and guilty of ſuch a weakneſs. I know alſo a third, who from a ſerious turn of mind, goes to church every Sunday in a part of the town where he is totally unknown, that he may recommend himſelf to his acquaintance, by laugh-

ing at public worſhip, and ridiculing the parſons.

THERE are men who are ſo fond of the reputation of an intrigue with a handſome married woman; that without the leaſt paſſion for the object of their purſuit, or perhaps the ability to gratify it if they had, are toaſting her in all companies, purſuing her to every public place, and eternally buzzing in her ear, to convince the world that they are in poſſeſſion of a happineſs, which if offered to them, would only end in their diſappointment and diſgrace. And what is ſtill more unaccountable, the lady, thus purſued, who poſſibly prefers her huſband to all other men, ſhould countenance by her behaviour the ſuſpicions entertained of her: and contenting herſelf with the ſecret conſciouſneſs of her innocence, ſhall take pains to be thought infamous by the whole town.

THAT there are perſons of a different ſtamp from theſe, I very readily allow; perſons who determine to pay themſelves by pleaſure for the ſcandal they have occaſioned. But it is really my opinion, that if the maſk were taken off, we ſhould find more virtues and fewer vices to exiſt among us, than are commonly imagined by thoſe who judge only from appearances.

A VERY ingenious French writer, ſpeaking of the force of cuſtom and example, makes the following remarks upon his countrymen.

"A MAN," ſays he, "of good ſenſe and good "nature ſpeaks ill of the abſent, becauſe he "would not be deſpiſed by thoſe who are pre-"ſent. Another would be honeſt, humane, "and without pride, if he was not afraid of be-"ing

" ing ridiculous; and a third becomes really " ridiculous, through ſuch qualities as would " make him a model of perfection, if he dared " to exert them, and aſſume his juſt merits. In " a word," continues he, " our vices are artificial " as well as our virtues, and the frivolouſneſs " of our characters permits us to be but imper- " fectly what we are. Like the play-things we " give our children, we are only a faint reſem- " blance of what we would appear. Accord- " ingly we are eſteemed by other nations only " as the petty toys and trifles of ſociety. The " firſt law of our politeneſs regards the women. " A man of the higheſt rank owes the utmoſt " complaiſance to a woman of the very loweſt " condition, and would bluſh for ſhame, and " think himſelf ridiculous in the higheſt degree, " if he offered her any perſonal inſult. And yet " ſuch a man may deceive and betray a woman " of merit, and blacken her reputation, without " the leaſt apprehenſion either of blame or pu- " niſhment."

I HAVE quoted theſe remarks that I might do juſtice to the candour of the Frenchman who wrote them, and at the ſame time vindicate my countrymen (unaccountable as they are) from the unjuſt imputation of being more ridiculous and abſurd than the reſt of mankind.

IN France every married woman of condition intrigues openly; and it is thought the higheſt breach of French politeneſs for the huſband to interfere in any of her pleaſures. A man may be called to an account for having ſeduced his friend's ſiſter or daughter, becauſe it may be preſumed he has carried his point by a promiſe

of marriage; but with a married woman the caſe is quite different, as her gallant can only have applied to her inclinations, or gratified the longings of a lady, whom it had been infamy to have refuſed.

THERE is a ſtory of a Frenchman, which as I have only heard once, and the majority of my readers perhaps never, I ſhall beg leave to relate. A banker at Paris, who had a very handſome wife, invited an Engliſh gentleman, with whom he had ſome money tranſactions, to take a dinner with him at his country-houſe. Soon after dinner the Frenchman was called out upon his buſineſs, and his friend left alone with the lady, who to his great ſurprize, from being the eaſieſt and gayeſt woman imaginable, ſcarcely condeſcended to give an anſwer to any of his queſtions; and at laſt, ſtarting from her chair, and ſurveying him for ſome time with a look of indignation and contempt, ſhe gave him a hearty box on the ear, and ran furiouſly out of the room. While the Engliſhman was ſtroking his face, and endeavouring to penetrate into this myſterious behaviour, the huſband returned; and finding his friend alone, and enquiring into the reaſon, was told the whole ſtory. What, ſir, ſays he, did ſhe ſtrike you? How did you entertain her? With the common occurrences of the town, anſwered the Engliſhman; nothing more, I aſſure you. And did you offer no rudeneſs to her, returned the other? No, upon my honour, replied the friend. She has behaved as ſhe ought, then, ſaid the Frenchman: for to be alone with a fine woman, and to make no attempt upon her virtue, is an affront to her beauty; and

ſhe

ſhe has reſented the indignity as became a woman of ſpirit.

I AM prevented from returning to the ſubject of this paper, by a letter which I have juſt now received by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall lay before my readers exactly as it was ſent me.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

WALKING up St. James's ſtreet the other day, I was ſtopt by a very ſmart young female, who begged my pardon for her boldneſs, and looking very innocently in my face, aſked me if I did not know her. The manner of her accoſting me, and the extreme prettineſs of her figure, made me look at her with attention; and I ſoon recollected that ſhe had been a ſervant girl of my wife's, who had taken her from the country, and after keeping her three years in her ſervice, had diſmiſſed her about two months ago. "What, "Nanny," ſaid I, "is it you? I never ſaw "any body ſo fine in all my life." "O, ſir!" ſays ſhe, (with the moſt innocent ſmile imaginable, bridling her head, and curt'ſying down to the ground) "I have been debauched ſince I "lived with my miſtreſs." "Have you ſo, Mrs. "Nanny?" ſaid I: "And pray, child, who is "it that has debauched you?" "O, ſir!" ſays ſhe, "one of the worthieſt gentlemen in the "world, and he has bought me a new negligée "for every day in the week." The girl preſſed me earneſtly to go and look at her lodgings, which ſhe aſſured me were hard by in Bury-ſtreet, and as fine as a ducheſs's; but I declined her offer, knowing that any arguments of mine in favour of virtue and ſtuff-gowns, would avail

vail but little againſt pleaſure and ſilk negligées. I therefore contented myſelf with expreſſing my concern for the way of life ſhe had entered into, and bad her farewell.

BEING a man inclined to ſpeculate a little, as often as I think of the finery of this girl, and the reaſon alledged for it, I cannot help fancying, whenever I fall in company with a pretty woman, dreſſed out beyond her viſible circumſtances, patched, painted, and ornamented to the extent of the mode, that ſhe is going to make me her beſt curt'ſy, and to tell me, O, ſir! I have been debauched ſince I kept good company.

BUT though this excuſe for finery was given me by a woman, I believe it may with equal propriety be applied to the men. Fine places, fine fortunes, fine houſes, and fine things of all kinds, are too often purchaſed at the expence of honeſty; and I ſeldom ſee a plain country gentleman turned courtier, and bowing in a fine coat at the levees of great men, whoſe looks do not tell me that he is come to town to be debauched.

I COULD wiſh, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that from theſe rude hints, you would favour your readers with a ſpeculation upon this ſubject, which would be highly entertaining to all, and particularly obliging to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. D.

NUMB.

NUMB. 193. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 9, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS I have a ſingular favour to beg of you, I think it proper to preface my requeſt with ſome account of myſelf.

I AM at preſent one of the numerous fraternity of DISTRESSED GENTLEMEN; a diſconſolate being, daily contending betwixt pride and poverty; a mournful relick of miſ-ſpent youth; a walking dial, with two hands pointing to the loſt hours; and having been long ago tired with putting my fingers into empty pockets, am at laſt deſirous of employing them in ſoliciting the aſſiſtance and recommendation of the WORLD.

I WAS bred at a great public ſchool, not far from this metropolis, where I acquired a knowledge of the claſſics and the town ſuperior to my years. From this ſchool I was tranſmitted to a renowned college in a celebrated univerſity, from whence my dull and phlegmatic cotemporaries have ſlid into the greateſt preferments in church and ſtate. They contented themſelves indeed with going on a jog trot in the common road of application and patience, while I galloped with ſpirit through ways leſs confined, till at laſt I found myſelf benighted in a maze of debts and diſtreſſes. However, as I continued to adorn my mind with the moſt elevated ſentiments of ancient and modern poetry, I was the moſt ſanguine of all mortals, never once doubt-

ing but that the time would ſhortly arrive, when I was to be loaded with fortune, and diſtinguiſhed by honours. I looked upon avarice as the meaneſt of vices, and therefore rooted it from my boſom. I conſidered friendſhip as the nobleſt of virtues, and therefore became the friend of every-body. Impudence I diſcarded, and called in modeſty and humility to be my counſellors. Thus generous, friendly, modeſt, and humble, I was placed by my friends in the Inner Temple. But I quickly diſcovered that my acquired virtues, and uncommon knowledge, were ſo many impediments to the ſtudy of the law; a profeſſion too ſolid in itſelf to require any external advantages, and (except the great wig and ſerjeant's coiff) ſeeming abſolutely independent of all acquiſitions whatſoever. I therefore quitted it in time, and commenced fine gentleman. In this capacity I had the honour of ſipping my chocolate in a certain houſe, was choſen member of a certain club, and ſoon found that I wanted nothing but money to have paſſed my time as agreeably as the beſt of them; that is to ſay, by being always in good company, without the fatigue of good converſation; ever at a feaſt, without the vulgar call of appetite; conſtantly at play, without the leaſt ſport; hungering after politics, without the powers of digeſtion; and embarraſſed with acquaintance, without a ſingle friend. But wanting the one thing needful for all theſe enjoyments, and there being a war upon the continent, I quitted the fine gentleman for the ſoldier, and made a campaign in Flanders. My regimentals were highly pleaſing to me; and I had certainly ſucceeded to a ſtaff before the end of the war, could

could I have arrived at the leaſt ſmattering either of gunnery or fortification. I had read Cæſar's commentaries and Polybius, and fancied myſelf improved by them; but Bland's treatiſe of military exerciſe was what I could never apprehend. However, I loitered through the campaign without ignominy, and at my return home wiſely ſold my commiſſion.

THE great and deciſive ſtep in life ſtill remained untried. The temple of Hymen, with all its enchanting proſpects, was open to my view, and allured my attention. The groups of Cupids that ſeemed to flutter in the roof, together with the gaiety and ſatisfaction that appeared in every face, tempted me to enter; and amidſt a crowd of beauties, a young lady of a moſt ingenuous countenance and ſlender make, ſoon captivated my choice. She was void of pride, notable, ſteady, enterprizing, and every way qualified for the ſtation of life in which fortune had placed her, which was that of a maid of honour to a foreign princeſs. Her name was Mademoiſelle NECESSITE', daughter of a younger branch of the antient family of that name in Gaſcoiny. She lent a favourable ear to my diſtreſſes; and indeed a ſtrong ſimilitude of features and circumſtances ſeemed to have deſtined us for one another.

AMIDST the inexpreſſible joys of this union, I became the father of two lovely daughters, who were chriſtened by very genteel foreign names, ſignifying in Engliſh ASSURANCE and INVENTION. I exhauſted the ſmall remainder of my ſubſtance on the education of theſe daughters; not doubting but that they were given to me for the ſupport of my declining years. At

the

nooſes ready tied. I have alſo a handſome garden for the entombing of all my good cuſtomers, and ſhall ſubmit their conſideration of me to their own generoſity, only claiming their heads as my conſtant fee, that by frequent diſſections and examinations into the ſeveral brains, I may at laſt diſcover and remedy the cauſe of ſo unnatural a propenſity. And that nothing may be wanting to make my ſcheme complete, I propoſe agreeing with a coroner by the year, to bring in ſuch verdicts as I ſhall think proper to direct.

THIS, Sir, is my ſcheme; and the favour I have to aſk, is, that you will recommend it to the public, and make it known through your WORLD, that I ſhall open my houſe on the firſt day of November next; and that to prevent miſtakes, there will be written in large capitals over the door,

THE RECEPTACLE FOR SUICIDES.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

JOHN ANTHONY TRISTMAN.

NUMB. 194. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 16, 1756.

I HAVE lately conſidered it as a very great misfortune, that in various papers of this work I have made no ſcruple of honeſtly confeſſing to my readers, that I look upon myſelf to be the wiſeſt and moſt learned philoſopher of this age and nation. But the word is gone forth, and I cannot retract it! nor indeed would it be fair in me to attempt it, as I find no manner of decay

cay in my intellectual faculties, but on the contrary, that I am treaſuring up new knowledge day after day. I was aware indeed that ſuch a confeſſion, given modeſtly and voluntarily under my own hand, and confirmed almoſt every week by a moſt excellent eſſay, would gain univerſal belief, and bring upon me the envy of the weak and malicious; but with all my penetration, I was far from foreſeeing the many inconveniencies to which it has ſubjected me.

My lodgings are crowded almoſt every morning with learned ladies of all ranks, who, like ſo many queens of Sheba, are come from afar to hear the wiſdom of Solomon: but it happens a little unfortunately, that though my anſwers to their queſtions give equal ſatisfaction with thoſe of that monarch, yet the gold, and the ſpices, and the precious ſtones, which were the reward of his wiſdom, are never ſo much as offered me.

In the families which I viſit abroad, a profound ſilence is obſerved as ſoon as I enter the room; ſo that inſtead of mixing in a free and eaſy converſation, I labour under all the diſadvantages of a king, by being ſo unfortunately circumſtanced as to have no equal.

I have endeavoured by ſtratagem to remove theſe inconveniencies, and have frequently written a very dull paper, that my companions may imagine they have caught me tripping, and be induced to converſe with me as with other men: but they found out my deſign, and are ſo far from applying to me the *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, that they regard me as a prodigy wherever

ever I am ſeen. Mrs. Fitz-Adam, indeed, who is leſs in awe of me than perhaps I would ſometimes chuſe, and who is of a communicative diſpoſition, never fails to inform me how the world goes on: ſhe alſo encourages her maid Betty (who is a very knowing body in all family concerns) to beſtow upon me, as ſhe waits at table, her whole ſtock of intelligence; which if I had a mind to be perſonal, would contribute greatly to the entertainment of theſe papers. I ought not to conceal that I owe the freedom with which this girl treats me, to the ſmall opinion ſhe has conceived of my parts; having been often urged by her to turn the WORLD into a news-paper, for that then there would be truth in it, and ſomething worth reading.

AT the coffee-houſes I am ſtill more perplexed than in private families: for as every man there is a politician, and as I have incautiouſly declared in print that I am a conſummate maſter of that ſcience, I am ſurrounded at my entrance by all the company in the room, and queſtioned by twenty voices at once on the ſtate of public affairs. I am drawn into an ambuſcade with general Braddock, and kept in cloſe confinement with admiral Byng. Ruſſia and Pruſſia, though our very good friends and allies, have declared war upon my quiet, and the national Militia has beaten me out of doors. To plead ignorance upon theſe occaſions would be highly unbecoming a lover of truth, who has given it under his hand that he knows every thing; and to diſcover all I know, might, as matters ſtand at preſent, be a little imprudent. I am therefore a ſilent hearer

hearer of all the queſtions that are aſked me, till having tired them with my taciturnity, I am ſuffered to eſcape.

To remedy this inconvenience, and as I am a great walker, I now-and-then take a ſtroll to the coffee-houſes about Moor-fields and Cripplegate, where, if not my name, my perſon at leaſt is unknown. At theſe places I have the good fortune of being an uninterrupted hearer of all that paſſes; and I cannot ſufficiently expreſs the pleaſure I receive at ſeeing ſo many worthy tradeſmen and mechanics met together every evening for the good of their country, and each of them laying down a ſyſtem of politics, that would do honour to the ſagacity of the ableſt adminiſtration.

I AM tempted to take thaſe walks rather oftner than is agreeable to me, to avoid certain inconveniencies at home, which my wonderful abilities are almoſt continually ſubjecting me to. The political writers are at preſent a numerous body; and as they cannot but take notice that I am making no pecuniary advantage of my great knowledge in public affairs, and are thoroughly ſenſible that a very ſmall part of it would make a rich figure in a twelve-penny pamphlet, they are continually teazing me (according to the ſchool-boy's phraſe) for a little ſenſe: but whatever ſenſe the readers of thoſe pamphlets may chance to find in them, I can truly aſſure them that it is none of mine. The conſtituents of boroughs are alſo very importunate with me for letters of inſtruction to their ſeveral members: but though I entirely approve of this cuſtom, and think it highly neceſſary that every gentleman in parliament ſhould be inſtructed by his conſtituents in the

the true intereſt of his country, yet I beg to be excuſed from meddling with ſuch matters, and content myſelf with diſmiſſing the ſaid conſtituents with one word of advice, which is, that in all their remonſtrances to their members, they would touch as ſlightly as poſſible upon the grievance of corruption; it being, in my private opinion, quarrelling with their bread and butter.

To balance all this weight of inconveniencies, I have nothing but a little vanity to throw into the ſcale: for to confeſs a very ſerious truth, the happineſs I enjoy is more owing to my great virtue than my great knowledge; and were it not for my good-will to mankind, who will not ſuffer themſelves to be inſtructed by any other hand, I would part with my wiſdom at a very eaſy price, and be as ignorant as the beſt of them.

THE value of every acquiſition is only to be eſtimated by its uſe; and every-body knows, that in the commerce with the world, an ounce of cunning is worth a pound of ſenſe. I am ſorry to ſay it, but the whiſtle, the top, the hobby-horſe, and the raree-ſhow, have adminiſtered more delight to my boyiſh days (for I have been a boy as well as others) than all the treaſures of learning and philoſophy have done to my riper years. Thoſe pleaſures, in time, gave way to others of a higher nature; and the facetious Mr. Punch took his turn to entertain me. The theatres at laſt attracted all my attention. There, while my imagination was cheated, and real kings and queens, in all the magnificence of royalty, ſeemed to be exhibiting themſelves to my view, my delight was inexpreſſible. But reaſon and knowledge ſoon combining againſt me, ſhewed me that

all was deception; and in conjunction with a demon, called Taſte, ſuggeſted to me at one time the weakneſs of the performance, and at another the incapacity of the actors, till in the end, nothing but a Shakeſpear and a Garrick had power to entertain me.

THUS driven by too much refinement from all the pleaſures of youth, I had recourſe to thoſe deep and profound ſtudies, that have ſince made me the object of my own wonder, and the aſtoniſhment of mankind. But alas! how ineffectual and unſatisfying are all human acquiſitions! The abilities that will for ever make my memory revered, are robbing me of my enjoyment; and beſides the evils that I have already enumerated, I am regretting in the beſt company that I cannot enjoy the ſolitude of my own thoughts, and am hardly to be perſuaded that there is any thing worth reading, but what I write myſelf.

A LITTLE learning (as Mr. Pope obſerves) is a dangerous thing. Let me add from experience, that too much is a fatal one. And indeed it ſeems the peculiar happineſs of the preſent age to chime in with theſe ſentiments: inſomuch that it is hoped and expected of the riſing generation, that they will be ſo trained up, as to ſuffer no inconveniencies from any learning at all. The pleaſures of childhood will then be conſtantly ſecured to them, and, with ignorance for their guide, they may take their pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, through a conſtant road of delight.

SAMPSON was deſtroyed by his own ſtrength: and the wiſdom of Adam Fitz-Adam, like that of Solomon of old, is only vanity and vexation.

NUMB. 195. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 23, 1756.

——*Generoſius*
Perire quæreus, nec muliebriter
Expuvit enſem. HOR.

By lord Oxford

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR, sequel to 193

TO a well-diſpoſed mind there can be no greater ſatisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with ſucceſs. This, ſir, is remarkably the caſe of your paper of Sept. the 9th, on Suicide; a faſhionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expoſe; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what I may be allowed to call *ſingle combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's ſelf, as your predeceſſor the Tatler was for exploding the ridiculous cuſtom of duels. The pleaſantry of your eſſay on the reigning modes of voluntary deaths, has preſerved to a little neighbourhood a very hoſpitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deſerving ſon and daughter a tender parent, and has ſaved the perſon himſelf from a fooliſh exit. This character, ſir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and, not to trouble you with the hiſtory of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is ſo far neceſſary, as that I am a gen-

tleman of about fifty, have a moderate eſtate in very good condition, have ſeen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to ſo deſperate a reſolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illneſs. But alas! ſir, I am extremely *well-born*: pedigree is my diſtemper; and having obſerved how much the mode of ſelf-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's ſelf. I reflected how many of my great anceſtors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the ſeveral ages in which they lived, diſpoſed of the nobility; and I thought the deſcendant of ſo many heroes muſt contrive to periſh by means as violent and illuſtrious. What a diſgrace, thought I, for the great grandſon of Mowbrays, Veres, and Beauchamps to die in a good old age of a fever! I bluſhed whenever I caſt my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour.—I determined to ſhoot myſelf. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my piſtols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my conſtitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die ſuddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choaked by a fiſh-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever ſince *preparing for death*. The letter to be left on my table (which indeed coſt me ſome trouble to compoſe, as I had no reaſon to give for

my *ſudden reſolution*) was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it ſhould be ever ſo great a diſgrace to my family, I am reſolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good ſir, be encouraged from this example to perſue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the ſmall diſtrict where I live, I am not the only inſtance of the propenſity to ſuch a cataſtrophe. The lord of the manor, whoſe fortune indeed is much ſuperior to mine, though there is no compariſon in the antiquity of our families, has had the very ſame thought. He is turned of ſixty-ſeven, and is devoured by the ſtone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his phyſician was ſitting by his bed-ſide, on a ſudden his lordſhip ceaſed roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a compoſure unuſual to him even in his beſt health; and putting on the greateſt appearance of philoſophy, or what, if the chaplain had ſtaid, would have been called reſignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his caſe was really deſperate. The phyſician, with a ſlow profuſion of latinized evaſions, endeavoured to elude the queſtion, and to give him ſome glimmerings of hope, *that there might be a chance that the extremity of pain would occaſion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itſelf, but which, if things did not come to a criſis ſoon, might help to carry his lordſhip off.* "I underſtand "you, by G—d," ſays his lordſhip, with great tranquillity and a few more oaths; "Yes, d—n "you, you want to kill me with ſome of your "confounded diſtempers; but I'll tell you what, "I only

"I only aſked you, becauſe if I can't poſſibly live, "I am determined to kill myſelf; for rot me! if "it ſhall ever be ſaid that a man of my quality "died of a curſed natural death. There, tell "Boman to give you your fee, and bid him "bring me my piſtols." However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is ſtill waiting with great impatience to be *ſurprized* with an account of his lordſhip's having ſhot himſelf.

HOWEVER, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extenſive as the ſervice is which you may render to the community by aboliſhing this heatheniſh practice, I think in ſome reſpects it is to be treated with tenderneſs; in one caſe always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: what if the notion of the dignity of ſelf-murder ſhould be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has reſolution enough to kill himſelf, will certainly never dread being killed by any body elſe. It is the privilege of a *free-dying-Engliſhman* to chuſe his death: if any of our high-ſpirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occaſion for all we can exert, I ſhould humbly be of opinion, that you permitted ſelf-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it ſhould be diſhonourable for any man to kill himſelf, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that ſervice for him.

INDEED the very celebration of this myſtery has been tranſacted hitherto in a manner ſomewhat mean, and unworthy people of faſhion: No tradeſman could hang himſelf more feloniouſly than our very nobles do. There is none of

that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they ſo properly wear on other occaſions. They ſteal out of the world from their own cloſets, or before their ſervants are up in a morning. They leave a miſerable apology behind them, inſtead of ſitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for diſpatching themſelves. Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced ſelf-murder to a ſyſtem of good-breeding, and uſed to *ſend cards* to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome was to *leave one's name* at the doors of ſuch as were ſtarving themſelves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they ſhould uſe ſome common-place phraſes of diſſuaſion. I can conceive no foundation for our ſhabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obſolete law which inflicts a croſs-road and a ſtake on ſelf-executioners: a moſt abſurd ſtatute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unleſs one could condemn a man who had killed himſelf to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a ſucceſsful law for reſtraining this crime. In ſome of the Grecian ſtates, the women of faſhion incurred the anger of Venus—I quite forget upon what occaſion; perhaps for little or none: goddeſſes in thoſe days were ſcarce leſs whimſical than their fair votaries——Whatever the cauſe was, ſhe inſpired them with a fury of ſelf-murder. The legiſlature of the country, it ſeems, thought the reſentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and to put a ſtop to the practice, deviſed an expedient, which

which one ſhould have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public ſquares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any poſition that diſcovered all their charms, could be ſo, is not mentioned by hiſtorians; nor, at this diſtance of time, is it poſſible for us moderns to gueſs: certain it is, that the penalty put a ſtop to the barbarous cuſtom.

BUT what ſhall one ſay to thoſe countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it, even in that part of the ſpecies whoſe ſoftneſs demands all protection, and ſeems moſt abhorrent from every thing ſanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magiſtrate gravely gives permiſſion to the ladies to accompany their huſbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greateſt profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn herſelf alive. Were this faſhion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havock it would occaſion. Between the natural propenſity to ſuicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one ſhould not ſee ſuch a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu jointures! adieu thoſe ſoft reſources of the brave and neceſſitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a ſecond paſſion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you muſt keep a ſtrict eye on our fair countrywomen. I know one or two who already wear pocket piſtols, which, conſidering the tenderneſs of their natures, can only be intended againſt their own perſons. And this article leads me naturally

turally to the only caſe, in which, as I hinted above, I think ſelf-murder always to be allowed. The moſt admired death in hiſtory is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her ſex, and the eventual foundreſs of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady ſince that time, in her circumſtances, but what has imitated her example, I think, ſir, I may pronounce the caſe immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that ſucceſs and glory which always has and muſt attend his labours, has decried the ſavage practice in vogue, I am perſuaded he will declare that ſhe is not only excuſable, but that it is impoſſible any woman ſhould live after having been raviſhed.

I am, SIR,
Your truly obliged
humble ſervant,
and admirer,
H. M.

NUMB. 196. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 30, 1756.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both falſe and abſurd, that paſſionate people are the beſt-natured people in the world. *They are a little haſty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they ſay or do: but then as ſoon as it is over, they are extremely ſorry and penitent for any injury or miſchief they did.* This panegyric on theſe choleric good-natured people, when examined and ſimplified, amounts

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in plain common ſenſe and Engliſh to this: that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when in their fits of rage they have ſaid or done things that have brought them to the gaol or the gallows, they are extremely ſorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to thoſe whoſe reputations, limbs, or lives they have either wounded or deſtroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themſelves. Self-love was the cauſe of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

HAD theſe furious people real good nature, their firſt offence would be their laſt, and they would reſolve at all events never to relapſe. The moment they felt their choler riſing, they would enjoin themſelves an abſolute ſilence and inaction, and by that ſudden check rather expoſe themſelves to a momentary ridicule (which, by the way, would be followed by univerſal applauſe) than run the leaſt riſk of being irreparably miſchievous.

I KNOW it is ſaid in their behalf, that this impulſe to wrath is conſtitutionally ſo ſudden and ſo ſtrong, that they cannot ſtifle it, even in its birth: but experience ſhews us, that this allegation is notoriouſly falſe; for we daily obſerve that theſe ſtormy perſons both can and do lay thoſe guſts of paſſion, when awed by reſpect, reſtrained by intereſt, or intimidated by fear. The moſt outrageous furioſo does not give a looſe to his anger in preſence of his ſovereign, or his miſtreſs; nor the expectant heir in preſence of the peeviſh dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The ſoliciting courtier, though perhaps under the

ſtrongeſt provocations, from unjuſt delays and broken promiſes, calmly ſwallows his unavailing wrath, diſguiſes it even under ſmiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a paſſion at his judge or his jury.

THERE is then but one ſolid excuſe to be alledged in favour of theſe people; and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, becauſe it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confeſs themſelves mad, as they moſt unqueſtionably are: for what plea can thoſe that are frantic ten times a day, bring againſt ſhaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when ſo many much more harmleſs madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been aſſured by the late ingenious doctor Monro, that ſuch of his patients who were really of a good-natured diſpoſition, and who in their lucid intervals were allowed the liberty of walking about the hoſpital, would frequently, when they found the previous ſymptoms of their returning madneſs, voluntarily apply for confinement, conſcious of the miſchief which they might poſſibly do, if at liberty. If thoſe who pretend not to be mad, but who really are ſo, had the ſame fund of good-nature, they would make the ſame application to their friends, if they have any.

THERE is in the Menagiana a very pretty ſtory of one of theſe angry gentlemen, which ſets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

TWO gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horſe. The horſe

grew

grew a little troubleſome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and ſpurred him with great fury; to which the horſe, almoſt as wrong-headed as his maſter, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and aſhamed of the folly of his friend, ſaid to him coolly, *Be quiet, be quiet, and ſhew yourſelf the wiſer of the two.*

THIS ſort of madneſs, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various cauſes, of which I ſhall now enumerate the moſt general.

LIGHT unballaſted heads are very apt to be overſet by every guſt, or even breeze of paſſion; they appretiate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is ſo: hence thoſe frequent and ſudden tranſitions from ſilly joy to ſillier anger, according as the preſent ſilly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteriſtic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the ſame half-hour fight with fury, and ſhake hands with affection. Such heads give themſelves no time to reaſon; and if you attempt to reaſon with them, they think you rally them, and reſent the affront. They are, in ſhort, overgrown children, and continue ſo in the moſt advanced age. Far be it from me to inſinuate, what ſome ill-bred authors have bluntly aſſerted, that this is in general the caſe of the faireſt part of our ſpecies, whoſe great vivacity does not always allow them time to reaſon conſequentially, but hurries them into teſtineſs upon the leaſt oppoſition to their will. But at the ſame time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I muſt confeſs that in all their debates, I have,

much more admired the copiouſneſs of their rhetoric, than the concluſiveneſs of their logic.

PEOPLE of ſtrong animal ſpirits, warm conſtitutions, and a cold genius (a moſt unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound) are moſt iraſcible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterpriſing and perſevering. They are impatient of the leaſt contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their compoſition burſts out into furious exploſions, which have often miſchievous conſequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to ſay or do in theſe fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is eaſily diſcoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conſervators of the peace (which, by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magiſtrate can be procured) ſhould forcibly ſeize theſe madmen, and confine them in the mean time, in ſome dark cloſet, vault, or coal-hole.

MEN of nice honour, without one grain of common honeſty (for ſuch there are), are wonderfully combuſtible. The honourable is to ſupport and protect the diſhoneſt part of their character. The conſciouſneſs of their guilt makes them both ſore and jealous.

THERE is another very iraſcible ſort of human animals, whoſe madneſs proceeds from pride. Theſe are generally the people, who having juſt fortunes ſufficient to live idle and uſeleſs to ſociety, create themſelves gentlemen, and are ſcrupulouſly tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more reſpect, from being

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conſcious that they have no right to any. They conſtrue every thing into a ſlight, aſk explanations with heat, and miſunderſtand them with fury. *Who are you? What are you? Do you know who you ſpeak to? I'll teach you to be ſilent to a gentleman*, are their daily idioms of ſpeech, which frequently end in aſſault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-houſe and Crown-office.

I HAVE known many young fellows, who at their firſt ſetting out into the world, or in the army, have ſimulated a paſſion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of ſpirit, which word is falſely looked upon as ſynonymous with courage. They dreſs and look fierce, ſwear enormouſly, and rage furiouſly, ſeduced by that popular word, ſpirit. But I beg leave to inform theſe miſtaken young gentlemen, whoſe error I compaſſionate, that the true ſpirit of a rational being conſiſts in cool and ſteady reſolution, which can only be the reſult of reflection and virtue.

I AM very ſorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the ſpecies, than my brother authors. Criticiſm, cenſure, or even the ſlighteſt diſapprobation of their immortal works, excite their moſt furious indignation. It is true indeed that they expreſs their reſentment in a manner leſs dangerous both to others and to themſelves. Like incenſed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by theſe ſhafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the diſtance from whence they fly. Thoſe which are diſcharged (as by much the greateſt numbers are) from great heights, ſuch as garrets or four-pair-of-ſtair rooms,

rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but thoſe which are let off from a firſt or ſecond floor, are apt to occaſion a little ſmarting, and ſometimes feſtering, eſpecially if the party wounded be unſound.

OUR GREAT CREATOR has wiſely given us paſſions, to rouze us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleaſures they procure us; but at the ſame time he has kindly given us reaſon ſufficient, if we will but give that reaſon fair play, to controul thoſe paſſions; and has delegated authority to ſay to them, as he ſaid to the waters, "Thus far ſhall ye go, and no farther." The angry man is his own ſevereſt tormentor; his breaſt knows no peace, while his raging paſſions are reſtrained by no ſenſe of either religious or moral duties. What would be his caſe, if his unforgiving example (if I may uſe ſuch an expreſſion) were followed by his ALL-MERCIFUL MAKER, whoſe forgiveneſs he can only hope for, in proportion as he himſelf forgives and loves his fellow-creatures.

NUMB. 197. THURSDAY, *October* 7, 1756.

IF we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the aſſertions of ſome reputable authors both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: every age has degenerated; and from the fall of the firſt man, my unfortunate anceſtor, our ſpecies has been tumbling on, century by century, from bad to worſe, for about ſix thouſand years.

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CONSIDERING this progreſſive ſtate of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worſe with us at preſent; ſince, geometrically ſpeaking, the human ought by this time to have ſunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable ſpecies, which are neither of them ſuppoſed to have dwindled or degenerated conſiderably, except in a very few inſtances: for it muſt be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to thoſe of Dodona, our breed of horſes to that of the Centaurs, and our breed of fowls to that of the Phœnixes.

BUT is this really the caſe? Certainly not. It is only one of thoſe many errors which are artfully ſcattered by the deſigns of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of the many. The moving exclamations of—*theſe ſad times! this degenerate age!* the affecting lamentations over *declining virtue* and *triumphant vice*, and the tender and final farewell bidden every day to unrewarded and diſcouraged public ſpirit, arts and ſciences, are the common-place topics of the pride, the envy, and the malignity of the human heart, that can more eaſily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear cotemporary and contiguous merit. Men of theſe mean ſentiments have always been the ſatiriſts of their own, and the panegyriſts of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whiſtle all day long.

As it has conſtantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or, if I could not, to expoſe the vices of the human heart, it ſhall be the object of this day's paper to examine this ſtrange inverted

inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and ſeniority of age. I ſhall prove it to be forged, and conſequently null and void to all intents and purpoſes whatſoever.

If I loved to jingle, I would ſay that human nature has always been invariably the ſame, tho' always varying; that is, the ſame in ſubſtance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent cauſes, of which perhaps we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, ſeverally contribute to change thoſe modes; but in all climates, and in all ages, we diſcover thro' them the ſame paſſions, affections, and appetites, and the ſame degree of virtues and vices.

This being unqueſtionably the true ſtate of the caſe, which it would be endleſs to bring inſtances to prove from the hiſtories of all times and of all nations, I ſhall, by way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the deſigning, proceed to explain the reaſons, which I have but juſt hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worſt and moſt degenerate.

Authors, eſpecially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and like other men, ſubject to the weakneſſes of human nature, though perhaps in a leſs degree: but it is however certain that their breaſts are not abſolutely ſtrangers to the paſſions of jealouſy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to meaſure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Auguſtan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at leaſt ſeventeen.

venteen hundred years diſtant from the preſent. That emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenas, his firſt miniſter, was both a patron and a poet: he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace: no ſmall encouragement for panegyric. Thoſe were times indeed for genius to diſplay itſelf in! It was honoured, taſted, and rewarded. But now——— *O tempera! O mores!* One muſt however do juſtice to the authors, who thus declaim againſt their own times, by acknowledging that they are ſeldom the aggreſſors; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their reſentment, not their judgment (if they have any) that ſpeaks this language. Anger and deſpair make them endeavour to lower that merit, which, till brought very low indeed, they are conſcious they cannot equal.

THERE is another and more numerous ſet of much greater men, who ſtill more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption, and the degeneracy of the preſent age. Theſe are the conſummate volunteer, but unregarded and unrewarded politicians, who at a modeſt computation amount to at leaſt three millions of ſouls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to ſteer the great veſſel of the ſtate, and to take upon themſelves the whole load of buſineſs and burthen of *employments*, for the ſervice of their dear country. The adminiſtration for the time being is always the worſt, the moſt incapable, the moſt corrupt, that ever was, and negligent of every thing but their own intereſt.

intereſt. *Where are now your Cecils and your Walſinghams?* Thoſe who aſk that queſtion could anſwer it, if they would ſpeak out, *Themſelves:* For they are all that, and more too.

I STEPT the other day, in order only to inquire how my poor country did, into a coffee-houſe, that is without diſpute the ſeat of the ſoundeſt politics in this great metropolis, and ſat myſelf-down within ear-ſhot of the principal council-table. Fortunately for me, the preſident, a perſon of age, dignity, and becoming gravity, had juſt begun to ſpeak. He ſtated with infinite perſpicuity and knowledge the preſent ſtate of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable ſituation of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of ſome coffee which he had ſpilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole courſe of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Ruſſian, Pruſſian, Auſtrian, and Saxon dominions; foreſaw a long and bloody war upon the continent, calculated the ſupplies neceſſary for carrying it on, and pointed out the beſt methods of raiſing them, which, for that very reaſon, he intimated would not be purſued. He wound up his diſcourſe with a moſt pathetic peroration, which he concluded with ſaying, *Things were not carried on in this way in queen Elizabeth's days; the public was conſidered, and able men were conſulted and employed. Thoſe were days!* "Aye, ſir, and nights too, I preſume, "(ſaid a young fellow who ſtood near him) ſome "longer and ſome ſhorter, according to the va-"riation of the ſeaſons; pretty much like ours." Mr. Preſident was a little ſurprized at the ſuddenneſs and pertneſs of this interruption; but recom-

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poſing himſelf, anſwered with that cool contempt that becomes a great man, "I did not "mean aſtronomical days, but political ones." The young fellow replied, "O then, ſir, I am "your ſervant," and went off in a laugh.

THUS informed and edified I went off too, but could not help reflecting in my way, upon the ſingular ill-luck of this my dear country, which, as long as ever I remember it, and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be truſted. But theſe reflections were ſoon interrupted by numbers of people, whom I obſerved crowding into a public houſe. Among them I diſcovered my worthy friend and taylor, that induſtrious mechanic, Mr. Regnier. I applied to him to know the meaning of that concourſe; to which, with his uſual humanity, he anſwered, "We are the maſter-taylors, who are "to meet to-night to conſider what is to be "done about our journeymen, who inſult and "impoſe upon us, to the great detriment of "trade." I aſked him whether under his protection I might ſlip in and hear their deliberations. He ſaid, yes, and welcome; for that they ſhould do nothing to be aſhamed of. I profited of this permiſſion, and following him into the room, found a conſiderable number of theſe ingenious artiſts aſſembled, and waiting only for the arrival of my friend, who it ſeems was too conſiderable for buſineſs to begin without him. He accordingly took the lead, opened the meeting with a very handſome ſpeech, in which he gave many inſtances of the inſolence, the unreaſonableneſs,

ableneſs, and the exhorbitant demands of the journeymen taylors, and concluded with obſerving, "that if the government minded any thing "now-a-days but themſelves, ſuch abuſes would "not have been ſuffered; and had they been "but attempted in queen Elizabeth's days, ſhe "would have *worked* them with a witneſs." Another orator then roſe up to ſpeak; but as I was ſure that he could ſay nothing better than what had juſt fallen from my worthy friend, I ſtole off unobſerved, and was purſuing my way home, when in the very next ſtreet I diſcovered a much greater number of people (though by their dreſs of ſeemingly inferior note) ruſhing into another public houſe. As numbers always excite my curioſity, almoſt as much as they mutually do each other's paſſions, I crowded in with them, in order to diſcover the object of this meeting, not without ſome ſuſpicion that this frequent ſenate might be compoſed of the journeymen taylors, and convened in oppoſition to that which I had juſt left. My ſuſpicion was ſoon confirmed by the eloquence of a journeyman, a finiſher, I preſume, who expatiated with equal warmth and dignity, upon the injuſtice and oppreſſion of the maſter taylors, to the utter ruin of thouſands of poor journeymen and their families; and concluded with aſſerting, "it was "a ſhame that the government and the parliament did not take notice of ſuch abuſes; and "that had the maſter taylors done theſe things "in queen Elizabeth's days, ſhe would have *maſtered* them with a vengeance, ſo ſhe would."

I CONFESS I could not help ſmiling at this ſingular conformity of ſentiments, and almoſt of expreſ-

expreſſions, of the maſter politicians, the maſter taylors, and the journeymen taylors. I am convinced that the two latter really and honeſtly believed what they ſaid; it not being in the leaſt improbable that their underſtandings ſhould be the dupes of their intereſts: but I will not ſo peremptorily anſwer for the interior conviction of the political orator; though at the ſame time, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, he ſeemed full dull enough to be very much in earneſt.

THE ſeveral ſcenes of this day ſuggeſted to me when I got home various reflections, which perhaps I may communicate to my readers in ſome future paper.

NUMB. 198. THURSDAY, *October* 14, 1756.

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere, nemo.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I BEG your advice and aſſiſtance to enable me to get rid of one of the moſt impertinent companions that ever exiſted. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myſelf from his odious converſation; the creature will preſs upon my retirement, and force himſelf upon me in ſpite of my teeth; though the *tête à tête* is always the moſt ſhocking and unmannerly you can poſſibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner to be quite intolerable;

intolerable; always ſetting them in ſuch a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teazing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am ſure I could more eaſily bear the ſpiteful tongues of twenty witty females at a maſquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myſelf from him, the more troubleſome he grows.

Nor do I complain only for my own ſake, but for the ſakes of almoſt the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are peſtered in a moſt unreaſonable manner by this ſaucy intruder, whom all are ſure to admit, though ſo few care for his company, and againſt whoſe preſumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profeſſion, can defend them. He will force himſelf into the cloſet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickeſt darkneſs into the deepeſt receſs; will travel with us by ſea and land, and follow the wretch into baniſhment. In vain does the ſtateſman hug himſelf with the ſucceſs of his unjuſt ſchemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of tranſport, placing before his eyes the inſtability of his ſituation, and the conſequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleaſure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will diſturb their moſt delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrêments* into vanity, folly, and loſt time. You cannot wonder then that ſo many avoid and fly him, and that the

panic

panic ſpread by him ſhould extend itſelf far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I aſſure you, that it is no uncommon thing to ſee men of ſenſe and courage fly from him without reaſon, and take refuge in thoſe polite reſorts, where diſſipation, riot, and luxury, ſecure them from his viſits, which they only decline becauſe it is unfaſhionable to converſe with him. It is ſurprizing what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been uſed to get rid of this univerſal phantom. Some flatter him, ſome bully him, and ſome endeavour to impoſe upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to reſent them with ſeverity.

THE beaus and fine gentlemen ſeem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of ſweet water, and offering him the incenſe of perfumes; cloathing him in dreſſes, elegant and expenſive as thoſe of our lady of Loretto, practiſing every art of heathen or popiſh idolatry, even torturing themſelves for his ſake; but all with no manner of ſucceſs; for the brute in return is as unſociable and diſagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the moſt ſavage ſquire, or the moſt formal pedant; ſo that, ſpite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear moſt to admire. I cannot here omit a whimſical circumſtance in this paradoxical character, that moſt people are reproached with loving him with the greateſt partiality and fondneſs, and are greatly delighted to hear him praiſed, yet very few ſeek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all poſſible means to avoid encountering him.

OUR

OUR modern philoſophers pretend, by their ſyſtems to have ſilenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troubleſome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious theſe pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confuſion they expreſs whenever by unavoidable neceſſity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen againſt him, lengthening the feaſt till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning, he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous hoſt with his profuſion, and the pampered gueſt with his wanton ſatiety: nay, ſo galling are his reprehenſions, and ſo troubleſome his intruſion, that there have not been wanting inſtances, even in high life, of thoſe, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called in to their relief the halter, dagger, and piſtol, and fairly removed themſelves into another world to get rid of him, though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

THE fair ſex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are ſo rudely attacked by this inſolent intruder, that to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their aſſiſtance the relief of routs, balls, aſſemblies, operas, gardens, and cards; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to ſome ſhare of their favour, as, like themſelves, he is a ſevere cenſurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondeſt of fixing their cenſure on the innocent, and their adverſary is a judge that condemns

demns none but the guilty. The Buck and the Sot ſeem to be leaſt affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural inſenſibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always aſleep.

In the city, thoſe of the middling rank converſe with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on ſome occaſions prove troubleſome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, cloſe together; or in their ſtead, ſome bits of paper inſcribed with certain cabaliſtical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can tranſmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite inſenſible to every thing he can ſuggeſt. But as theſe materials are not always at hand, or are applied to other uſes by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly underſtood or practiſed at the other end of the town; though it is ſaid that ſome particular perſons there had tried it with a proper effect.

Notwithstanding all I have advanced of this impertinent viſitor, I cannot help owning that ſome have attempted to inſinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wiſe man; a name at preſent but of ſmall conſideration; and I am told that there never were but ſeven who were allowed that title. There are indeed ſome few perſons of high rank of both ſexes, that do vouchſafe to commune with him; but they are ſuch ſort of folks as are hardly fit to converſe with any but one another; and very happily, one is ſeldom peſtered with them at places of polite aſſociation; ſcarce a man among

them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has ſpirit to aſpire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this claſs are alſo ſo unfit for the converſation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whiſt, or dares to ſet down to a party at Bragg.

I HAVE now, ſir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troubleſome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the inſertion of his name; but as ſome of your readers (particularly females) may be ſubject to the frailty of forgetting their moſt intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghaſtly phantom that intrudes ſo impertinently upon all ſorts of people, this creature that we ſo ſeldom know what to do with, and wiſh ſo heartily to get rid of, is no other than ONE'S SELF.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

NUMB. 199. THURSDAY, *October* 21, 1756.

AN extravagant paſſion for collecting flowers, and which obtained the name of *Tulipomania*, or Tulip madneſs, is ſaid to have become, not many years ago, the ſubject of a reſtrictive law in one of the moſt frugal countries in Europe.

INDEED few nations or ages are without their madneſſes; and as it is remarked by phyſicians that

that every year has its peculiar diſeaſe, ſo we may obſerve that every country, in the courſe of leſs than half a century, has its peculiar *Mania*.

AT preſent the *Political Mania* is pretty violent in theſe kingdoms; but I believe, upon a little attention, that we ſhall find the *Genteel Mania* to have a long while extended itſelf with the moſt general influence among us.

THE mere word *Genteel* ſeems to have had ſo ſingular an efficacy in the very ſound of it, as to have done more to the confounding all diſtinctions, and promoting a levelling principle, than the philoſophic reflections of the moſt profound teacher of republican maxims.

TO do the *genteel* thing, to wear the *genteel* thing, a *genteel* method of education and living, or a *genteel* way of becoming either a knave or a bankrupt, has ruined as many once worthy families as a plague or a civil war, and rooted out of this country more real virtues than can be replanted in it for many centuries.

A SENSE of duties in our ſeveral relations is prodigiouſly *ungenteel*. It is the prerogative of this age to do every thing in the *genteeleſt* manner. And though our anceſtors were good honeſt people, yet to be ſure their notions were very *ungenteel*. Nothing now ſeems duller than their apothegms, and their reaſoning is as unfaſhionable as the cut of their coats.

THE imitating every ſtation above our own, ſeems to be the firſt principle of the *genteeleſt Mania*, and operates with equal efficacy upon the tenth couſin of a woman of quality, and her acquaintance who retails *Gentility* among her neighbours in the Borough.

So deeply are all ranks of people impreſſed with the *Genteel*, that Mrs. Betty is of opinion that routs would be very *genteel* in the kitchen; and it is no ſurprizing thing for a Monmouth-ſtreet broker to aſſure a baſket-woman that the old gown he would ſell to her is perfectly *Genteel*.

THIS *genteel diſeaſe* ſhews itſelf under very different appearances. I have known a healthy young girl ſcarce a fortnight in town, but it has affected her voice, diſtorted her countenance, and almoſt taken away the uſe of her limbs, attended with a conſtant giddineſs of the head, and a reſtleſſneſs of being long in a place; till at laſt, repeated colds caught at Vauxhall, a violent fever at a ridotto, ſomething like a dropſy at a maſquerade, and the ſmall pox in ſucceſſion, with a general deſertion of admirers, have reſtored her to her ſenſes, and her old aunts in the country.

FLORIO made a good figure in the univerſity, as a ſenſible ſober young fellow, and an excellent ſcholar; till unluckily for him, a ſcheme to town inſpired him with the notions of *Gentility*, uſually contracted at the Shakeſpear, and a Bagnio. Inſtead of his once rational friendſhips at the ſeats of literature, his paſſion now was to enjoy the vanity of walking arm in arm with right honourables in all public places; to his former acquaintance (if it was ſometimes impoſſible to avoid the meeting ſuch diſagreeable people) he ſcarce condeſcended to bow, and nothing under the heir apparent of an earl could make him tolerably civil. In a ſhort time he became at the taverns of the firſt faſhion the principal judge of

true

true reliſh, and the umpire of debates in every party at Whiſt. His equipage, houſe, and liveries were the model of *Gentility*, to men who had leſs genius for invention, though more fortune than himſelf; till having reduced the little patrimony left him by a frugal father, he was cured of the *Genteel* by a poor regimen in the Fleet.

Dick Ledger was a plain honeſt man; his anceſtors had been tradeſmen for five generations, and to the fortune which they had already accumulated for him, Dick, by his induſtry, had added about ten thouſand pounds: when unfortunately the ſymptoms of the *Genteel Mania* appeared in the family. Mrs. Ledger's head was firſt turned, immediately after her paying a viſit to a very diſtant relation of faſhion at the other end of the town. Her daughter ſoon caught the infection; and it was unanimouſly determined by the voice of the whole family, notwithſtanding Mr. Ledger's opinion to the contrary, that it was right for a woman in *her* ſituation to make ſome appearance; that it was Mr. Ledger's duty, if he had any regard for her and his children, to live a *little genteel*, and introduce his family properly into life. That it was very abſurd in Mr. Ledger to think of making Tommy a ſoap-boiler, and that a lad of his parts ſhould be brought up to ſome *genteel* profeſſion. The reſult of theſe important deliberations was a coach and four horſes, as many footmen, a fine ſeat in the country, and a town-houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare for the reſidence of Mrs. Ledger.

TOMMY, after taking lodgings for one year in the politeſt college at Oxford, ſpending there five hundred pounds, and becoming a perfect adept in tennis, ſet out upon his travels under the care of a French valet de chambre, to learn the Norman accompliſhments at Caen: and at length, having left his modeſty at Paris, his ſobriety in Germany, his morality at Venice, and all religion at Rome, he returned, neither fit for a ſoap-boiler nor a gentleman, with too much pride for the former, and too little improvement for the latter. The ſum of all was, that the reputation of the young ladies became ſomewhat equivocal, and Mrs. Ledger herſelf was thought to be no better than ſhe ſhould be. Mr. Ledger ſoon after ſaw his name among the numerous liſt of bankrupts in the Gazette. However, by returning into the air of the city, he quickly grew better, but it is thought that Mrs. Ledger will never recover.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE a brother at Cambridge, who is a ſcholar, which I am not, becauſe I am eldeſt. While he is writing a learned hiſtory of the faſhions of the paſt ages in polite antiquity, I am here in town inventing new ones for the ornament of the preſent. He has ſtudied whole volumes as big as church bibles, about the ſhape of the Roman ſhoes, the half-moons upon ſenatorial buſkins, and the graſhopper *pompoons* worn by the ladies at Athens. Being well acquainted with

with buſts and coins, he has ſettled with great critical exactneſs the origin of head-dreſſes, and the chronology of periwigs; and he ſays that he is now at laſt, after ſeveral years meditation and reading, able to convince the world, that caps and lappets were invented by the Egyptians, and that the Greeks uſed paſte in dreſſing the hair. As to myſelf, I am the firſt man who introduced the long walking-ſticks. As ſoon as the public comes into my faſhions I quit them, and generally have the diſtance of the ſmarteſt young fellows about town in the novelty of my habit. I intend to introduce roll-up ſtockings and high heels this winter: by the following winter, if the mode ſhould take, then I ſhall wear no heels at all, and a pair of trunk hoſe like my grandfather's picture in our great hall in the country. An old gentleman, with whom I condeſcend now-and-then to converſe (who by-the-bye is my father) often remonſtrates to me what a mad way of dreſſing I am got into. I anſwer, that I wonder he ſhould reprove me, when he himſelf is a fop but of twenty years ſtanding: and as my acquaintance aſſure me that I have the *genteeleſt* fancy in the world, pray now come and ſee me at George's (for you will eaſily know me) and tell me if you don't think ſo.

Yours,

NICHOLAS NOVEL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THIS is to acquaint thoſe who are inclined "to encourage every *polite* attempt in this na- "tion, that an academy will ſhortly be opened

" at a proper diſtance from the city, calculated " in the *genteeleſt taſte* for the reception of per- " ſons who would chuſe to be *faſhionable*. None " whoſe families are in trade will be admitted, " but the *beſt* company only. The price of " boarding is a hundred guineas a quarter, and " every thing elſe in proportion. All perſonal " accompliſhments are taught in the ſame man- " ner as abroad, and great care will be taken to " inſpire them with the *genteeleſt* ſentiments " upon all ſubjects, whether political, moral, " or religious. As to the latter, the young " gentlemen may be brought up in any way " their friends think moſt convenient. Several " phaetons and curricles will be kept for their " amuſement; and as the converſation of ladies " is ſo neceſſary to form the *douceur* of their " manners, the *agrément* of ſuch a ſociety will " not be wanting. A gentleman, who has ſtudied " under Mr. Hoyle, will teach them to play at " cards gratis.

" *N. B.* JUDGES, biſhops, or any great offi- " cers that happen to be a little awkward in their " addreſs, may have an opportunity of learning " to dance privately, or ſhall be waited upon at " home, if they deſire it."

NUMB.

NUMB. 200 THURSDAY, *October* 28, 1756.

Δεινόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν
Τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχον. SOPH.

Stabant et Parii lapides, spirantia signa. VIRG.

I AM indebted to a very ingenious correſpondent at Cambridge for the following ode, which in juſtice to its merit, and for the entertainment of thoſe of my readers who have a true taſte for poetical compoſition, I have taken the firſt opportunity to make public.

AN ODE ON SCULPTURE.

LED by the muſe, my ſtep pervades
The ſacred haunts, the peaceful ſhades,
Where ART *and* SCULPTURE *reign:*
I ſee, I ſee, at their command,
The living ſtones in order ſtand,
And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!

TIME *breaks his hoſtile ſcythe; he ſighs*
To find his pow'r malignant fled;
" *And what avails my dart, he cries,*
" *Since theſe can animate the dead?*
" *Since wak'd to mimic life, again in ſtone*
" *The patriot ſeems to ſpeak, the hero frown?*"

There VIRTUE's *ſilent train are ſeen,*
Faſt fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
Lo! while with more than ſtoic ſoul,
The * ATTIC SAGE *exhauſts the bowl,*
A pale ſuffuſion ſhades his eyes,
Till by degrees the marble dies!
See there the injur'd † POET *bleed!*
Ah! ſee he droops his languid head!
What ſtarting nerves, what dying pain,
What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
Theſe are thy works, O SCULPTURE! *thine to ſhew*
In rugged rock a feeling ſenſe of woe.

Yet not alone ſuch themes demand
The PHYDIAN *ſtroke, the* DÆDAL *hand;*
I view with melting eyes
A ſofter ſcene of grief diſplay'd,
While from her breaſt the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE *with food ſupplies.*
In pitying ſtone ſhe weeps to ſee
His ſqualid hair, and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand ſuſtains.

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poiſon.
† L. Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philoſopher. He bled to death in the bath.

While

While ev'ry look, and ſorrowing feature prove,
How ſoft her breaſt, how great her filial love.

Lo! there the wild * ASSYRIAN QUEEN,
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury ſparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON's *proud ſons rebell'd;*
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with looſe diſhevell'd hair;
She ſtretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling ſtood;
In ſudden ſilence, the mad crowd obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Diſcord fled.

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or ſhrinks, or burns,
As SCULPTURE *waves her hand:*
The varying paſſions of the mind,
Her faithful handmaids are aſſign'd,
And riſe or fall by her command.
When now life's waſted lamps expire,
When ſinks to duſt this mortal frame,
She, like PROMETHEUS, *graſps the fire;*
Her touch revives the lambent flame;
While, Phœnix-like, the ſtateſman, bard, or ſage,
Spring freſh to life, and breathe through ev'ry age.

* Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis ſui occupatæ nunciatum eſſet Babylonem defeciſſe; alterâ parte crinium adhuc ſolutâ protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in poteſtatem ſuam redegit: quocircà ſtatua ejus Babylone poſita eſt, &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,
With loud hosannas charms the ear,
Behold (a prism within his hands)
Absorb'd in thought, great * NEWTON *stands!*
Such was his solemn, wonted state,
His serious brow, and musing gait,
When, taught on eagle wings to sly,
He trac'd the wonders of the sky,
The chambers of the sun explor'd,
Where tints of thousand hues are stor'd;
Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is drest,
And varying IRIS *steals her gaudy vest.*

Here, as DEVOTION, *heav'nly queen,*
Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,
At NEWTON'S *shrine they bow;*
And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With VIRTUE'S *purest vestal rays,*
Behold their ardent bosoms glow!
Hail, mighty mind! Hail, awful name!
I feel inspir'd my lab'ring breast;
And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!
Come, SCIENCE, *bright ethereal guest,*
Oh come, and lead thy meanest humblest son,
Through WISDOM'S *ardnous paths, to fair renown!*

Could I to one faint ray aspire,
One spark of that celestial fire,
The leading Cynosure, that glow'd
While SMITH *explor'd the dark abode,*
Where WISDOM *sat on* NATURE'S *shrine,*
How great my boast! what praise were mine!

* A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton erected in Trinity-college chapel, by doctor Smith.

Illustrious

Illuſtrious ſage! who firſt could'ſt tell
Wherein the pow'rs of MUSIC *dwell;*
And ev'ry magic chain untie,
That binds the ſoul of HARMONY!
To THEE, *when mould'ring in the duſt,*
To THEE *ſhall ſwell the breathing buſt:*
Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
" *Stand next in place to* NEWTON, *as in fame.*"

NUMB. 201. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 4, 1756.

OF all the improvements in polite converſation, I know of nothing that is half ſo entertaining as the *double entendre*. It is a figure in rhetoric, which owes its birth, as well as its name, to our inventive neighbours the French; and it is that happy art, by which perſons of faſhion may communicate the looſeſt ideas under the moſt innocent expreſſions. The ladies have adopted it for the beſt reaſon in the world: they have long ſince diſcovered, that the preſent faſhionable diſplay of their perſons is by no means a ſufficient hint to the men that they mean any thing more than to attract their admiration: the *double entendre* diſplays the mind in an equal degree, and tells us from what motives the lure of beauty is thrown out. It is an explanatory note to a doubtful text, which renders the meaning ſo obvious, that even the dulleſt reader cannot poſſibly miſtake it. For though the *double entendre* may ſometimes admit of a moral interpretation, as well as a wanton one, it is never intended to be underſtood but one way;

and

and he muſt be a ſimple fellow indeed, and totally unacquainted with *good company*, who does not take it as it was meant.

BUT it is one thing to invite the attacks of men, and another to yield to them; and it is by no means a neceſſary implication, that becauſe a lady chuſes to dreſs and talk like a woman of the town, ſhe muſt needs act like one. I will be bold to aſſert that the contrary happens at leaſt ten or a dozen times within the ſpace of a twelvemonth; nay, I am almoſt inclined to believe, that when an enterpriſing young fellow, who, from a lady's diſplaying her beauties in public to the utmoſt exceſs of the mode, and ſuiting her language to her dreſs, is apt to fancy himſelf ſure of her at a *tête à tête*, it is not above four to one but he may meet with a repulſe. Thoſe liberties indeed, which are attended with no ruinous contingencies, he may reaſonably claim, and expect always to be indulged in: as the refuſal of them would argue the higheſt degree of prudery, a foible, which in this age of nature and freedom, the utmoſt malice of the world cannot lay to the charge of a woman of condition: but it does not abſolutely follow, that becauſe ſhe is good-humoured enough to grant every liberty but one, ſhe muſt refuſe nothing.

IT may poſſibly be objected, that there is neither good-breeding nor generoſity in a lady's inviting a man to a feaſt, when ſhe only means to treat him with the garniſh: but ſhe is certainly miſtreſs of her own entertainment, and has a right to keep thoſe ſubſtantials under cover, which ſhe has no mind he ſhould help himſelf to. A hungry glutton may (as the phraſe is) eat her

out.

out of houſe and home; and if he will not be ſatisfied with whips and creams, he may carry his voracioufneſs to more liberal tables. A young lady of œconomy will admit no ſuch perſons to her entertainments; they are a ſet of robuſt unmannerly creatures, who are perpetually intruding themſelves upon the hoſpitable and the generous, and tempting them to thoſe coſtly treats, that have in the end undone them, and compelled them ever after to keep ordinaries for their ſupport.

FROM this conſideration, it were heartily to be wiſhed that the ladies could be prevailed upon to give fewer invitations in public places; ſince the moſt frugal of them cannot always anſwer for her own œconomy: and it is well known that the profuſion of one ſingle entertainment has compelled many a beautiful young creature to hide herſelf from the world for whole months after. As for married ladies indeed, who have huſbands to bear the burdens of ſuch entertainments, and rich widows who can afford them, ſomething may be ſaid; but while gluttons may be feaſted liberally at ſuch tables, and while there are public ordinaries in almoſt every pariſh of this metropolis, a ſingle lady may beg to be excuſed.

BUT to return particularly to my ſubject. The *double entendre* is at preſent ſo much the taſte of all genteel companies, that there is no poſſibility either of being polite or entertaining without it. That it is eaſily learnt is the happy advantage of it; for as it requires little more than a mind well ſtored with the moſt natural ideas, every young lady of fifteen may be thoroughly inſtructed

ſtructed in the rudiments of it from her book of novels, or her waiting-maid. But to be as knowing as her mamma in all the refinements of the art, ſhe muſt keep the very beſt company, and frequently receive leſſons in private from a male inſtructor. She ſhould alſo be careful to minute down in her pocket-book the moſt ſhining *ſentiments* that are toaſted at table; that when her own is called for, ſhe may not be put to the bluſh from having nothing to ſay that would occaſion a modeſt woman to bluſh for her. Of all the modern inventions to enliven converſation, and promote freedom between the ſexes, I know of nothing that can compare with theſe *ſentiments*; and I may venture to affirm, without the leaſt flattery to the ladies, that they are by no means inferior to the men in the happy talent of conveying the archeſt ideas imaginable in the moſt harmleſs words, and of enforcing thoſe ideas by the moſt ſignificant looks.

THERE is indeed one inconvenience attending the *double entendre*, which I do not remember to have heard taken notice of. This inconvenience is the untoward effect that it is apt to have upon certain diſcreet gentlewomen, who paſs under the denomination of old maids. As theſe grave perſonages are generally remarked to have the quickeſt conceptions, and as they have once been ſhocked by what they call the indelicacy of this figure, they are ever afterwards carrying it in their minds, and converting every thing they hear into wantonneſs and indecency. To aſk them what o'clock it is, may be an enſnaring queſtion; to pull off your gloves in their preſence, is beginning to undreſs; to make them a bow,

bow, may be ſtooping for an immodeſt purpoſe; and to talk of bed-time, is too groſs to be endured. I have known one of theſe ladies to be ſo extremely upon her guard, that having dropt her gold watch-caſe in a public walk, and being queſtioned by a gentleman who took it up, whether it was hers or not, was ſo alarmed at the indecency of throwing aſide her apron to examine, that ſhe flew from him with precipitation, ſuffering him to put it into his pocket and go fairly off with it.

THIS *falſe modeſty*, which moſt evidently owes its birth to the *double entendre*, is a degree of impudence that the other cannot match. The poſſeſſors of it have unfortunately diſcovered that the moſt immodeſt meanings may be couched under very innocent expreſſions; and having been once put into a looſe train of thinking, they are perpetually revolving in their minds every groſs idea that words can be made to imply. They would not pronounce the names of certain perſons of their acquaintance for the whole world, and are almoſt ſhocked to death at the ſight of a woman with child, as it ſuggeſts to their minds every idea of ſenſuality.

IT would doubtleſs be very aſtoniſhing to the reader to be told, that even the purity of my own writings has not at all times exempted me from the cenſure of theſe maiden gentlewomen. The Nankin breeches of poor Patrick the footman, in number 130 of theſe papers, have given inconceivable offence. The word breeches, it ſeems, is ſo outrageouſly indecent, that a modeſt woman cannot bring herſelf to pronounce it, even when alone. I muſt therefore in all future im-

impreſſions of this work, either diſmiſs the ſaid Patrick from his ſervice, or direct him to wait upon his ladies without any breeches at all. Other complaints of the like nature have alſo been brought againſt me, which, conſcious as I am of the purity of my intentions, have piqued me not a little. It is from theſe complaints that I have entered at preſent upon the ſubject of this paper, which I cannot conclude without expreſſing ſome little diſlike to the *double entendre*; ſince with all the pleaſantry and merriment it occaſions, it has produced this *falſe modeſty*, which, in my humble opinion, is *impudence* itſelf.

NUMB. 202. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 11, 1756.

Th' adorning Thee with ſo much art
Is but a needleſs ſkill. COWLEY.

IT is a general obſervation, that the character and diſpoſition of every man may, in ſome degree, be gueſſed at from the formation and turn of his features; or, in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheleſs, as men do not make themſelves, but yet are maſters of their wills and actions, frequent inſtances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I HAVE often thought that a ſurer way might be found of diſcovering the ſecret notions and bias of each perſon; and that if inſtead of conſulting

ſulting the phyſiognomy, we were to have recourſe to ſuch things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we ſhould arrive at a truer knowledge of the perſon who adopts them. The beſt clue we can lay hold of for this purpoſe is, in my opinion, the different modes of covering and adorning the body, or whatever is compriſed under the idea of DRESS. The Spaniſh proverb ſays, "Tell me what books a man "reads, and what company he keeps, and I "will tell you what manner of man he is." It may be ſaid with equal propriety, Tell me how ſuch a perſon *dreſſes*, and I will tell you what he is. In fact, nature herſelf, by the appurtenances and ornaments which ſhe beſtows on different animals, ſeems to ſhadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can ſee the peacock ſtrut and ſpread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that fop among birds? The lion, wrapped up in the majeſty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleneſs of its nature. It is the ſame with men. What nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, ſupplies to himſelf; and in the choice and arrangement of his DRESS, ſpeaks his real notions and ſentiments.

IN a theatre, which is the glaſs of faſhion, and the picture of the world, it is well known that a ſtrict attention is always paid to what is called the *dreſſing* of the characters. The miſer has his thread-bare coat; the fop his grey powder, ſolitaire, and red heel: each character hanging out a ſign, as it were, in his dreſs, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part,

part, even before he utters a word. The impreſſion which this outward appearance makes upon the mind, is ſo ſtrong, that ſtates and governments have availed themſelves of it for good and wiſe purpoſes. It is certain that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are moſt eaſily captivated by what ſtrikes the ſight. Love, it is ſaid, enters in at the eyes: and I am apt to think, that moſt of the other paſſions enter into the mind through the ſame paſſage. Hence the neceſſity of applying to this ſenſe; and hence the origin of DRESS, and the pomp of kings, magiſtrates, and others, calculated (according to Milton) only to

Dazzle the crowd, and ſet them all agape.

AMONG the numberleſs inſtances that might be brought in proof of this aſſertion, I have however remarked one, in which the means do not ſeem to me to anſwer the end propoſed, or at leaſt that ought to be propoſed by them. The inſtance I mean is the regimentals now worn in the army. One would imagine, from contemplating the profeſſion of a ſoldier, that whatever could moſt contribute towards giving an intrepid maſculine air and look, whatever could impreſs on the ſpectator's mind an idea of courage, fortitude, and ſtrength, would be deemed moſt proper to furniſh out the appearance of thoſe who devote themſelves to all the toils, fatigues, and dangers of war. And yet, who will ſay that our troops ſpeak their profeſſion in any degree by their dreſs? The red, indeed, in which they are cloathed, as it conveys the idea of blood, and appears as if ſtained with

with the colours of their trade, is moſt certainly proper. But what ſhall we ſay for all the other articles of their dreſs? Who that ſees any of them ſo elaborately and ſplendidly equipped in all their trappings, would not be more apt to think by their appearance, that they were going to grace ſome public feſtival, or to aſſiſt at ſome joyful ceremony, than that they were men ſet apart to combat with every hardſhip, and to ſtand in the rough front of war? When Croeſus, the Lydian king, diſplayed his heaps of treaſure to Solon, the philoſopher, told him, that whoever had more *iron*, would ſoon be maſter of all his *gold*; intimating that ſhew and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really uſeful, and that riches in themſelves were of no value. To adapt this to our preſent purpoſe, would not a ſort of dreſs, calculated to help and defend the wearer, or annoy the enemy, be more ſerviceable than all the pride and tinſel that runs through the army from the general to the private man?

THE ancient rude Britons ſeem to have had a better taſte, or at leaſt more meaning in their method of adorning themſelves, than their poliſhed deſcendants. As they were all ſoldiers, Cæſar tells us, they uſed to paint their bodies in ſuch a manner as they conceived would make them appear terrible to their foes. Inſtead of powdering and curling their hair, they wore it looſe, like the old Spartans, who always combed it down to its full extent; and as the admirable author of Leonidas expreſſes it, "cloathed their "necks with terror." For my own part, I cannot look on our troops, powdered and curled

part, even before he utter[illegible] al-
impression which this outwar[illegible] they
upon the mind, is so str[illegible] lace,
governments have availe[illegible] hing,
good and wise purpos[illegible] silver
ignorant and vulgar [illegible] I am
easily captivated by [illegible] im and
it is said, enters in [illegible] the fine lady
think, that most [illegible] the expired, that
the mind thro[illegible] when she was dead.
necessity of a[illegible] , Where is the need of all
the origin [illegible] t (as Falstaff says of honour)
magistrates. [illegible] . Or an arm? No. Or heal
Milton) c[illegible] a wound? No. It has then no
[illegible]urgery, and is a mere scutcheon."

De[illegible] I consider the brilliant, but defence-
Am[illegible] in which our troops go to battle, I
be b[illegible] help wondering at the extraordinary cou-
hov[illegible] they have always shewn; and am pleased to
do[illegible] that they unite in their persons the ancient
[illegible] modern signification of the word *brave*,
[illegible] implied formerly only finery or ornament,
[illegible] in its present acceptation, means courage and
[illegible]solution. They are indeed both brave and
[illegible]; brave as it is possible for *men* to be, but
finer than it is necessary for *soldiers* to be; so
that what Cæsar said of *his* troops, may with
great justice be applied to *ours*, *Etiam unguentatis bene pugnare posse*; in spite of their finery and
perfumes, they are brave fellows, and will fight.

I HAVE been led to consider this subject by a short copy of verses lately sent me by a friend, presenting a picture of a modern warrior preparing for battle. Homer and Virgil described *their* heroes ARMING for the fight; but my friend

his hero DRESSING for the fight;
le, he ſays, that our military
eſent no more armour in the
they do when they go to
a miſtreſs.

HE

RN WARRIOR.

HE trumpet ſounds. To war the troops advance,
Adorn'd and trim—like females to the dance.
Proud of the ſummons to diſplay his might,
The gay LOTHARIO dreſſes *for the fight.*
Studious in all the ſplendor to appear,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of GLORIOUS war!
His well-turn'd limbs the different garbs infold,
Form'd with nice art, and glitt'ring all with gold.
Acroſs his breaſt the ſilken SASH *is ty'd,*
Behind the SHOULDER-KNOT *diſplays its pride;*
Glittering with LACE, *the* HAT *adorns his head,*
Grac'd and diſtinguiſh'd by the ſmart COCKADE:
Conſpicuous badge! which only heroes wear,
Enſign of war, and fav'rite of the fair.
The graceful QUEUE *his braided treſſes binds,*
And ev'ry hair in its juſt rank confines.
Each taper leg the ſnowy GUETRES *deck,*
And the bright GORGET *dangles from his neck.*
Dreſs'd cap-à-piè, *all lovely to the fight,*
Stands the GAY WARRIOR, *and expects the fight.*
Rages the war; fell SLAUGHTER *ſtalks around,*
And ſtretches thouſands breathleſs on the ground:

Down ſinks LOTHARIO, *ſent by one dire blow,*
A WELL-DRESS'D HERO, *to the ſhades below.*
Thus the young VICTIM, *pamper'd and elate,*
To ſome reſplendent fane is led in ſtate,
With GARLANDS *crown'd, thro' ſhouting crowds proceeds,*
" *And dreſs'd in fatal* POMP, MAGNIFICENTLY
" *bleeds.*"

NUMB. 203. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 18, 1756.

WHILST the generality of *moraliſts* maintain the utility of the paſſions, the generality of men complain of their inconveniency. For though ſpeculation can eaſily confine them to proper objects, reſtrain them within proper bounds, and make them aſſiſtant and ſubſervient to the greateſt purpoſes, experience finds them impatient of the rein, and we are hurried by them into every kind of extravagance. In like manner batchelors lay down incomparable rules for the government of a wife, which the huſband, whoſe province is Οὐ χρῆσις ἀλλὰ πρᾶξις, not theory but practice, may find extremely defective in the day of trial. The truth is, that no ſchemes can be formed, no directions can be delivered for the conduct of the paſſions, without a previous knowledge of their nature, the various circumſtances that may excite them, and the ſtrength they exert in every individual. Speculation may in ſome meaſure prepare, but can never ſufficiently provide for practice. Thus a moraliſt may preſcribe patience in the caſe of pain;

pain; but if the anguiſh ariſe from an author's reading his own works, a patient ear, however uſeful in general, will ſerve only to aggravate the miſery, and perhaps render it inſupportable. And indeed ſuch means as theſe will always be found either uſeleſs or fatal, for they will either have no effect upon the paſſion, or totally deſtroy it. Let us try therefore to find an expedient which ſhall preſerve and nouriſh theſe elements of life, and at the ſame time prevent thoſe evils which are ſo juſtly apprehended, and ſo frequently felt from them.

ARISTOTLE has long ago obſerved that poetry is more philoſophical than hiſtory; and Horace has not ſcrupled to prefer Homer to the philoſophers themſelves, even in points of inſtruction; in which all ſenſible men muſt unanimouſly concur. For the paſſions being a poet's peculiar province, he muſt indiſputably be beſt acquainted with their nature, and beſt qualified to direct them. From the poets therefore we may expect information; and, if I am not much miſtaken, every tragic writer will furniſh us with the expedient we want. For there is ſcarce a ſingle tragedy in which the paſſions of the hero have not full play, and yet by the ſubſtitution of proper objects, are artfully diverted from the production of thoſe miſchiefs that uſually attend them. To inſtance in the tragedy of Fatal Conſtancy; the hero ſuſpecting the cruelty of his miſtreſs, or rather her obedience to her father, falls with the greateſt propriety into the paſſion of anger, which thus burſts forth,

Curs'd be the treach'rous ſex, curs'd be the hour,
Curs'd be the world, and ev'ry thing—but her!

Upon ſuch a provocation as this, it was abſolutely impoſſible to have prevented the paſſion; the poet therefore gives it free indulgence; and to avert the fatal effects it might have upon the lady, as the immediate cauſe, or upon the more remote one her father, he ſuppoſes it employed in execrations againſt the ſex in general, the hour, the world, and in ſhort againſt every thing but his miſtreſs. Now this artifice may I think be very advantageouſly removed from the ſtage to the world, from fictitious to real perſons, as appears from the conduct of gameſters, who in an ill run, will with the greateſt vehemence curſe their fortune at their cards, and having vented their anger, will play on with the utmoſt compoſure and reſignation, and be perfectly agreeable to their adverſaries.

THE ancients make mention of one Philoxenus, a celebrated eater, who inſtead of making his rivals at the table the objects of his paſſion, envied cranes for their length of neck; the ſhort duration of pleaſure being the only defect of his enjoyment. Mr. Pope too takes notice of a reverend ſire,

Who envy'd ev'ry ſparrow that he ſaw.

I produce theſe inſtances merely to ſhew the poſſibility of an innocent exerciſe of the paſſions, which muſt be employed to prevent a ſtagnation in the mind, and by theſe means may be indulged without injury to others. Thus rural 'ſquires, who are pure followers of nature, to keep their dogs and themſelves in breath, trail herrings along the road, when the ſeaſon will not admit of real buſineſs.

BUT

BUT to remove all doubts concerning the poſſibility of this method, and at the ſame time to ſhew its utility, I muſt introduce St. Auſtin to my readers. It is well known that the prevailing paſſion of this ſaint was love, and that an habitual indulgence had rendered it too formidable for a regular attack. He therefore engaged by ſtratagem, where his utmoſt ſtrength was ineffectual, and by forming a woman of ſnow for his embraces ſecured his own character, and the honour of his fair diſciples, from thoſe deva-ſtations to which they muſt otherwiſe have been fatally expoſed.

AN example like this is, I think, ſufficient to confirm the principles, and recommend the practice of ſubſtituting objects for the exerciſe of the paſſions; but leſt difficulties ſhould ariſe from the choice, I ſhall point out ſuch as will beſt correſpond with ſome particular paſſions, that we may from thence be enabled to judge what will beſt ſuit with the reſt. To begin with what is moſt important and moſt prevailing, Love. Should a young lady find herſelf unfortunately expoſed to the unruline's of this paſſion, either by nature or education, by too cloſe an attention to the ſtudy of romance, or too ſtrong a confidence in the converſation of her friends, her condition muſt be very deplorable: for indulgence, the moſt obvious expedient, is prohibited by cuſtom; oppoſition would always be found ridiculous, often impracticable, and ſometimes fatal; and ſhould ſhe follow the example of poor Viola in Shakeſpear,

—— who never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek,

her caſe muſt be deſperate indeed: for the deſtruction of her charms would infallibly deſtroy the very means of happineſs, and make her fit only for the incurables of a convent, for which our proteſtant country has not yet thought proper to provide. Now all theſe inconveniencies will be removed by ſubſtituting ſome other object to engroſs her affection. Thus a lap-dog, a ſquirrel, or a parrot, may relieve her diſtreſs, by being admitted to her boſom, and receiving thoſe *douceurs* and careſſes which her paſſion prompts her to beſtow upon her lover. It is certain that the celebrated Antonia eſcaped the fatal effects of this paſſion, and preſerved her character untainted amidſt the ſlanders and corruption of the worſt of courts, by fixing her affection upon a lamprey. In vain did the beaus of Rome offer up their vows; her tenderneſs was devoted to her favourite fiſh, on which ſhe doted to that degree, that ſhe fondly adorned it with her choiceſt ear-rings.

But if this method ſhould not ſufficiently anſwer the great purpoſe of giving exerciſe to the paſſion, I cannot forbear the mention of one more, and that is cards. A *parti carrè* at Cribbage or Whiſt will give full ſcope to the reſtleſſneſs of its nature, and enable the fair female to indulge it in all its ſtages: for every deal will excite her affection or her anger; will inflame her

her jealouſy, or reſtore her eaſe; will give her all the pangs of diſappointment, or furniſh the ſilent tranſports of ſucceſs.

WHAT has been hitherto propoſed is deſigned for the unmarried ladies; the ſituation and circumſtances of a wife, being in ſome reſpects different, may require a different treatment. If therefore what is here preſcribed prove ineffectual, ſhe may have recourſe to St. Auſtin's remedy, which is always at hand; for by fixing her affections upon her huſband, ſhe may convert a lump of ſhow into a lover, and have the ſaint's exquiſite pleaſure of a mortifying indulgence.

I WOULD now proceed to the other paſſions, and lay down rules for their regulation, did I not think it abſolutely unneceſſary: for ſeveral of them, ſuch as *ſhame*, *fear*, &c. are become obſolete, and conſequently unknown. Others may be conſtantly employed upon huſbands, friends, and dependents: for theſe objects occur upon every occaſion, and an ill choice can ſcarcely be made. Thus if anger be the paſſion of the day, a lady need not be told that ſhe may exert it with the greateſt ſafety and ſatisfaction upon a huſband or a ſervant. Or ſhould the fair one be under the influence of pride, on whom can it be exerciſed with greater propriety than upon a female friend, eſpecially if poverty has reduced her to a ſtate of indigence and dependence? For fortune has plainly marked ſuch creatures for the uſe and amuſement of her favourites.

NUMB. 204. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 25, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE ſeaſon is now approaching when the wiſdom of the nation provides the ſupplies neceſſary for the ſupport of government. The two great queſtions commonly debated on ſuch occaſions, are the WHEREFORE and the HOW. The WHEREFORE, as the politician in the Rehearſal ſays, anſwers itſelf; but then as to the *quomodo*, or the HOW, here the invention of the ingenious lover of his country may, without offence, be exerted.

CERTAIN unſubſidized pamphleteers have thought proper to obſerve, that ſcarcely a ſingle tax can be deviſed which has not been already impoſed, in order to ſtrip this *beggarly* nation (as they are pleaſed to call it) even of its rags: for if we credit theſe gentlemen, the nation does indeed hang in tatters, and we muſt expect very ſpeedily to hear Britannia crying out with a moſt lamentable voice in the ſtreets, "Pray, your "honour, do, good your honour, one ſingle "farthing to a poor diſtreſſed gentlewoman, with "a great charge of helpleſs children."

A CERTAIN emperor is reported to have offered a reward to any one who ſhould diſcover a new ſpecies of pleaſure; and it is hoped, that in imitation of that emperor, the miniſtry will make

make *ſome promiſes* to any one who ſhall invent a new tax.

FOR my own part, I flatter myſelf that I have diſcovered ſome methods of raiſing money by taxes, which have hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of projectors and politicians: but however various my *ways and means* may be, I ſhall content myſelf at preſent with communicating only one of my ſchemes, that from the reception it meets with from thoſe in power, I may be tempted either to conceal or make public the reſt.

THERE is a certain ſpecies of converſation which is commonly termed *the ſaying of* GOOD THINGS. In this commodity almoſt every body deals. The cheeſemonger's wife at a goſſiping, and the haberdaſher at the club, ſay GOOD THINGS as well as their betters, during the ſhort intervals from Whiſt. This commodity has hitherto eſcaped the obſervation of the legiſlature; and yet no ſufficient reaſon appears why a tax may not be impoſed upon every GOOD THING which ſhall be ſaid, uttered, or ſpoken, from and after Lady-day next.

IT will poſſibly be objected, that ſome difficulties may occur as to the proper methods of levying this tax. The officers of the revenue, it may be ſaid, cannot be ſuppoſed proper judges of what is, and what is not, a GOOD THING; and an appeal to the quarter ſeſſions in all probability would not much mend the matter. To this it may be anſwered, that in the caſe before us, the uſer or conſumer may be ſafely truſted on his bear affirmation; an indulgence which I ſhould very unwillingly recommend on any other occaſion. The method I would propoſe, is, that

every perſon who ſays a GOOD THING, ſhall receive a certificate thereof on ſtampt paper, for which certificate the ſum of two ſhillings and ſixpence *only* ſhall be exacted: provided always, that he who ſays a VERY GOOD THING, may for ſuch VERY GOOD THING demand a certificate as aforeſaid, on payment of five ſhillings in manner aforeſaid.

IT may be further objected, as this tax is propoſed to extend to the *writing*, as well as *ſaying* GOOD THINGS, that it will be of inexpreſſible detriment to many profeſſed authors. Their intereſt and their vanity will incline them to contribute largely to the ſtamp duty; but it cannot in reaſon be expected that they ſhould ever be able to raiſe a ſingle half-crown for the purchaſe of a certificate. My intention, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is not to injure theſe gentleman. I pity poor authors with all my heart. They "who cannot "*dig*, and who to *beg* are aſhamed," *muſt write*: far be it from me therefore to deprive them of an ingenious livelihood. To quiet their minds, I humbly propoſe that they ſhall not be obliged to tax themſelves, but that their readers ſhall tax them for every GOOD THING which they may chance to publiſh. Thus will the tax become no intolerable grievance: indeed it will be ſcarcely felt, unleſs falſe Engliſh, low wit, and licentious ſcurrility be declared GOOD THINGS by public authority. All that I intreat is, that as I leave them the liberty of *writing* what they pleaſe, they will alſo allow me the liberty of *reading* what I pleaſe. By this means we ſhall have little intercourſe, and conſequently little occaſion for quarrel.

THIS

THIS tax will indeed fall ſomewhat heavy upon you, Mr. Fitz-Adam: but in times of danger and difficulty, every man muſt contribute according to his ability to the neceſſities of his country. However, to make this matter eaſy, I am willing to yield you the whole honour of my invention; and I doubt not but you may obtain a ſaving clauſe, impowering you to write GOOD THINGS without the expence of a certificate.

WE are all of us apt to ſhew ſome degree of partiality to our own children; and this may perhaps induce me to be over-fond of my preſent project. Yet the moſt impartial muſt acknowledge, that no tax can be more extenſive, or be levied with greater eaſe to the public and the ſubject. It will therefore afford me the higheſt ſatisfaction to ſee this my darling ſcheme enforced by the wiſdom of the legiſlature. I can already in imagination rejoice over ſome future reſolution of the honourable houſe, conceived in words to the following effect.

"RESOLVED, That the ſum of one million "ſterling be raiſed by way of lottery on annui- "ties payable out of the produce of the tax "upon GOOD THINGS."

IT would be no leſs agreeable to me to read a paragraph in the London Evening Poſt, or ſome other loyal paper, importing that "this day the "worſhipful company of Fiſhmongers dined to- "gether at their hall in Thames-ſtreet, where "the tax upon GOOD THINGS ſaid after dinner "amounted to four hundred and ten pounds "ſeventeen ſhillings and ſix-pence, being the "largeſt ſum which had ever been collected on "that occaſion."

I MAKE no doubt but that great ſums might be expected on this account from the common halls of our two learned univerſities; not to ſay any thing of the laudable ſociety of Anti-Gallicans, the venerable order of Free Maſons, and the numerous fraternities of Bucks, Bloods, and Choice Spirits.

IT may poſſibly be inſinuated that France will endeavour to avail itſelf of our example, and impoſe likewiſe a tax upon GOOD THINGS; but as freedom of ſpeech is greatly reſtrained in all abſolute monarchies, we have nothing to fear from ſuch an attempt. Here then we ſhall be unrivalled, and ſhall be able for once to boaſt with juſtice, that we have *outwitted* our enemies.

IF it ſhould ſtill farther be objected to this tax, that it will be a partial one, and grievouſly burthenſome to the poor wit, while the rich alderman, the juſtice of the quorum, and the fine gentleman, will be totally exempted from it; I anſwer, that in theſe public-ſpirited times, and upon this particular occaſion, every man will be ambitious of contributing his quota, whether he can be legally taxed or not; nay, I am humbly of opinion, that thoſe who ſay the feweſt GOOD THINGS, will generouſly make their demands upon the ſtamp-office for the greateſt number of certificates.

I HAD once entertained thoughts of extending my project to the GOOD THINGS that people *do* as well as *ſay*; but upon conſulting a few friends upon the matter, I was convinced that the benefits ariſing from ſuch an addition would be too inconſiderable to be felt. I have therefore, for the good of my poor country, and the eaſe of

thoſe in power, made what haſte I could to communicate my ſcheme as it now is, which I deſire you to publiſh as ſoon as poſſible; and am,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

NUMB. 205. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 2, 1756.

Nunc adhibe puro
Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer.——
HOR.

Tendere ad Indos
Auroramque ſequi. ——— VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many reaſons that were urged againſt entering into the preſent war, and the various clamours that have been raiſed ſince the commencement of hoſtilities, I do not find any body has conſidered the importance of a peace with France, in regard to the education of our young nobility; and I cannot but think our miniſters would have been leſs haſty in their meaſures, had they paid proper attention to an object of ſo great moment.

THIS overſight is the more ſurprizing, as the dangers attending heirs apparent at home, and the neceſſity of travel from the age of ſeventeen to twenty-one, have long been notorious to all the world. Who would truſt a ſon in the way of pedantry and tobacco, party and elections, fox

hounds and Newmarket; of the bewitching glances that lurk beneath a pompadour hat at Ranelagh, or the unadorned, but not leſs dangerous charms of the curate's daughter near the manſion ſeat. On the other ſide, who is not aware that, abroad, national prejudices are deſtroyed, the mind is opened, the taſte refined, the perſon improved? And what muſt be a farther conſolation to parents, is, that the habits and manners contracted by young gentlemen in their travels, are likely to remain with them all their lives after. It ſeldom happens that the Paris pump and Lyons velvet give place to the tight boot and ſhort ſkirt; or that a man accuſtomed to the elegance and loll of a *vis à vis*, with cuſhions of down within, and the varniſh of Martin without, is ſo abſurd at his return, as to trot ten miles before day in a dreary winter morning, and paſs the hours due to hazard or a miſtreſs on the ſide of a bleak cover, ſhivering in expectation of a fox.

As it is far from my intention to ſtir up a clamour againſt the adviſers of this war, I ſhall not enter farther into a diſcuſſion of the advantages of a foreign, or the evils of a domeſtic education, but haſten to my ſcheme for the improvement of youth, in ſpite of our enemies; the firſt hint of which aroſe accidentally in converſation with a friend, at whoſe houſe in the country I ſpent ſome days laſt month.

We were walking in a park, decorated with all the variety of Aſiatic ornaments, which at preſent ſo generally prevails among improvers of taſte; when this gentleman, who is a leading man of that claſs, as well as a thorough zealot in the modern ſyſtem of education, took occa-

ſion to conſult me in regard to the diſpoſal of his eldeſt ſon, a youth about ſixteen years of age, heir to a very large fortune, and at preſent at one of our univerſities. My friend, I found, was very uneaſy leſt he ſhould contract the ruſt of the college, and moſt pathetically lamented his ill-fortune, that the doors of France ſhould be ſo critically ſhut againſt a lad formed by nature for all the accompliſhments which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh the polite nation.

In reflecting upon the good man's embarraſſment, and admiring the ſeveral temples, bridges, and other edifices of Chineſe architecture which ſurrounded me, I was led to conſider whether to ſend our ſons to PEKIN inſtead of PARIS, would not better anſwer all purpoſes of travel. And though you may ſtart, as did my friend, at the firſt view of this propoſal, I doubt not, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but upon deliberation you will agree with me in many of the circumſtances that I think muſt render ſuch a progreſs preferable to the other, more entertaining to the young gentlemen themſelves, more ſuitable to the intentions of their parents and guardians, and more beneficial to their country.

Among the many conſiderations which immediately occurred to me upon this ſubject, I ſhall beg leave principally to obſerve, that the manufactures of China, which have hitherto reached us, bear the preference to moſt of our own of the ſame kinds, in ſpite of European pride: and I am perſuaded thoſe politer arts, which are the great objects of travel, are in a degree of excellence, well worthy our notice, among

among the ingenious people of that country, though they have hitherto made their way to us ſlowly and imperfectly, for want of proper travellers. The merchant and the miſſionary (almoſt the only viſitors of ſo diſtant a region) attend merely to thoſe obſervations which regard the commerce and religion of their nation and ſect; the views of the one are too confined, and of the other generally too enthuſiaſtic to produce the good effects which will accrue from the enquiries of men of more enlarged ideas and unprejudiced ſentiments. The preſent juncture ſeems marked by the good genius of this iſle for the moſt important diſcoveries. How many young men of faſhion might be picked out, whom no one could ſuſpect of prejudices either in favour of trade or religion! and ſurely a mettled fellow could not heſitate in his choice between this route and the old beaten one of France and Italy; where from a Calais landlord, to a Neapolitan princeſs, there is a ſameneſs of adventure that is become extremely irkſome to a polite circle in the recital. A traveller will be greatly diſappointed who fancies the tour of Europe will entitle him to attention at Arthur's or an aſſembly. Alas! after four years of expence, danger, and fatigue, if he expects auditors, he muſt have recourſe to his tenants in the country, or ſeek them about four o'clock on a bench in St. James's park. On the contrary, let us ſuppoſe a young nobleman juſt arrived with a dreſs and equipage *à la Chinoiſe*, what a curioſity would be excited in the town! what entertainment, what admiration would it afford! What triumph would he feel

feel in entering a route, to ſee at his approach the lover riſe from beneath the hoop on the ſettee, the dowager quit her cards, and all

With greedy ears devour up his diſcourſe!

It would be a ſevere blow to the French, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhould the Chineſe ſucceed to the empire of taſte; and it is worthy remark, as I hinted above, and as others of your correſpondents have done before, what advances they daily make toward it. Without doors, from the ſeats of our dukes, to the ſhops of our haberdaſhers, all is Chineſe; and in moſt places within (at leaſt where that ſex which ought always to have the lead in elegance is concerned) Raphael and Titian give place to the more pleaſing maſters of Surat and Japan. Should their dreſs and cookery become as faſhionable as their architecture and painting, adieu the moſt flouriſhing commerce of France: and I ſee no reaſon why they ſhould not, if introduced by proper perſons. Novelty is the ſoul of both, and quickneſs of invention the ſureſt recommendation to the cook, as well as the taylor. For my own part, I have commiſſioned my two nephews, who are actually preparing for their voyage next ſpring, to bring over one of the greateſt men they can find in each of theſe capacities; and I flatter myſelf that *their* dreſs and *my* table will give the taſte to the whole town. I have likewiſe deſired theſe young gentlemen to contract for the beſt dancers now in Aſia, whether monkeys or men, and propoſe to oblige the managers of both theatres with a Chineſe ballet, that I think will engage

gage to them the ſupport of the whole ſociety of Anti-Gallicans.

If any young nobleman can want yet farther encouragement for this undertaking, let him conſider how much greater ſcope there is to ſhew his genius in the conſtruction of a veſſel, than in that of a poſt-chaiſe; not to mention the many conveniences and comforts he will have about him, which a land-carriage cannot afford: for inſtance, his cook, his toad-eater, his ſet at Whiſt, and if he pleaſes, his girl: for, by the way, it would be cruel in a parent to deny a ſon, embarked on ſo uſeful a progreſs, any of thoſe amuſements or reſources, ſo generally eſteemed innocent in other travels, and which indeed I have ſeldom heard that the moſt ſcrupulous governor objected to in France or Italy. It is poſſible that the article of ſea-ſickneſs may alarm the tenderneſs of ſome mothers: but what is it more than the qualms of claret? and a youth who has ſhewn any ſpirit at college, cannot have much to apprehend from that complaint.

And here, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I cannot forbear hinting to our patriots, of what ſervice ſuch a ſyſtem of education would prove to our marine, the great bulwark of the nation. I am perſuaded it would turn out as good a nurſery for ſailors as the herring fiſhery: and what a ſource would it be in any certain emergency (like the preſent, for example) if the numerous retinues of the gay and great were able to go to a top-maſt head! A ſet of fellows, who now ſerve only to excite the contempt or indignation of their induſtrious countrymen, would become uſeful members, and be regarded as a hidden ſtrength of the ſtate.

Who

Who knows but ſome of the young gentlemen themſelves might take a more particular fancy to a blue uniform than to a red one? and I apprehend it would as ſoon entitle them to the eſteem of their country, and not be leſs becoming in the eyes of the ladies.

BUT the point which will be thought of the moſt importance by your ſerious readers, is ſtill behind. It has been remarked of late years (I fear with ſome truth) that the majority of our young travellers return home entirely diveſted of the religion of their country, without having acquired any new one in its place. Now as our free-thinkers are univerſally known to be the ſtricteſt moraliſts, I apprehend the doctrine of Confucius might have a very good effect upon them, and poſſibly give them a certain plan which they have all along wanted. In time perhaps they might inſtitute ſome form of public worſhip, and thereby remove the ſcandal of atheiſm, which our enemies abroad, from the behaviour of our travellers, are ſo apt to brand us with: and it is my private opinion, that if a Chineſe temple were to be built by ſubſcription, in a good quarter of the town, for the worſhip of the polite world, it could not fail of ſucceſs.

I NOW, Mr. Fitz-Adam, leave you to comment upon my project. If it is recommended from your pen, I doubt not but it will be followed. We ſhall then ſee the new and old route diſtinguiſhed by the title of the GRAND and LITTLE TOUR. It will be left to the enſign and the templer to trip to Paris, in abſence from quarters and long vacation: plodding geniuſſes, admirers of the claſſics, philoſophers and poets will

reach

reach Rome; while the noble youth of more extenſive fortune and more general principles, the riſing ſpirits, born to take the lead, and ſet a pattern to the world, ſtrike out a path more worthy their genius, and more adapted to the enlightened age in which we live.

I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant reader,
and admirer,

C.

NUMB. 206. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 9, 1756.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mæchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas.

HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AS the hiſtory of my life may be of ſome ſervice to many of your readers, I ſhall relate it with all the openneſs and ſimplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and miſtakes of my conduct, they will paſs over thoſe of my ſtyle. I am no ſcholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Inſtead of converſing or playing with other boys, I went a viſiting with her; and while ſhe and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they paſſed a conſiderable part of the day, I read ſuch books as I found lying about her room; the chief of which were the Atalantis, Ovid's Art of Love, novels, romances,

romances, miſcellaneous poems, and plays. From theſe ſtudies I contracted an early taſte for gallantry; and as nothing pleaſed me ſo much as the comedies of the laſt age, my thoughts were conſtantly engroſſed with the enviable ſituation of the heroes of thoſe pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners ſtruck my imagination beyond the brighteſt characters in Pope's Homer; and though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themſelves amends, by viſiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and ſuch the examples which I looked up to: and having manifeſt advantages of perſon, I entertained moſt extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet even in the height of thoſe extravagancies, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I ſolicited; much leſs ſhould I have been perſuaded that ſuch uncommon ſucceſs could be productive of any thing but conſummate happineſs. The hiſtory of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuſe to record it, with a view of ſhewing what a ſucceſſion of trouble, diſtreſs, and miſery aroſe from the very completion of my deſires.

I WAS precipitately ſent to Oxford, on being diſcovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was exceſſive, this ſeparation was inexpreſſibly painful; and I learned from it, that paſt joys were no conſolation for preſent diſappointment. I found the univerſity life ſo little ſuited to my taſte, that I ſoon prevailed upon my mother to let me

me come to London. Before I had been a week in town, I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took ſo great a fancy to, that the very violence of my paſſion made me deſpair of ſucceſs. I was, however, ſo agreeably diſappointed, that I could ſcarce conceal the tranſports of joy which poſſeſſion gave me: but this joy was more than ballanced, when at the end of ſome months I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my deſires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be reſtrained; and honour, which alone had ſtopt the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a looſe to my concern. I bewailed with remorſe and tears the ſhame and miſery of deluded innocence, and curſed myſelf as the author of ſo much ruin and infamy. I ſpared no expence to render her unhappy ſituation as comfortable as it could be made, and ſhut myſelf up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increaſed our mutual ſhame, by giving birth to a little negro, which though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conſcience, put me to an immoderte expence in bribes to the nurſes, to keep the ſecret of my diſgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almoſt ſpoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I ſoon loſt all remembrance of ill uſage in the innocent ſmiles and gentle ſweetneſs of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and conſtancy. Our mutual fondneſs made it impoſſible for us to bear that ſeparation which diſcretion required. As ſhe gave up all her acquaintance for my ſake, ſhe ſoon found herſelf abandoned by them; ſo that

that our conſtant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an abſolute neceſſity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if poſſible, increaſe my tenderneſs, had ſo different an effect upon her temper, as to cauſe a total change of behaviour to me and all about her: ſhe ſtormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company: yet if ever I went from her upon the moſt urgent buſineſs, ſhe would throw herſelf into fits, and upbraid me with the moſt bitter reproaches. On my being ſent for to attend my mother in her laſt moments, ſhe threatened with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then, I ſhould never ſee her more. I had ſcarce broke from her menaces, when ſhe flew from her lodgings in an agony of paſſion, and has not been heard of ſince.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who viſited her, and who had caſt an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occaſion to make ſome advances towards me. Whenever we met, her diſcourſe always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taſte which ſhe ſhewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this converſation as conſtantly ended in an aſſignation at her houſe. Though I was at firſt a little proud to find my preſents meet ſo ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progreſs of this armour; eſpecially when I came to perceive, that the ſtrongeſt recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found alſo that a declaration which I had made

of

of not loving cards, did not contribute to ſtrengthen my intereſt in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me; and I thought myſelf then at the height of my wiſhes: for ſhe managed ſo diſcreetly, that we had not the leaſt interruption from her huſband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual ſcene of indiſcretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to ſtir from her ſide. She would carry me to the moſt frequented plays, and keep me in a whiſper during the moſt intereſting ſcenes. Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe made me walk with her eternally in the park, the old-road, and Kenſington-gardens; and to complete her triumph, ſhe dragged me, a miſerable object! about the ſtreets of London, with the ſame pityleſs oſtentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeleſs carcaſe of Hector round the walls of Troy. To complete my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* eſtabliſhed a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new faſhion, and attend their fair on horſeback. Unluckily for me, my mother not ſuſpecting that horſemanſhip would ever become, here, a requiſite in gallantry, had made it no part of my Engliſh education: therefore being an abſolute novice, I procured the quieteſt beaſt that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted: but I ſoon found my miſtake; for the dullneſs of the beaſt tended to bring a moſt diſgraceful ſuſpicion on the ſpirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake a more mettleſome ſteed. The conſequence was this: the moment I joined my miſ-

treſs,

treſs, ſhe drew out her handkerchief, which fluttering in the wind, ſo frightened my horſe, that he carried be directly into the ſerpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and diſgrace, her horſe, which had ſtarted at the ſame time, ran a different way, and as ſhe was no otherwiſe qualified for a rider, but by the conſciouſneſs of being a woman of faſhion, ſhe was thrown againſt a tree and killed on the ſpot. The remembrance of her fondneſs for me, though ſo troubleſome while living, was the cauſe of great affliction to me after her death: and it was near a twelvemonth before I ſettled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who though ſhe did not give me the ſame occaſion of complaint as the laſt, created me no leſs pain by turning the tables upon me. Inſtead of requiring my conſtant attendance, ſhe would complain that I haunted and dogged her: and would frequently ſecrete herſelf, or run on purpoſe into ſuſpicious company, purely to give me uneaſineſs. Though confeſſedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the moſt worthleſs pretenders have been let in: and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which ſhe liked, ſhe has refuſed them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the moſt deſpicable of my rivals. When we have been at the ſame table at cards, ſhe has made it remarked by the whole aſſembly that her eyes and her diſcourſe have been induſtriouſly kept from me; and ſuch has been her cruelty, that when I have deſired the honour of walking with her the next morning, ſhe has anſwered with a ſignificant ſneer, ſhe was very

ſorry

ſorry ſhe ſhould not have my company, for ſhe intended to *ride*. With all this, who could imagine that I was the happy man! and yet, as I ſpared no pains or coſt in the enquiry, I can venture to pronounce that no other perſon whatever ſhared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be deviſed for the puniſhment of poor lovers, there are none ſo excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

NOT to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and diſquietudes, the diſcoveries, expences, fines, and dangers which are incident to gallantry in general, I ſhall only tell you that I at laſt perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus but under the auſpices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices againſt the conjugal ſtate, ſo long deſpiſed, inſulted, and injured by me, was the great difficulty: but as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguiſhed my unalterable love for the ſex, I found upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only reſource, and that I ſhould run no great riſque in exchanging the *real* for the *imaginary* pains of love.

HAVING taken this reſolution, I ſtept into the ridotto, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertiſed for the young lady in blue and ſilver; requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffee-houſe, received a letter for A. B. and in the ſpace of a few months, from being a reſtleſs, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myſelf a huſband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived ten years in a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; and

I can

I can truly ſay, that I once met with a woman, who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with conſtant attention and complacency.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. Z.

NUMB. 207. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 16, 1756.

THE exorbitant exactions of ſervants in great houſes, and the neceſſity impoſed upon you, after dining at a friend's table, of ſurrendering all the money in your pocket to the *gang in livery* who very dexterouſly intercept every avenue to the ſtreet-door, have been the ſubject of a former paper. This cuſtom, illiberal and prepoſterous as it is, neither the ridicule with which I have treated it, nor my more ſerious reprehenſion, will, I fear, be able to aboliſh. My correſpondents continue to complain, that though the hoſpitable door is opened wide for their admiſſion, yet, like that of Pluto in Virgil, it is hardly pervious at their retreat; nor can they paſs the ninefold barrier without a copious ſhow of influencing ſilver. The watchful dragons ſtill expect, and will expect for ever, their quieting ſop, from his honour's bowing butler, with the ſignificant napkin under his arm, to the ſurly Swiſs who guards the veſtible. Your paſſport is not now received by theſe collectors, as a free gift, but gathered as a turnpike toll; or, in other words, as the juſt diſcharge of your tavern reckoning. Thus the ſtile of invi-

tation, which runs generally that "Lord ſuch-"a-one deſires you will do him the favour to "dine with him," is explained by dear-bought experience, to import, that you will obligingly contribute your quota to the payment of his ſervants wages.

YET this abuſe, grievous as it is to the gueſt, and diſgraceful to the maſter, is by no means the greateſt inconvenience ariſing from a want of attention to œconomical regulations. The following letter, which I have only room to inſert at preſent, but which, for the ſake of my correſpondent, I may poſſibly take under conſideration at another opportunity, will ſufficiently ſhew the neceſſity of ſuch regulations.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a plain country gentleman, poſſeſſed of a plentiful fortune, and bleſt with moſt of the comforts of life; but am at preſent (not through any fault of my own, that I can recollect) in great diſtreſs; which I am as much at a loſs how to remedy, as I was unable to prevent. Though I have loved peace and quiet all my life, and have endeavoured conſtantly to maintain good order and harmony in my family, I owe my grievances to the intrigues and jealouſies which have unhappily ſubſiſted for ſome time paſt among my SERVANTS. I give them good wages, which I pay punctually; I indulge them in every reaſonable requeſt, from a deſire to make them happy; and I have been told by all of them in their ſeveral turns, that I am, without exception, *the very beſt of maſters.*

YET,

YET, with all my care and kindneſs, I cannot eſtabliſh a proper ſubordination amongſt them; without which, I am ſenſible, no family-government can long ſubſiſt; and for want of which (as they cannot find a decent and reaſonable cauſe of complaint againſt me) they are perpetually quarrelling with one another. They do not, I believe, intend originally to hurt me: on the contrary, they pretend my advantage alone is the occaſion of their diſagreement. But, were this really true, my caſe is no leſs deplorable; for, notwithſtanding the zeal they expreſs for my ſervice, and the reſpect and affection they profeſs to my perſon, my life is made miſerable by their domeſtic ſquabbles; and my eſtate is mouldring away daily, whilſt they are contending who ſhould manage it for me. They are ſo obliging as to aſſure me upon their honours, that their conteſts are only who can beſt ſerve ſo good a maſter, and deſerve and claim the firſt place in his favour; but, alas! I begin to be a little apprehenſive that their ſtruggle is, and has been, who ſhould get moſt VAILS, and have moſt POWER under me; or, as you may think perhaps, *over* me.

THE firſt appearance of this inteſtine diſcord was upon the following occaſion.

I HAVE a very troubleſome neighbour, who is continually committing encroachments upon my lands and manor. He attacks me firſt with his *pen*; and pretending to have found out ſome flaw in my ſettlements, he commences a ſuit of treſpaſs againſt me; but at the ſame time, fearing leſt the law ſhould happen to decide in favour of RIGHT, he ſends me word, *he wears a*

ſword. Not long ago he threatened me that he would break into my park, ſteal my fiſh out of my canal, and ſhoot my hares and deer within my pales. Upon the advice of my ſteward and other ſervants, I ſent to my eſtate in the north for a truſty game-keeper (whoſe bravery and fidelity I could rely upon) to come to my aſſiſtance, that he might help to preſerve, not only my GAME but my FAMILY, which ſeemed to be in no ſmall danger. Theſe orders were no ſooner diſpatched, than to my great ſurprize, my POSTILION bolted into the parlour where I was ſitting, and told me with all the warmth of a patriot, that he could not conſent to FERDINAND the game-keeper's admiſſion into the houſe, for that he humbly conceived it was neither for my honour nor my intereſt to be indebted for any part of my protection, or even ſafety, to a FOREIGNER; for you muſt know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that, very unfortunately for me, my poor honeſt FERDINAND did happen to be born ſomewhere or other in GERMANY. You may imagine, however, that I paid little attention to this remonſtrance of my POSTILION; but diſmiſſing him from my ſervice, I ſent for FERDINAND; who, upon the firſt ſummons, travelled night and day to come to my relief.

THE next fit of affection that embarraſſed me, broke out in my ambitious HELPER. He profeſſed himſelf ſo exceſſively careful of my perſon, that he did not think it ſafe for me to be driven any longer by my old COACHMAN; on which account he grew impatient to aſcend the box himſelf. But his contrivances to facilitate this removal, were plain indications that he attended

to

to his own advancement, more than to my preſervation: for I have been informed, that he has often frightened the horſes, to make them ſtart unexpectedly out of the quarter: at other times he has been detected in laying great ſtones in the way, with a deſign to overturn the coach; and in roads of difficulty and danger, was ſure to keep out of the way himſelf; nay, at laſt, he tried to perſuade the ſervants, that it was the COACHMAN'S intention to drive headlong over them, and break all their necks. But when he found I had too good an opinion of old THOMAS to entertain any ſuſpicion of his *honeſty*, he came one morning in a pet, and gave me warning. I told him with great temper, he was to blame, paid him his wages, and bid THOMAS provide himſelf with another HELPER. But I leave you to judge of my grief as well as ſurprize, when THOMAS anſwered me with tears in his eyes, "that he muſt intreat my permiſſion to retire "from my ſervice: he found," he ſaid, "he had "many enemies, both within doors and with-"out: my family was divided into various par-"ties; ſome were favourable to the HELPER, "and others had been wrought upon by the "late POSTILION; he ſhould be always grateful "for the goodneſs I had ſhewn him; and his "laſt breath ſhould be employed in praying for "my proſperity." It was with great reluctance that I conſented to his requeſt; he had ſerved me honeſtly above thirty years, from affection more than intereſt; had always greaſed my wheels himſelf, and upon every one of my birth-days, had treated all his brother whips at his own expence: ſo that, far from being a gainer

by my ſervice, he had ſpent above half of what he had ſaved before he came into it. You may imagine I would willingly have ſettled a comfortable annuity upon him; but you will wonder at his behaviour on this occaſion: indeed I have never met with any thing like it, in one of his low ſtation: he declared, that he would rather live upon bread and cheeſe, than put my honour to any expence, when he could be no longer uſeful to me.

THUS have I been reduced, contrary to my inclination, to hire another COACHMAN. The man I have now taken bears a very reputable character; but he happens to be ſo infirm, that he is ſcarce yet able to get upon his box: and though he promiſes, and I believe intends, to take all poſſible care of my horſes, I fear he has not been accuſtomed to drive a ſet ſo reſtive as mine are, eſpecially in bad roads. I have alſo been perſuaded to take my POSTILION again, as he is a great favourite of my preſent COACHMAN. Between them they are new-modelling my family for me, and diſcharging thoſe ſervants whom they happen to diſlike. My experienced BAILIFF, who uſed to hold my courts, has left me; and my game-keeper, who has been obliged to lie during this hard winter in a tent in the garden, is ordered back again into the north, though he has given no ſort of offence, but on the contrary, he has been greatly inſtrumental in protecting me from the inſults of my bluſtering neighbour; ſo unpardonable a crime is it to be born in GERMANY!

GOOD Mr. Fitz-Adam, adviſe me, as a friend, what courſe to take. WE MASTERS, as we are im-

improperly called, are become of late ſo ſubſervient to our ſervants, that I ſhould apprehend this univerſal want of ſubordination in them, muſt at laſt be detrimental to the ſtate itſelf: for as a family is compoſed of many ſervants, cities and countries are made up of many houſes and families, which together conſtitute a nation. Diſobedience in the majority of individuals to their ſuperiors, cannot fail of producing a general licentiouſneſs, which muſt terminate at laſt in anarchy and confuſion.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader
and admirer,

GEORGE MEANWELL.

NUMB. 208. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 23, 1756.

AS the firſt of the following letters is written by a female correſpondent, and the ſecond intended for the ſervice of that ſex, I have taken the firſt opportunity of giving them to the public.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young woman, and live in the country with an uncle and aunt, whoſe characters, as they are ſomewhat particular, may perhaps contribute towards the entertainment of your readers. My uncle is a man ſo full of himſelf, that he approves of nothing but what is done (to uſe

his own words) *after his maxim.* About three years ago he caught a great cold; ever ſince which time he wears a great coat, and calls every man a fool that goes without one, even in the dog-days. The other day a relation coming to ſee him, was thrown off his horſe, and broke his leg.——When he was brought into the houſe, and my uncle came to be informed that the accident happened by his paſſing through a long lane, in order to call upon a particular friend in his way to us, he told him with an air of great importance, that it was always a *maxim* with *him*, "never to do two "things at once." He then introduced a long ſtory about queen Elizabeth and lord Burleigh, which, after it had laſted above half an hour, concluded with lord Burleigh's telling the queen, that he had made it a maxim, "never "to do but one thing at a time." Thus did he perplex the poor gentleman, who lay all the time with a broken limb; nor would he ſuffer any perſon in the room to go for a ſurgeon till his ſtory was told. While the leg was ſetting, and the patient in the utmoſt torment, my uncle ſtood by, and with all the rhetoric he was maſter of, endeavoured to perſuade his kinſman that his misfortune was entirely owing to a neglect of the excellent *maxims* which he had ſo often taught him. He concluded his harangue with a ſtring of *proverbs*, *mottoes*, and *ſentiments*, of which he is ſo ridiculouſly fond, that there is no ſingle action of his life that is not entirely governed by one or other of them. I have ſeen him in the garden, in the midſt of a moſt violent thunder-ſhower, walking a ſnail's pace towards

wards the houſe, becauſe his friend lord Onſlow's motto is *feſtine lente*; which words I have heard him repeat and explain ſo often that I have them always in my head.

My aunt is truly one fleſh with her huſband. She approves of nothing but what is done after *her own example*, though ſhe is unable to ſupport her prejudices even by a *proverb* or a *ſaying*. As I am ſo unfortunate as to differ from her in almoſt all my actions, we are extremely liable to quarrel. *She* gets up at ſix, becauſe ſhe cannot *ſleep*; and *I* lie in bed till nine, becauſe I cannot eaſily *wake*. When we meet at breakfaſt, I am ſure to be ſcolded for my drowſineſs and indulgence, and queſtioned at leaſt a dozen times over, "why I "cannot do as *ſhe* does, get up with the ſun?" "Ay, ſays my uncle, and go to reſt with the "lark, as the ſaying is." But alas! my aunt obſerves but part of the ſaying; for long before the lark goes to rooſt, ſhe will fall aſleep in her chair, unleſs kept awake by cards; though her uſual bed-time is not till nine o'clock.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would fain know whether the hours between nine and twelve, provided you are quite awake, are not of equal uſe with thoſe between ſix and nine, when you are half the time aſleep? My aunt ſays, no; for that *one* hour in the morning is worth *two* in the afternoon; which I cannot for the life of me comprehend.

THE old lady is one of thoſe good ſort of women who think every thing beneath their notice but family affairs and houſekeeping: for which reaſon, if ever ſhe catches me reading a volume of the Spectator or World, ſhe immediately aſks

me if the *Art of Cookery*, which ſhe made me a preſent of, is miſlaid or loſt; to which ſhe is ſure to add, that for *her part*, ſhe does not ſee what good can come of reading ſuch heatheniſh books; and that had *ſhe* given up her mind to *nonſenſe* and *ſtuff*, my uncle and his family muſt have been beggars, ſo they muſt.

AM I really to be governed by theſe old folks, or may I go on in my old way, and laugh at their abſurdities? I read your paper every Friday when the poſt comes in, and ſhall be glad to ſee the letter inſerted in your next, with your opinion of the matter, that I may know which is the wiſeſt, my uncle, my aunt, or Mr. Fitz-Adam's

humble ſervant

and admirer,

C. P.

SIR,

IF we pay a due regard to proverbial expreſſions, which are oftentimes founded in good ſenſe and experience, the texture of the ſcull, particularly the extreme thickneſs or extreme thinneſs of it, contributes not a little to the ſtupidity or folly of our ſpecies. By a thick-ſculled man we always mean a fool, and by a thin-ſculled fellow, one without any diſcretion. May we not therefore ſuppoſe that the ſtate of men, reſpecting their underſtandings, is pretty much this: when their craniums are extremely ſolid, they are generally ideots; when in a medium, perſons of ſenſe; when ſomewhat thinner, wits; and when extremely thin, madmen?

WHAT has led me into theſe reflections, is the preſent practice among our ladies, of going bare-

headed,

headed, and a remarkable paſſage in Herodotus, concerning the effect of that practice among the Egyptians.

THIS ancient and curious hiſtorian and traveller tells us, that paſſing by Peluſium, where there had been, many years before, a bloody battle fought between the Perſians and Egyptians, and the ſculls of the ſlain on each ſide being ſtill in different heaps, he found, upon trial, that thoſe of the Egyptians were ſo thick, they required a ſtrong blow to break them; whereas thoſe of the Perſians were ſo thin and tender, they ſcarcely reſiſted the ſlighteſt ſtroke. Herodotus attributes the thinneſs and tenderneſs of the Perſian ſculls, to their wearing warm caps or turbans; and the thickneſs and hardneſs of the Egyptians, to their going bareheaded, and thereby expoſing their heads to heats and colds. Now if this opinion of Herodotus, and the foregoing remarks, be well founded, what rueful effects may the preſent faſhion of our ladies expoſing their heads to all weathers, eſpecially in the preſent cold ſeaſon, be attended with! Inſtead of ſenſible, witty, and ingenious women, for which this country has ſo long been famous, we may in a little time have only a generation of triflers.

BY what has happened to a neighbouring nation, we have the more reaſon to dread the like misfortune among ourſelves. And happy are thoſe who take warning by the misfortunes of others. Formerly, when the Dutch kept their heads warm in furred caps, they were a wiſe and brave people, delivered themſelves from ſlavery, and eſtabliſhed a wealthy and formidable republic: but ſince they have left off this good old faſhion, and taken

to French toupées, whereby their heads are much expoſed, they are become ſo thick-ſculled, that is, ſo ſtupid and fooliſh, as to neglect almoſt every means of national benefit and preſervation.

THOUGH the ancient Greeks were ſome of the wiſeſt and moſt acute people in the world, yet the Beotians were remarkably ignorant and dull. What can we aſcribe this difference between them and their fellow Greeks to, but the different conformations of the ſeat of knowledge? I wiſh our ſociety of antiquaries would endeavour to find out if this did not proceed from the Beotians following the Egyptian faſhion abovementioned.

ARE we to ſuppoſe that the only motive of our eminent phyſicians and great lawyers for wearing ſuch large periwigs as they generally do, is merely to *appear* wiſer than other people? Have they not experienced that theſe warm coverings of the head greatly contribute to render them *really* ſo? One apparent proof of their being wiſer than moſt others is, that the former very rarely take any phyſic, and the latter never go to law when they can avoid it. However, we muſt for the ſake of truth acknowledge, that too many of theſe gentlemen of both profeſſions, ſeem to have carried the practice of keeping their heads warm to ſuch an exceſs, as to occaſion a kind of madneſs, which ſhews itſelf in ſo voracious an appetite for fees, as can hardly be ſatisfied. But as we frequently ſee good proceed from evil, may it not be hoped that theſe extravagancies of phyſicians and lawyers will put people upon making as little work as poſſible for either, by ſubſtituting temper-

temperance in the room of phyſic, and arbitrations inſtead of law-ſuits?

WHETHER your female readers will take warning by the examples here ſet before them, or much eſteem your advice or mine, I know not; but ſurely ſuch of them at leaſt as go to church, and there ſay their prayers, will pay a proper regard to St. Paul, who tells them that "every "woman who prayeth with her head uncovered, "diſhonoureth her head."

IN one of the iſlands in the Archipelago (I think it is Noxos) there was formerly a law that no woman ſhould appear abroad in embroidered clothes, or with jewels, unleſs ſhe were a profeſſed courtezan; nor be attended when ſhe walked the ſtreets, with more than one waiting-maid, except ſhe was in liquor. Now what I would propoſe is, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhould iſſue out an edict, that none of the fair ſex in our iſland ſhall for the future be ſeen in public without a cap, but ſuch as are known to be ladies of pleaſure; unleſs you ſhall be pleaſed to except thoſe who are apt to tipple a little too much, and therefore go in this manner to cool their heads.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

NUMB.

NUMB. 209. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 30, 1756.

THE public will no doubt be a good deal aſtoniſhed, that inſtead of the great name of Adam Fitz-Adam to this paper, they now ſee it written by a poor weak woman, its publiſher, and dated from the Globe in Pater-Noſter-Row. Alas! nothing but my regard and veneration for that dear good man could have got the better of my modeſty, and tempted me to an undertaking that only himſelf was equal to.

BEFORE theſe lines can reach the preſs, that truly great and amiable gentleman will, in all probability, be no more. An event ſo ſudden and unexpected, and in which the public are ſo deeply intereſted, cannot fail to excite the curioſity of every reader; I ſhall therefore relate it in the conciſeſt manner I am able, not in the leaſt doubting but my defects in ſtyle will be overlooked, and that grief and concern will prevent criticiſm.

THE reader may remember, that in the firſt number of the WORLD, and in ſeveral ſucceeding papers, the good old gentleman flattered himſelf that the profits of his labours would ſome time or other enable him to make a genteel figure in the world, and ſeat him at laſt in his ONE HORSE CHAIR. The death of Mrs. Fitz-Adam, which happened a few months ſince, as it relieved him from the great expence of houſekeeping, made him in a hurry to ſet up this EQUIPAGE; and as the ſale of his paper was even beyond his expectations,

tations, I was one of the firſt of his friends that adviſed him to purchaſe it. The EQUIPAGE was accordingly beſpoke and ſent home; and as he had all along promiſed that his firſt viſit in it ſhould be to me, I expected him laſt Tueſday at my country-houſe at Hoxton. The poor gentleman was punctual to his appointment; and it was with great delight that I ſaw him from my window driving up the road that leads to my houſe. Unfortunately for him, his eye caught mine; and hoping (as I ſuppoſe) to captivate me by his great ſkill in driving, he made two or three flouriſhes with his whip, which ſo frightened the horſe, that he ran furiouſly away with the carriage, daſhed it againſt a poſt, and threw the driver from his ſeat with a violence hardly to be conceived. I ſcreamed out to my maid, "Lord "bleſs me! ſays I, Mr. Fitz-Adam is killed!" and away we ran to the ſpot where he lay. At firſt I imagined that his head was off; but upon drawing nearer to him, I found it was his hat! He breathed indeed, which gave me hopes that he was not quite dead; but for other ſigns of life, he had poſitively none.

In this miſerable condition, with the help of ſome neighbours, we brought him into the houſe, where a warm bed was quickly got ready for him; which, together with bleeding and other helps, brought him by degrees to life and reaſon. He looked round about him for ſome time, and at laſt, ſeeing and knowing me, enquired after his CHAISE. I told him it was ſafe, though a good deal damaged. "No matter, madam, he "replied; it has done my buſineſs: it has car-

"ried

" ried me a journey from this world to the next:
" I ſhall have no uſe for it again." Here his
ſpeech failed him, and I thought him expiring;
but after a few minutes, recovering as it were
from a trance, he proceeded thus. " Mrs. Cooper,
" ſays he, you behold in the miſerable object
" now before you, a ſpeaking monument of the
" folly and madneſs of ambition. This fatal
" CHAISE was the ultimate end of all my pur-
" ſuits; the hope of it animated my labours,
" and filled me with ideas of felicity and gran-
" deur. Alas! how has it humbled me! May
" other great men take warning by my fall!
" The WORLD, Mrs. Cooper, is now at an
" end? I thought it deſtined to a longer period;
" but the decrees of fate are not to be reſiſted.
" It would indeed have pleaſed me to have
" written the laſt paper myſelf; but that taſk,
" madam, muſt be yours; and however painful
" it may be to your modeſty, I conjure you to
" undertake it." He pauſed here for a moment
" or two, as if waiting for my anſwer; and as
" well as I could ſpeak for ſorrow and concern, I
" promiſed what he aſked. " Your knowledge
" as a publiſher, madam (proceeded he) and your
" great fluency of words, will make it perfectly
" eaſy to you. Little more will be neceſſary
" than to ſet forth my ſudden and unhappy end;
" to make my acknowledgments to the public for
" the indulgence it has ſhewn me; and above all,
" to teſtify my gratitude to my numerous corre-
" ſpondents, to whoſe elegant pieces this paper
" has been principally indebted for its uncom-
" mon ſucceſs. I intended (with permiſſion) to

" have cloſed the work with a liſt of thoſe cor-
" reſpondents; but death prevents me from
" raiſing this monument to my fame."

A VIOLENT fit of coughing, in which I feared the poor gentleman would have gone off, robbed him of his ſpeech for more than half an hour: at laſt, however, he came again to himſelf, and, though more feebly than before, proceeded as follows. " I am thankful, madam, that I yet
" live, and that an opportunity is given me of
" confeſſing the frailties of my nature to a faith-
" ful friend." I winked at Suſan to withdraw, but ſhe would not underſtand me: her ſtay, however, did not prevent Mr. Fitz-Adam from giving me a full detail of the ſins of his youth; which as they only amount to a few gallantries among the ladies, with nothing more heinous than a rape or two at college, we bid him be of comfort, and think no more of ſuch trifles. " And
" now, madam, ſays he, I have another concern
" to trouble you with. When I was a boy at
" ſchool, it always poſſeſſed my thoughts, that
" whenever I died I ſhould be buried in Weſt-
" minſter abbey. I confeſs freely to you, ma-
" dam, that this has been the conſtant ambition
" of my riper years. The great good which my
" labours have done to mankind will, I hope,
" entitle my remains to an interment in that ho-
" nourable place; nor will the public, I believe,
" be diſinclined to erect a ſuitable monument to
" my memory. The frontiſpiece to the WORLD,
" which was the lucky thought of my printer,
" I take to be a moſt excellent deſign; and if
" executed at large in virgin marble, muſt have

" an

" an admirable effect. I can think only of one " alteration in it, which is, that in the back " ground I would have, in relief, a one-horſe " chair in the act of overturning, that the ſtory " of my death, as it contains a leſſon for the am- " bitious, may be recorded with my name. My " epitaph, if the public might be ſo ſatisfied, I " would have decent and conciſe. It would of- " fend my modeſty, if after the name of Fitz- " Adam, more were to be added than theſe " words,

" *He was the deepeſt* PHILOSOPHER,
" *The wittieſt* WRITER,
AND
" *The greateſt* MAN
" *Of* THIS AGE *or* NATION.

" I ſay, madam, of *this* age and nation, becauſe " other times and other countries have produced " very great men; inſomuch that there are " names among the ancients, hardly inferior to " that of Adam Fitz-Adam."

THE good old gentleman would have proceeded, but his ſpeech failed him again, and he lay as if expiring for two whole hours; during which interval, as I had no time to ſpare, and as all I had heard was then freſh in my memory, I ſat myſelf down to fulfil the promiſe I had made. When I had written thus far, he again attempted to ſpeak to me, but could not. I held up the paper to him, and aſked if he would hear it read. He nodded his aſſent, and after I had gone thro' it, his approbation. I deſired him to ſignify by ſome

ſome motion of his hand, if there was any thing in it that he wiſhed to have altered. He nodded his head again, and gave me a look of ſuch complacency and regard, as convinced me I had pleaſed him. It is from a knowledge of this circumſtance that I ſhall now ſend what I have written to the preſs, with no other concern than for the accident which occaſioned it: an accident, which I ſhall never think of without tears, as it will probably deprive the public of a moſt able inſtructor, and me of a worthy friend and conſtant benefactor.

Globe, Pater-Noſter-Row,
Tueſday, Dec. 28, 1756. MARY COOPER.

P. S. Wedneſday night, ten o'clock. Mr. Fitz-Adam is ſtill alive, though in a dangerous way. He came to his ſpeech this morning, and directed me to inform the public, that as the WORLD is now cloſed, he has ordered a general INDEX to the folio volumes to be printed and given GRATIS in a few days at Mr. Dodſley's in Pall-Mall, and at M. Cooper's at the Globe in Pater-Noſter-Row.

A

WORLD

EXTRAORDINARY.

The following paper having been tranſmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's bookſeller on the very day of that gentleman's misfortune, he takes the liberty to offer it to the public juſt as it came to hand.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been ſo prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't ſay, infected, but at leaſt) infuſed itſelf into the papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable preſent in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his diſorder (for I muſt conſider political writtings as a diſtemper) and at the ſame time will cool, not to increaſe, any ſharpneſs in his blood.

THOUGH the author of this little eſſay is retired from the buſier ſcenes of life, he has not buried himſelf in ſuch indifference to his country,

as

as to deſpiſe, or not to attend to, what is paſſing even in thoſe ſcenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from diſguſt, he preſerves the ſame attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from eſteem, not from intereſt. He ſees with a feeling concern the diſtreſſes and diſtractions of his country; he foreſees with anxiety the conſequences of both. He laments the diſcord that divides thoſe men of ſuperior genius, whoſe union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the criſis of our affairs. He does not preſume to diſcuſs the grounds of their diſſentions, which he wiſhes themſelves to overlook; and he would be one of the laſt men in England to foment diviſion, where his intereſt as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a ſtoic, if even theſe inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be ſuſpended, his heart will be partial. From theſe ſenſations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of perſonalities: he ſees with grief the greateſt characters treated with the greateſt licentiouſneſs: his friendſhip has been touched at finding one of the moſt reſpectable aſperſed in the moſt injurious manner. He holds That perſon's fame as much ſuperior to reproach, as he thinks himſelf inferior to That perſon's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his teſtimony to the reputation of a man, with whoſe friendſhip he has been long honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occaſioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago;

ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name; and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should be accused of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

H. M.

To the Right Honourable Lady C. F.

MADAM,

I HAVE been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the person in question, as much as ever other people love themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

THE gentleman I am drawing is about * three-and-forty: as you see all the fondness and deli-

* This was written in the year 1748.

cacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyſhip may take him to be but three-and-twenty: but I, whoſe talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority, ſhould at firſt ſet him down for three-ſcore, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and underſtanding. His perſon decides rather on my ſide, for though he has all the eaſe and amiableneſs of youth, yet your ladyſhip muſt allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will ſcarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I ſhould give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with inſipid ſmiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at firſt lets one into the vaſt humanity of his temper; or than an undiſtinguiſhing ſmile would ſupply the place of his manly curioſity and penetration. To paint him with a chearful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation beſtows, which, by not being promiſed, doubly ſatisfies one's ſelf-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by perſuading you that he diſcovers ſome in you.

He has the true characteriſtic of a great man, that he is ſuperior to others in his private, ſocial, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this ſuperiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unneceſſarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his preheminence in thoſe moments

by

by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more eaſe, than other people. He ſeems inquiſitive, as if his only buſineſs were to learn; and is unreſerved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of myſtery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the houſe of commons he was for ſome time an ungraceful and unpopular ſpeaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reaſoning has prevailed both over his own defects and thoſe of his audience. He ſpeaks with a ſtrength and perſpicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleaſed. But his vanity cannot ſatisfy itſelf on the terms it could ſatisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unleſs he were conſcious of deſerving it. But he carries this delicacy ſtill farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himſelf fame and honours by purſuing a regular and ſteady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made thoſe fear him, who now only love him— if a party can love a man who they ſee is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may diſcover another littleneſs in his conduct: in affairs of his office * he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the ſame poſt; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the ſolicitation and intereſts of others in his province, as if he were

* Secretary at War.

making

making their fortune, not his own; and to the great detriment of the miniſtry, had turned one of the beſt fine-cures under the government into one of the moſt laborious employments, at the ſame time imagining that the eaſe with which he executes it, will prevent a diſcovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who addreſs to him with as little pride as if he were ſecure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illuſtrious birth is a blemiſh, which ſome of the greateſt men have wanted to make them completely great: Tully had it; had the happineſs and glory of raiſing himſelf from a private condition; but boaſting of it, might as well have been noble: he degraded himſelf by uſurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cauſe nor prevent.

I SAY nothing of his integrity, becauſe I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by ſuſpicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as thoſe who colour over timidity with gentleneſs of manners, and as bravely ſincere as thoſe who take, or would have brutality taken for honeſty; but though his great freedom is polite, his greateſt condeſcenſion is dignified with ſpirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindneſs to his friends. Yet though he has more ſpirit than almoſt any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his paſſions, by the intimate connection that it always preſerves with his underſtanding. Yet his paſſions are very ſtrong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableneſs of his behaviour to

her, is only equalled by hers to him——But as your ladyſhip ſhould not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I ſhall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

VANDYKE.

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NAMES of the AUTHORS of the WORLD.

N°	
1	MR. Moore
2	Ditto
3	Ditto
4	Ditto
5	Ditto
6	H. Walpole, Eſq;
7	Mr. Moore
8	H. Walpole, Eſq;
9	Mr. Moore
10	H. Walpole Eſq;
11	Mr. Moore
12	Mr. W. Whitehead
13	Mr. Moore
14	H. Walpole, Eſq;
15	Mr. Coventrye
16	Mr Moore
17	† † † †
18	* * * *
19	Mr. W. Whitehead
20	Mr. Moore
21	Ditto
22	
23	Mr. Moore
24	* * * *
25	* * * *
26	Mr. J. Warton
27	J. Tilſon, Eſq;
28	H. Walpole Eſq;
29	* * * *
30	Mr. Moore
31	Ditto
32	Mr. Dodſley
33	Mr. Moore
34	Mr. Moore
35	Ditto
36	Mr. Duncombe
37	Sir C. H. Williams
38	Mr. Parratt
39	Mr. Moore
40	Ditto
41	Ditto
42	Ditto
43	Ditto
44	
45	Mr. Roberts
46	Mr. Moore
47	Earl of Corke
48	Mr. Moore
49	* * * *
50	R. O. Cambridge Eſq;
51	Ditto
52	Mr. Moore
53	Ditto
54	R. O. Cambridge, Eſq;
55	Ditto
56	Ditto
57	Mr. Moore
58	Mr. W. Whitehead
59	
60	Hon. Mr. Boyle
61	
62	
63	
64	
65	R. O. Cambridge, Eſq;
66	